Home of Nymphs and Vampires

George Horton

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HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES

By GEORGE HORTON

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN

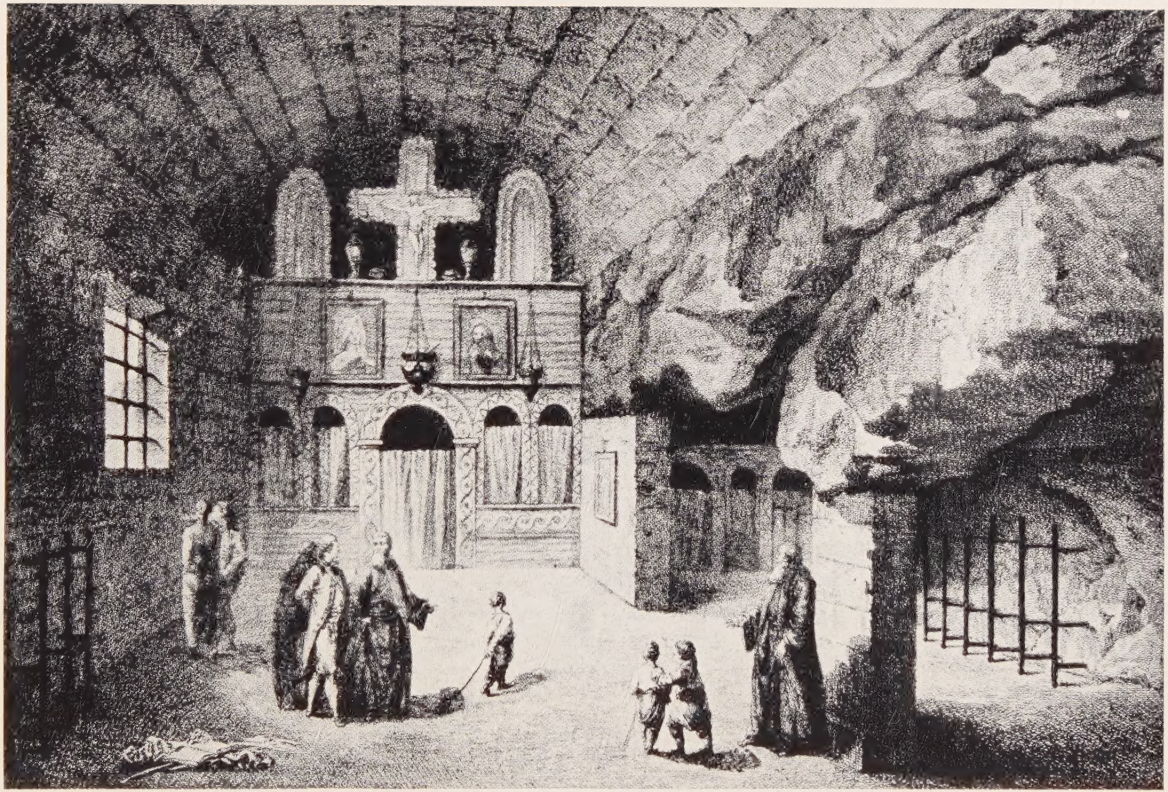
THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD

THE MONKS' TREASURE

THE EDGE OF HAZARD

THE BLIGHT OF ASIA

RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY



From an old print

PATMOS

Grotto of the Apocalypse

Home of Nymphs and Vampires

The Isles of Greece

By

George Horton

Illustrated

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HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES

HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES

CHAPTER I

Tinos

IT WOULD be possible to write a separate book about any one of the inhabited Greek islands. For the purpose of the present work I have selected several on account of their importance in history or literature, others as representatives of groups, and one or two on account of still existing primitive conditions.

I chose Tinos as my headquarters in the Ægean for the reason that fairly good hotels exist in the town, rendered necessary by the eighty thousand worshipers who resort there annually to the shrine of the miracle-working Virgin; also because Tinos is the religious center of the whole Greek race and I hoped to get nearer the psychology of the people there than elsewhere.

In the East and Near East, race is mainly a matter of religion; people there are not Germans, British and Americans. They are Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, etc. The modern Greek word for Hellene is "Christianos," a Christian. For the peasantry of that nation, like many other true believers, consider themselves the only genuine article. I wished also to study the miracles of the Virgin. In addition, Tinos was centrally

located for my purpose, and within easy striking distance of numerous other isles.

On my trip from the Piræus to Tinos I sat up all night in the smoking room of the *Nicholaos Togyas,* as my "first-class" cabin smelled of bilge water, being below sea level and hermetically closed. Before day I was up on deck, waiting for the growing light to cause the islands to arise from the sea like awakening sheep. The long wavy profile of Mykonos and Delos, as of one island, took shape first, at the right, and then Tinos loomed in the mist, straight ahead.

There was a big sea rolling and the *Nicholaos* pitched like a child's rocking-horse. The boiling waters were black, till the sun suddenly leaped from behind a hill and laid a broad, glittering trail on an indigo blue, wind-blown expanse, whereon flowered millions of white foam lilies, while fine spray blew from the curling crests of the waves. The sun, filtering through the obstinate mist, poured a vast river of melted silver on the slowly brightening sea.

Small rowboats were coming out toward us, to take off such of the passengers as wished to land. We wondered at the temerity of the boatmen, as their cockleshells balanced for one moment on a wave crest, and sank out of sight the next into yawning gulfs. We felt considerable anxiety as to our ability to get to land by such means. This is the usual way of embarking and disembarking in the Greek islands, however, and we soon found ourselves and baggage safely on the wharf.

On arriving at our hotel we were informed by our genial host that the wind which we had experienced was local, peculiar to Andros, Mykonos and Tinos, and sometimes blew so hard that travelers were obliged to remain

two weeks at Syra before going on to Tinos or Delos. According to his personal experience it is of four grades of violence, as follows:

1—it blows the glasses off the tables,

2—the wicker chairs out of the hotel lobby,

3—the tables out of the dining-room,

4—it rings all the church bells of the town.

Mythical tradition explains the origin of these violent winds, I was able to inform mine host. It seems that the two sons of Boreas, the North Wind, were slain by Hercules and buried on the highest promontory of Tinos, where two lofty marble stelai, or pillars, were erected to them. Father Boreas was so enraged that he blew and blew—and keeps blowing, for that matter. In the days when the pillars were still standing, it is said that they waved and shook like trees, but, as not a trace of them can be found, it is probable that they were finally blown away.

This is hard for any one unacquainted with Mediterranean breezes to believe. I once knew an old hermit who was trying to raise a garden on the slopes of Mount Hymettus. He had to abandon the effort, he told me, because the wind sometimes blew the bark off the trees and rolled the stones over.

On account of the storms the ancient ships sailing to Delos were often obliged to stop at Tinos to make sacrifices for their abatement, just as in later days sea captains made supplications to the Virgin at the church of the "Stavro," on the west coast of the island, for the same purpose.

While on the subject of tradition it should be recorded that Tinos was, in ancient times, often called "Ophiousa"

or Snake Island, on account of the great number of vipers that infested it. Scorpions also were plentiful. Poseidon is said to have sent an immense flock of storks to eat up these pests, and hence he was known as the "Great Physician," or "Curer."

As proof of the verity of this statement one has only to reflect that snakes and scorpions are practically non-existent on Tinos to-day, while poisonous vipers are by no means rare on the neighboring isle of Delos. Probably Apollo encourages them as deterrents to the impious who profane his ancient shrine.

An amusing passage in Aristophanes indicates that in his time various localities were celebrated for the excellence of their products, as is the case to-day. For example, when I was keeping house in Athens I learned that the best onions were raised in Andros, that the best vinegar came from the island of Cea, the finest olive oil from Corfu, the most delicately flavored honey from the slopes of Mount Hymettus, etc.

In the *Ploutos* of Aristophanes, a scene is laid in the temple of Asclepius, which was nothing more nor less than an ancient sanitarium. Various patients are present, waiting for treatment of the eyes. The following ointment is concocted for one Neoclides:

He, (the priest or god) started to mix an ointment, using three kernels of garlic from Tinos; then verjuice mixed together with pungent osier, or Monks' Pepper. This mass he soaked up with Sphettian vinegar, and, turning back the patient's eyelids, he daubbed the insides.

Neoclides, as we may well believe, roared with pain, and tried to run out of the temple, but the god, laughing

derisively, slammed him back into his chair and told him to sit still. This patient, it seems, was a political shyster, who was being punished for his dishonesty, and we may be sure that the very strongest garlic, namely, that from Tinos, was used for the purpose.

Tinos affords the best example that I know of terracing, which is practically universal throughout the Ægean archipelago. These tiny islands, many of them of volcanic origin, are extremely rocky and the peasants, through countless generations and with infinite labor, have picked up the stones, thus clearing small arable patches, which lie on the sides of the steep hills like the steps of giant stairways. From one field to its immediate neighbor is often so big a jump that I did not attempt to negotiate it, for fear of a broken leg or arm, but climbed down or went around. If the farmer walks across his field in one direction, he comes against a steep high wall, at the top of which is the adjacent patch; if in the other, he arrives at a precipice, at the bottom of which is his neighbor's property.

There is no better example in the world of man's tireless industry, of his struggle with nature to make himself a home and to wrest a living from the earth than these terraced farms and vineyards of the Greek islands.

DONKEYS

On Tinos the stones are piled into long parallel walls that stretch for miles over the mountainsides, leaving a donkey path between, up and down which these little animals continually pass, singly or in caravans, with supplies for distant houses and hamlets, or agricultural

products for sale. At the time of the vintage the must, or unfermented grape juice, is thus brought down to the port in sacks made of the skins of animals, two or three to each donkey.

Readers of *Don Quixote* will remember how one night he thrust his sword through such a container and how the red blood poured out on the floor. These vessels with their round bodies and the legs projecting at the four corners give a faint suggestion of headless human forms, well calculated to mislead the Knight of the Ill-Favored Face and to explain Sancho Panza's fruitless search for the slain giant's head. As for the blood that flooded the inn chamber, they would certainly discharge that in plenty, if slashed by a sword. You will find it all—this adventure that seems to me more delicious than the fight with the windmills—in the eighth chapter of the second part:

"Now do I see very well that all the things of this house are enchantments," quoth Sancho, "the head appears not, which I saw cut off with mine own eyes, and yet the blood ran as swiftly from the body as water would from a fountain."

"What blood dost thou tattle of here, thou enemy of God and his saints?" quoth the innkeeper. "Thou thief, dost thou not see that the blood and the fountain is no other thing than these wine bags which are slashed here, and the wine red that swims up and down the chamber? And I wish that I may see his soul swimming in hell that did bore them!"

These ancient vessels serve their purpose well, as nothing less than a Don Quixote thrust could make one leak, and they lie softly and easily on the backs and sides of the little beasts that transport them. At the season

of the treading out of the grapes, sailing caiques touch at the various island ports, their decks covered with huge empty barrels. All day for many days, the donkeys arrive, and barefoot men, with the skins on their shoulders, trot across the precarious planks that bridge the space between caique and wharf, to pour the must into the casks.

The island roads are the most horrible means of communication that have ever been created by man. They are strewn with huge boulders of every shape, and the surplus stones not needed for the construction of the walls have been pitched into them. They offer, however, no serious difficulties to the patient, laborious, lovable little animals that pick their way surely and nimbly among the smaller rocks, or slide down the bigger ones with stiffened forelegs. I do not know why the word "donkey" or "ass," or its translation into any language that I have knowledge of, has come to be used as a term of insult or derision, implying, among other things, stupidity; perhaps because he works so long, so hard and so uncomplainingly, and often for masters who are his mental and moral inferiors.

I take it that he is a philosopher. As he stands quietly in the shadow of a wall, or a fig or pomegranate tree, waving his long silken ears and gazing straight ahead, he has a pensive air and is no doubt ruminating things of deep and serious import. His fate is generally hard and laborious, but he has decided to accept it with patience, and he is the sublimest exponent of that divine virtue in the animal kingdom.

The dog, when tormented by horse-flies, or fleas, scratches himself violently with his hind legs, rolls over in

the dust, and even whines. The donkey merely blinks and waves his ears. Unlike many men, he is most useful and indispensable in those parts of the world where he is most numerous. He is willing to work to the extreme limit of his strength. And he is honest. If, going up a steep rocky road, he stops, do not goad him. After he has rested a few moments and regained his breath, he will go on of his own accord.

If I were a cruel man, which I am not, I should never whip or beat a donkey; the story of Balaam's ass made too deep an impression on my juvenile mind; an impression that has not grown fainter with the passing years. Often, ascending a steep and rocky island path, I get down and walk for fear that my mount may bend his mouse-colored neck, point at me with his long ears, like two accusing fingers, look at me with great sad eyes, and talk! If ever he does that I shall slide off and do some record sprinting.

The donkey, when well groomed and fed and fitted with a neat European saddle, is a pretty and coquettish animal of high spirits and an affectionate nature. I never wished to own a yacht; but I have always dreamed of living in one of those blessed spots on earth where there are no automobiles and of owning a pet donkey—two, in fact, one for my daughter and another for myself. If ever I make another tour of the Greek islands I shall carry a small donkey saddle with me. Nearly every spot of interest is two or three hours away on donkey back and the natives have no saddles. They expect you to perch on one of those dreadful contraptions known as *samaria,* which are merely wooden frameworks on which they tie freight.

Before finishing this digression on the donkey,—and no book on the Isles of Greece would be complete without some words on the subject,—I must remind the reader that Our Lord and Master made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on the back of an ass. I have only my Greek Testament with me here, and so translate from St. John:

On the following day the great throng that was coming to the festival, hearing that Jesus was entering into Jerusalem, took palm branches and came out to meet him and shouted: "Hosanna! Blessed One coming in the name of the Lord, King of Israel!" Jesus, finding a small ass, sat upon it, as it had been written: "Do not fear, daughter of Zion; behold, your King comes, seated upon an ass's colt."

So it seems to me that the donkey has ample reason for his endowment of humility, sweetness of nature and divine patience.

Moreover, I should like to send out a circular to all Greeks who are cruel to these little beasts of burden—though such are, I believe, in the minority—reminding them that the Panagia rode to Egypt on a donkey, carrying the infant Savior in her arms.

WINDMILLS

A picturesque feature of most of the islands, a mediæval survival, is the windmills for grinding grain. I never see one of these without thinking of Don Quixote, despite the fact that he would not have been able to set his lance in rest and charge a windmill over the stony roads and terraced fields of Mykonos or Tinos.

One of my first walks on Tinos was out to a flour-

mill, not too far distant from the town. A light wind was blowing and the sails were turning slowly around. Coming quite close to the circular tower, with its thatched roof, I could hear a faint rumbling and squeaking. I entered a small neat room with a bed built high against the wall, a chair and a table, and various culinary implements suspended on nails.

There was no sign of life, but I was sure the miller was there. I mounted a steep stone stairway to an upper story and found him, standing beside a hopper that was pouring a thin stream of barley down to and between two huge round stones, the upper one of which was slowly revolving. A massive beam from the hub of the wheel of sails without transmitted the power. Into a box fell a tiny rivulet of flour, into which he dipped his hand from time to time to test its consistency.

He was a sweet-faced, silent, powdery man, who seemed to welcome companionship, and whose reticence was the result rather of his lonely life than of natural sullenness. He reminded me somehow of one of those large white moths that flit into farmhouses on summer evenings.

A peaceful life, innocent and beneficent; diametrically opposite, I should say, to that of the butcher. I have known intimately two or three millers in America,—on a larger scale, it is true, than their Tinos colleague,—and they were all kindly sweet men. I never heard of a miller committing a murder or robbing a bank.

Neither, on the other hand, do millers often, if ever, rise to great heights of intellectual achievement. My friend there in Tinos, as he stands alone in his little round room, hour after hour should, you may think, turn his

Church of the miracle-working virgin at Tinos

TINOS

Bringing full wine skins to town

Windmill used for making flour

mind to thoughts of philosophy or compose poems, as sometimes shoemakers do. But he can not; he must watch the rivulet of grain and see that it runs neither larger nor smaller, he must dip his hand continually into the flour to make sure that it is neither too fine nor too coarse. His intellectual development is confined strictly to these two operations, and the nature of his employment allows of his giving his attention to nothing else.

He has one distraction: he must watch the wind and go out and trim his sails from time to time; and then, perhaps, he thinks of the sea. For the island miller is a sort of caged sailor, and the persistence of these mills among a race that has always the sea in sight and is disquieted by the sharp tang of the ocean breezes, is largely due, I am sure, to the fact that they carry sails. When the wind is high he stands there in his anchored ship and his joy is like that of a squirrel in a cage, running around on a wheel and dreaming of the forests and the great trees.

AN OLD CONVENT

Another excursion that I made on the island of Tinos was to the ancient convent of Kekrovounian. My family accompanied me and we all rode donkeys; that is to say, I rode during the ascent which requires about two hours. I walked coming down, as I found sitting a perpendicular beast less terrifying with his head and the hill in front of you, than when looking between his ears at a precipice yawning beneath, wondering every minute when he would turn a somersault.

We arrived early in the afternoon and left our animals in the small open court that has been used for

this purpose for over a thousand years, and went in to take coffee and spoonsful of fruit preserve with the aged and sharp-eyed Mother Superior. She showed us an old picture of the Vision of St. Pelagia and also the cell which the latter occupied during her long life as a nun. She also invited us to hear the wonderfully sweet vesper singing of the sisters, a never-to-be-forgotten experience. So sweet, so holy, so heaven aspiring was it, that we felt sure they will all go on singing just like that in Paradise.

During my visit two Catholic priests arrived, one of whom was the abbot of a monastery not far away. He was a good man, no doubt, but he did all the talking from the moment of his appearance, cutting short the interesting reminiscences of the Mother Superior, whom I had come a long way to see, and whom I shall probably never see again. She did mutter, "I don't like him," which was no revelation to me, fully aware that the antipathy between these two sects is one of the unchangeable things of the East.

I was somewhat annoyed at the good lady herself when she categorically refused to allow me to photograph herself or any of the sisters. But I wanted photographs badly, so, while the abbot was droning endlessly on, I slipped out and took a few snapshots, some of which turned out rather well.

One dear nun, whose name I shall not reveal, proved to be very human, and slyly but adroitly connived with me. She asked me to call the attention of the faithful in America to the financial needs of the convent, and to ask for help. I must say that the convent is well worth visiting, on account of its antiquity and the fact that it is the only Orthodox institution of its kind remaining in

the world. It should not be allowed to go out of existence for lack of funds.

Returning to the reception-room I asked the visiting Catholic priest, "What is the attitude of Catholics toward the Virgin of Tinos?"

"That of the greatest devotion," he replied.

"What is your opinion of the miracles?" I inquired.

"I know nothing of any miracles," he answered hastily, and continued with his discourse.

This interchange had been conducted in Greek, and the Mother Superior understood.

"They happen every day," she interjected vigorously. But the priest was too wily to bite, and I failed to provoke a row, which I should have enjoyed.

What I should like to find out is this: do Catholics believe the miracles of Lourdes and reject those of Tinos? Do the Orthodox discredit the miracles of Lourdes, and accept those of Tinos?

OUR HOTEL BY THE SEA

I was in Tinos with my family in September and we were still taking our nine o'clock dinners on the broad hotel terrace, a few feet above the narrow quay and the sandy beach. The jazz band from Athens had gone and we had for music the "fluff, fluff" of the waves upon the shore. *Maridhes,* or whitebait, a species of fish the size of small minnows, were swarming in the bay, and the fishermen used to draw in their nets every evening at dinner time.

In two parallel lines they dragged at the long ropes, swinging backward all together, till the end men came up

against the terrace, ten feet from our dining table. Then these dropped off and walked down to front places, nearest the sea. It was like some sort of a rhythmic dance, and they should have sung, but they didn't; their minds were too eagerly occupied with the questions: "What have we entrapped in our far-flung meshes? What harvest is the mysterious sea yielding us now?" Whitebait, certainly, but who knows what other strange and even monstrous denizen of the deep? For the mysteries and surprises of the sea are many and the fisherman is ever casting his net into the vast Unknown.

This was a unique dinner entertainment, beyond the power of any great metropolitan hotel to offer. Every night there were plentiful catches of whitebait, which were cast upon the wide shelves of the fishing boat, where we could see them shining and leaping in the full moonlight. These boats, by the way, are direct descendants of the ancient Mediterranean war galleys, with their long projecting beaks, once used for ramming, and their crews of rowers that send them purring through the sea.

I have said that the jazz band was gone. Strange as it may seem, the youth of Greece come to these romantic and remote places with the sole purpose of dancing the latest American monstrosities till five or six in the morning, and every hotel is fitted out with some sort of ballroom. In islands where there is no semblance of a hotel, and only a miserable village, they gather in surprising numbers from God knows where in a café or warehouse, to squirm, wiggle and shuffle all night. And there is always a so-called "orchestra," the chief feature of which is the drum, making the worst noise of which human endeavor is capable.

The tune which has swept all Greece, to the remotest island hamlet is:

Yes, sir, she's my baby,
No, sir, I don't mean maybe!

The bootblacks whistle it, the donkey drivers sing a Greek translation of this musical link of American culture that connects the cabarets of Broadway, dim with cigarette smoke and the fumes of bootleg, with the far-off sunsets and sunrises and gleaming seas of the Ægean, where burning Sappho loved and sung.

One can escape the nerve strain and high pressure and madness of our civilization by renting a small house on a Greek island, I have said, and repeat; but he must go to Mars if he wishes to get away from

Yes, sir, she's my baby.

Our rooms were on the second story of our hotel in Tinos, and from the balcony where we took breakfast we could see Syra a few miles to the south, floating in the delicate, bright blue sea, its slopes steeped in exquisite pale violet. Other near neighbors were Andros, Mykonos and Delos, plainly visible from the higher points of our own tiny realm.

One of the inhabitants of Tinos is a hermit astronomer by the name of George Tripuci, a disciple and former friend of the late Flammarion. Mr. Tripuci has retired to this Greek island, where he lives with a telescope, two cats and the stars. He advised me toward the end of October to rise at four and look up. The star in the west, he said, was the setting Jupiter, seven hundred seventy-five million miles away.

After scanning the western sky, where a great star was blazing, casting a trail of light on the quiet sea, I passed to the back of the house and gazed toward the east, where I beheld another star, equally bright and large, but of sweeter and milder radiance. This, according to the same authority, was Venus rising only one hundred eight million miles from the earth! Comparatively near, in fact.

The thin, semicircular rim of the new moon was to the left of Venus, a little higher up. It was a delicate gold bowl, floating in the heavens, filled to overflowing with the dark contour of the old moon. Here and there lights of lamps or candles shone from houses in the town above and muffled voices could be heard on the quay. As the dawn grew, ghostly forms could be seen hurrying along the water-front.

The approach of the sunrise, even at that early hour, could be foretold by the gradual fading of the moon, a process as infinitely graded as the growing of a plant. There was a hush of solemnity in the sky and on the sea, of inevitability and expectancy. But the deepest feeling that oppressed the spirit was that of inevitability. The hierarchy of the vast infinite powers which are beyond human control or even conception were bringing to life another day, pregnant with inescapable fate.

First the darker line of the old moon disappeared, then the more impertinent and persistent bow of the new grew a fainter and fainter silver. A soft, scarcely perceptible tinge of orange began to creep through vast reaches of the western sky. Directly under the moon a saffron glow, gradually brightening, heralded the approach of the sun.

I do not know when the moon disappeared. As I looked, I thought I could still distinguish it, then was certain that I could not. Surely, surely Day was coming, as the Queen of Night had gone. There was a moment of celestial anarchy, during which Venus hung in the sky, like a great drop of dew. A sudden blaze, a fire lighted on a hill, and the sun had risen. A moment more, and he was standing on a mountaintop, and his intolerable light was tinting the sea and leaping from island to island.

The gardens of Tinos are filled with lemon and orange trees, and with maritime pines that cast off an agreeable resinous odor; while jessamine vines clamber about the rocky walls, shedding a faint elusive perfume. Now, in October, the glorious hybiscus trees are in flower, their defiant scarlet blossoms burning like fires. In many lonely places by the sea there grows in the sand a small lily, exquisitely dainty and graceful, with a faint delicious perfume. This, according to Evans, in the second volume of his great work, *Palace of Minos,* is the Pancratium lily, and must have been plucked by the Princess Ariadne and her maidens, for representations of it are to be found among the frescoes of the ruined city of Cnossos.

Whenever I think of it, and the white sea beach, and the waves creaming upon the sand, I can see Nereids dancing on the sea strand of Tinos, wearing garlands of lily blossoms.

CHAPTER II

The Wonder-Working Icon of Tinos

TINOS is the Lourdes of the Near East, the Delos of the modern Hellenic world. The Panagia of Tinos differs from Our Lady of Lourdes in that she is the cynosure of an entire race, the prophetess and defender of its liberty and unity. Tinos is extraordinarily interesting to the student of psychology, of religious history, of the survival of pagan and mediæval beliefs and customs. The center of ancient Greek worship was Delos, and it is significant that the rallying-point for the devout of reconstructed Christian Greece should be upon an island but a stone's throw from the classic shrine. If the ghost of Apollo walks among the gleaming and tumbled ruins of his one time temple and city, he can look across a short stretch of sea and plainly see the town where dwells in her vast marble palace the living and triumphant Virgin.

An American can live in Tinos quite comfortably during the summer. The town boasts two fairly good and clean hotels, and there are decent rooms to be had. I mention this for the reason that life for a civilized human being is absolutely impossible on most Greek islands, unless he rents a small house, and has it cleaned and furnished especially for his use.

To go to Tinos you descend to the Piræus early in the morning, and plunge into the busy, brawling crowd on its

quay, into a medley of tongues, activities and shipping that suggest an undigested mixture of Marseilles and pre-Roman Corinth. Now, there are many ships that make trips among the islands, stopping at various ones. These ships are old friends of mine, I have known most of them for thirty-five years: the *Nicholaos Togyas,* the *Moscanthe,* the *Navcratousa,* the *Atromitos,* the *Elevtheria* and the rest. Some are worse than others. The main thing is that you must know exactly which ship you mean to take. You might get on the wrong one and be put off at Andros, where there is no hotel and the people make an open boast of inhospitality; or at Santorine, where there is a hotel that is worse than none; or at Anaphi, where you land at night and climb the side of a precipice on a donkey, to find half a dozen peasants' cottages, with the inmates all asleep. You might be obliged to remain a week in one of these places, for it is often easier to get on a Greek island than to get off.

You must know the name of the right ship, or island, and proclaim it loudly and vigorously, for you will be immediately pounced upon by a gang of piratical-looking boatmen, one of whom will yank the valise from your hand and disappear in the crowd. It makes no difference to him what ship he puts you on, his only interest being to row you somewhere and collect a fare.

In nine cases out of ten, however, you will at length be sought out and conducted to a rowboat, in the bottom of which lies the vanished valise. Once on board ship you stumble over and through a mass of bundles, baskets, pigs, goats, women moaning and crossing themselves, and innumerable children, to your "first-class" cabin, down below sea level. After taking one whiff of this, you climb

to the upper deck and remain there till the end of the journey, which has many interesting features. These we will pass over, however, as we are no doubt anxious to arrive at Tinos, whither I went to study the miracles of the Panagia, or All-Holy Woman, and the wonder-working Icon.

I would not advise the ordinary traveler to make this trip for the same purpose, nor, indeed, for any other. There are other islands more beautiful and healthful; as for the miracles, and the mental attitude of the Orthodox toward them, it is necessary for the investigator to know modern Greek about as well as his mother tongue, in order that he may win the confidence of the natives and get to the bottom of their hearts. He must convince them that he comes in a reverential spirit and has no intention of criticizing or casting ridicule.

It was this equipment that won me the invitation to undertake this task, among others, in Greece. God knows that I went to Tinos with no intention of casting ridicule on the religious beliefs of others; and now that I have seen the image of the great, gracious and beautiful Lady of the Evangelistria as reflected in the hearts of the devout Orthodox, I have no feeling for her other than reverence and admiration.

A reputation for magic and miraculous happenings has overhung the island of Tinos for countless years. As an instance may be mentioned the mysterious naked woman who mounted a cliff about 1570, on the appearance of a hostile Turkish fleet, and, raising her hands to heaven, besought the wind known as Garbinos (now called Garbes) to blow and disperse it. A fearful storm immediately broke out, which sank most of the ships,

drowning a great number of those on board. The remainder were taken prisoners and made slaves.

The historian, Coronelli, in recording this happening, says: "The chronicles of Tinos would have it that the inhabitants were sorcerers *(Vogliono le cronache di Tine che i suoi habitanti fossero incantatori)*."

The first morning after my arrival in the island I took my camera and started out over a rocky donkey path for the interior, with the intention of engaging peasants in conversation about the miracles. The first person I met was an old woman bringing down a bag of cow spoor to be used as fuel for cooking. She rested the weight on top of a rocky wall against which she leaned, while we talked.

"Yes," she affirmed, "miracles happened every day." She had never seen one, "but everybody knew that they happened."

I immediately saw the futility of this, so returned to town to start on a new track. I must find eye-witnesses.

Fortunately I made the acquaintance of Mr. George Tripuci, an astronomer and pupil of the great Flammarion, whom I mentioned in the preceding chapter. He does not believe in the miracles, but he gave me a letter of introduction to Angelos Kras, who does.

Mr. Kras is an extraordinary and lovable character. I doubt if one could find his counterpart in all America. He is a grocer whose shop is a deep lofty vault, resembling a tomb, situated on a narrow street. He is a thick-set, round-faced man, with large liquid eyes and red cheeks. The furniture of his place includes a long leather sofa before which is set a round wooden table, three chairs, a stout cracker box and a low barrel covered by a short board. Here gather in the evenings the intelligentsia of

Tinos: the doctor, who is a graduate of the National University, the schoolmaster, a priest or two, and several gentlemen who wear white collars. This is the *lesche,* or club, of the village, the only place where any sort of social or intellectual communion is possible. I soon became a member of the club.

There, to my surprise, I heard Kras quote a long passage from Plato, in ancient Greek, giving Socrates' views on immortality. There he corrected me when I got an accent wrong in repeating the Spartans' famous invitation to the Persian demand to give up their weapons; and there I discussed with him exactly what Archimedes meant by his exclamation over the discovery of the principle of the lever.

I know many grocers in the United States, managers of chain stores, and owners of up-to-date establishments, but none who can quote Plato in the original, and few, if any, who can cite passages from Spencer or Emerson.

After I had become firmly established as a member of the club, I asked Kras about the miracles. He sprang to his feet, and his face became luminous. His eyes clouded with tears of devotion and, crossing himself frequently, he told me the tale of the Three Sisters who founded the convent of Kekrovounian, for there, he explained, begins the story of the finding of the miracle-working Icon of the Evangelistria.

The old woman who had come for ten cents' worth of petroleum, the servant who had been sent for a pound of sugar, the peasant who was waiting for a sack of bran for his fowls, and had a two hours' donkey ride before him back to his village, all listened spellbound, or made frequent suggestions and promptings.

"At a village called Tripotamos," he began, "more than eight hundred years ago, there was a rich landowner who had three beautiful daughters. As he was prepared to give them large dowries, nothing stood in the way of his marrying them well, a thing which he desired to do, that he might have grandchildren playing about his knee. But one Sunday morning, when the girls were alone one of them said: 'I had a wonderful dream last night. I thought I saw a beautiful and majestic lady, who said to me: "I do not wish that you should get married. I want the three of you to go to a village called Kekrovounian, to the place of the three churches, and become nuns. You must build three cells, and live there." '

" 'Why, I had exactly the same dream!' exclaimed both the other sisters in unison.

"They all three went to their father and told him that they believed they had seen a vision of the Panagia, whom it was their duty to obey. He scouted the idea, however, and continued the negotiations for their marriages.

"The dream was repeated on three successive Sundays, with increasing vividness and persistence. The parish priest became convinced, and he in turn persuaded the father, who went with a gang of laborers to the place indicated, to begin work on the small building that was to house the three cells. But when they dug up the ground, millions of poisonous snakes poured out and attacked them."

At this point Angelos Kras became greatly excited and once used the Greek word meaning trillions.

"It was a manifestation of the Enemy," he explained. "The father fled with his men and began work at another place about fifteen minutes distant. Here there were no

vipers, but a strange thing happened. They laid down their tools to rest a while, but when they rose to resume operations, behold, all the shovels and picks had disappeared! They had been spirited away and were found on the spot indicated by the dreams. The men then set resolutely to work to exterminate the snakes, after which the building was constructed and the girls installed.

"Thus was founded the ancient convent of Kekrovounian, which now shelters one hundred and forty sisters, the only important convent at present existing in Greece. It was a nun of this institution, Sister, now Saint, Pelagia, who was destined to see the vision of the Panagia that resulted in the finding of the miracle-working Icon, during the stirring and troublous times of the Revolution."

I have confirmed this tale from other sources, notably from the lips of the present abbess, but I prefer to give it in the words of my friend Kras. Save for one or two slight details, the accounts all agree. According to the Mother Superior, for instance, the convent is ten hundred forty years old, which makes Kras' statement, "more than eight hundred years ago," too conservative.

For data and information concerning the origin of the miraculous Icon, I applied to Prof. Stavros Philippides, the local Superintendent of Schools. The professor is an elderly man, of charming manners and scholarly type. He has made a special study of the history of the island, and he quotes authorities, Greek, Italian, French and German with confidence. He has implicit and childlike faith in the existence of the Virgin and in the potency of the Icon.

"Where did this Icon come from, and who made it?" he queried, as we sat at a little café by the seashore. "To

answer this question intelligently, we must go back to the first appearance of the Christian religion in Tinos. The present Church of the Evangelistria stands upon the site of an ancient temple of Dionysos, where, in classic times great festivals were held, called the Lenæa. Ancient statues were found there, headless, some of a high type of art, and one, at least, attributed to Praxiteles. There were two important temples on Tinos, one of Poseidon, the other of Dionysos. Until the end of the fourth century A. D., people were still coming to Tinos to worship and implore aid against the terrors of the sea. Archæologists have found inscriptions that support this statement. From this it appears that Christianity was not introduced into Tinos before the beginning of the fifth century A. D., and the first church upon the present site of the Evangelistria was not built till then.

"This original church was erected upon the foundations of the heathen temple, and there the ancient Icon found its first home, being, therefore, about fifteen hundred years old. It is of beautiful art and attributed to St. Luke. About 900 A. D., the famous Algerian pirate Abdullah sacked the town and burned the church, and the image actually shows signs of having been subjected to fire. The inhabitants abandoned their homes and built a village higher in the hills, but the Icon remained, buried beneath the ruins of the church, until unearthed as a result of the vision of Sister Pelagia, at the time of the Greek Revolution, which broke out in 1821.

"Preparation of the ground for the Evangelistria showed that a second House of God had been erected on the same spot in 1300, but had also disappeared. An archæologist who came over with King Otho found sacred

vessels on which were German letters, indicating that they had been manufactured at a well-known factory in Nuremberg.

"So completely had all these successive edifices been destroyed that in 1921 the site was occupied by the garden of one Nicolaos Doxaras.

"Since the Icon was found at the time of the Revolution," concluded Professor Philippides, "and the knowledge of its existence was made known to Sister Pelagia during those days, the event was looked upon as a prophecy of the freedom of the race, and assurance of its future existence as an independent nation."

Before proceeding to a description of the vision of St. Pelagia, however, I must not neglect to mention that of the old gardener, Michael Polyzoes, which occurred on the twenty-fifth of March, 1821, a few days before the fête of the Annunciation and the beginning of the Revolution. There is something deeply impressive in all these visions, in that they combine the sublimely Hebraic communions with Deity of the Old Testament with the beautiful and gracious conceptions of the Greek.

Polyzoes awoke after a vivid dream of the Panagia, to find her standing in his room. I quote the following from a rare Romaic pamphlet printed in the town of Tinos:

The old man opens his half closed eyes, rubs them to make sure that it is no longer a dream and sits up trembling. The woman stands there beside his bed. Around her head plays a shining halo of celestial light, her virgin features glow with unutterable grace and sweetness, her great and beautiful eyes shine with all the boundless goodness of her divine heart. The old man arose, his limbs

trembling, his teeth chattering with fear. The Holy Woman spoke to him: "Why dost thou fear? If thou believedst, thou wouldst not fear. I am the Panagia."

To him she revealed the fact that her Icon was to be found in the garden of Doxaras. She commanded him to dig it up and build a church there, "where one had stood before. I will furnish the means."

But Polyzoes inspired little confidence in his fellow townsmen, and received small help. Only two neighbors went with him by night for fear of ridicule, and their feeble efforts resulted in nothing more than the finding of an ancient wall.

The dream, or vision, of Sister Pelagia, of the Convent of Kekrovounian, occurred about a year later, that is to say, in June of 1822, on an early Sunday morning.

This nun seems to have been especially indicated, by her life and character, as a recipient of the Panagia's message. She had entered the convent as a small child and was now eighty years old. She was universally reverenced for her saintly character and virtues. Nothing was known of her origin, whence she came, or her past history, other than that her baptismal name had been Loukia (Lucy). To her the Virgin appeared as "a woman clothed in unspeakable glory and splendor," as recorded in the chronicles of the time, and ordered her to go to a certain Kangades (a prominent man of the town and trustee of the convent).

"Tell him," said the Lady of the Vision, "to uncover the foundations of my house in the garden of Doxaras, and to erect there for me a shining and stately temple."

But Pelagia, like Polyzoes, remained silent until the dream had been repeated on three successive Sundays.

On the third occasion the Apparition seemed angry, and said, in a tone of command: "Go as I told you and obey."

But let us continue the story as it is set down in an early record: "Pelagia awoke trembling, her limbs shook, a chill spread over her entire body. She sat up and her eyes, now open, saw the woman whom she had beheld in her sleep, standing before her motionless, majestic in pose and glance, pouring out from her a sweet, white light, and regarding the nun fixedly with great, beautiful eyes."

Pelagia with difficulty collected her forces sufficiently to ask, "And who are you, Lady, who are angry with me, and command me to do these things?"

At this query the mysterious Woman raised her hand and said majestically, "Proclaim throughout the earth tidings of great joy."

Pelagia, now sure that she was in the presence of the Queen of Heaven, cried aloud, "The heavens proclaim the glory of God," and ran to the abbess, to whom she related in full what she had seen and heard.

As a result, and to make a long story short, a committee of prominent citizens was got together, and, under the leadership of the Archbishop Gabriel, a sum of money was raised for excavations in search of the sacred Icon. Nothing was found, the money was exhausted, and the operations ceased.

But now occurred a diversion which exhibited the Panagia in a less benevolent light, the only one of this nature of which I know. It is so frankly pagan, however, in its conception, and so reminiscent of Apollo and his silver bow, that it can not fail of an appeal to the classical student. The plague broke out in the island, and many deaths occurred. The inhabitants all attributed the ap-

pearance of the disease to the anger of the Panagia. Pelagia had another vision of the Virgin, who said:

"I will not leave a soul alive unless my wishes are carried out."

Money was therefore raised for the erection of a church, as the search for the Icon had failed.

As the bishop was laying the corner-stone, a miracle occurred: Water was needed for the ceremony of the blessing, and a little boy was sent to get some. He returned in a moment, saying that an old well, that had been dry since the memory of man, was now full and that he had filled his jar from there. This well, or the spring that replenished it, is still running in the old church, and its water is considered as holy by the devout, who sprinkle themselves with it, and drink from cupped hands.

But this was not all: While digging up the earth for the purpose of paving the floor, a workman, Emmanouel Matsos, or Spanos, struck with his spade a piece of wood. Picking this up, he discovered, to his great joy, that it was the half of an ancient icon. The other was soon found. When the two pieces were put together and cleaned there appeared on the surface a painting of the Annunciation of the Virgin. The split occurred exactly between the figures of the Archangel Gabriel and the Christ-Mother, without touching either; and in this the devout see signs of divine intervention.

This occurred on the afternoon of January 30, 1823, near the miraculously filled well.

When the Icon was handed to the Bishop Gabriel, he took it in his arms, kissed it, and cried in ecstasy:

"Great art Thou, O God, and wonderful are Thy works!"

The plague was still raging and many were dying daily, but it ceased immediately upon the finding of the Icon.

To quote from a local Greek pamphlet:

The miracle was evident! The plague had been sent by the Panagia to punish the inhabitants for carelessness and disobedience, but their sin having been purged, the punishment ceased. The miracle-working Icon saved the island from the Plague.

A small church was soon built, but the enthusiasm and devotion of the islanders and the Greek people in general were not satisfied, and a campaign was inaugurated for the construction of the present imposing edifice. Money poured in from all quarters: some giving the half of their fortunes, others their family jewels, still others their silver heirlooms. The poor contributed their labor.

Meanwhile, the Virgin was busy helping the work along by a series of miracles, of which it will be sufficient to cite the two most remarkable. The foundations of the new temple had been raised but a few feet above the surface of the earth, when it was discovered that the treasury was depleted and all visible resources exhausted. Unless money were found immediately, the work must stop. At that moment the British ship, *As You Like It,* sailed up to the then harborless quay, in the teeth of a terrible storm, and cast out several anchors. So violent was the tempest that smaller craft were already tearing loose from their moorings, and were being dashed to pieces on the rocks.

One after another the cables of the *As You Like It* gave way, till only one remained. Ruin seemed inevitable

and imminent, but the captain, F. Tax, standing on his plunging and wave-washed deck, chanced to see the foundations of the Evangelistria outlined upon the mountainside, and, stretching his arms toward them, cried in his despair, "If you will save my ship, Holy Virgin, I will give a hundred gold doubloons for the finishing of your church."

Then the throng standing on the shore saw a wonderful sight. The storm continued raging in all its fury, but around the British ship fell a perfect calm, where it rode in peace until the tempest subsided.

Captain Tax fulfilled his promise to the Virgin. He went on shore the following day with his passenger, the British Vice-Consul, Henry Flick, and related the incident to the foreign consuls sojourning in the island, after which he proceeded to the church, piously kissed the sacred Image, and handed over one hundred doubloons to the committee in charge of the building operations. The Captain, we are informed, as well as the Vice-Consul, was Catholic.

The other miracle of this epoch, which I promised to cite, happened to one Alivizios Kalavrias, a wealthy merchant of Tinos. Suffering from an incurable and painful disease, he cast himself, in his despair, into the sea. At the very moment when he was drowning, he called upon the Virgin to save him, promising, in case his prayer were heard, to devote the remainder of his life and his entire fortune to her service. He was taken out of the water a well man. As a result, he sold everything, stock, business, real estate, and contributed the proceeds to the church. Possessing no longer the means to buy even a loaf of bread, he became a monk and

lived to an extreme old age. He died in 1872, loved and respected by all, both natives and foreigners, on account of his kindliness and great piety

These be parlous tales, the skeptical say, but they appear to have a sound historical basis.

Such great and general confidence in the divine qualities of the Icon was inspired by these and similar happenings that money no longer lacked, and the imposing edifice was soon completed. Many ships and caiques aided the work by bringing cargoes of marble across from Delos, charging no freight.

Even Turks contributed, and often were recipients of the Virgin's divine favor.

The beautiful marble pillar and basin, which stands to-day in the court of the church and is used for the ceremony of the Blessing at the fête of the Assumption, was erected in 1845 by a Turkish colonel of the Cretan Army, named Mustapha Agha.

Suffering for years from an incurable disease, he had become paralyzed. He at last lost faith in all medicines, but listened to the counsels of a certain Greek doctor, by the name of Vasileios, who told him of the Virgin of Tinos and the miracle-working Icon. He went to the island and was carried up the long Street of the Evangelistria by his servants. He was cured, and, leaping suddenly to his feet before the astonished spectators, rushed to the Image of the Virgin, which he embraced and kissed.

A portion of the paving of the court, which was laid by another Turk who was similarly cured of a lingering disease, is still in good condition and is pointed out to visitors.

The miracles have not lacked official recognition by

the Greek government. In the year 1915 King Constantine was seriously ill, "breathing his last," as the church records have it. At the request of the Metropolitan of Athens, Theoklitos, the Icon was sent for and placed in the bedroom of the sick monarch, in the palace. From the moment of its arrival he began to get better and was soon well. As a token of respect and gratitude the image was returned to its island home on the battle-ship *Averoff,* convoyed by four destroyers, and accompanied by a guard of honor composed of Prince Alexander, the Metropolitan of Athens, the Archbishops of Syra and Tinos, various Ministers of State and many other officials and notables. It had been absent six months.

The intervention of the Virgin in the case of Spiridon Mercouris, for fifteen years mayor of Athens, has also an official tinge. Mr. Mercouris is a graduate of the National University, with the grade of *arista,* or excellent, and was for over twenty years Director of the Demotic or Public Hospital. While visiting the Church of the Evangelistria at Tinos, I was shown a beautiful silver lamp which had been hung there by him before the sacred Icon, as also a silver cross surmounting its marble frame, an offering of the same devotee. I was told by the attendant priest that these were tributes of the former Mayor, in gratitude to the Virgin, who miraculously saved his life. This was so interesting that I took a trip to Athens to confirm the statement. It is hard for an American college graduate and doctor of letters to visualize a learned physician and shrewd politician in this galley.

Mr. Mercouris related to me the following story, which I give in his own words:

"In July or August of 1913 I was at Vienna at the Clinique Löwe, for treatment of a serious disease of the stomach. There I underwent a major operation, involving laperotomy. On the seventh day after this I was seized with violent and continuous hiccoughs, blood issuing from my mouth. My wife and son were telegraphed for, and arrived after a forced and sleepless journey. Being a surgeon myself, I knew that the end was near and my only hope was to see them before I died.

"When they got to my bedside, I was practically dead. I had lost thirty-six kilos in weight, and the symptoms of dissolution were still continuing. I had been lifted into a sitting posture in my bed, and was awaiting the end, which was but a few hours off.

"My wife and the nurse, who were in the room, had both fallen sound asleep, overcome by extreme fatigue, at the instant when the Virgin appeared to me.

"I was wide awake. It is impossible for a man who is suffering from the paroxysms known as 'hiccoughs' to fall asleep. My senses were unusually keen, as I was momentarily expecting the Angel of Death.

"As I was sitting, gazing with wide-open eyes toward the foot of the bed, a woman of majestic stature, and more than mortal beauty, took shape and stood. Never had I seen in human form, or in the paintings of Raphael, never had I imagined, such unearthly loveliness. She was clad all in black, with a black kerchief coming down about her cheeks and passing under her chin, such as is known in this country as the *tsimberi*. But her clothing clung about her with such grace, revealing the perfection of her form, that even her raiment gave the impression of being supernatural.

"This was not a vision or a dream. I saw her so well, that to-day, if I were a painter, I could reproduce her on canvas, and there would not be in all the world such a wonderful Icon.

"As she regarded me with her great eyes, there was something so terrible in her glance, and of such deep seriousness, that I trembled, and cried:

" 'Holy One, (Panagia) why do you not pity me and save me? The good that I have done in this world is much more than the evil.'

"At this prayer of mine, she smiled a smile of heavenly sweetness that seemed to fill the whole room with light, and answered,

" 'Be tranquil: you shall be saved.'

"She disappeared and I looked about the room. Save for my wife and the nurse who were both sunk in deep slumber, the chamber was empty.

"I called my wife in a loud voice, 'Amalia!'

"She awoke, crying excitedly, 'What is the matter?'

"I had not been able to speak for days and had made all my wishes known in writing.

" 'I have seen the Virgin,' I explained, 'with my own eyes, and she has told me that I shall be saved. I am going to get well. Go to sleep again, and have no further anxiety.'

"From that moment I was as well as you see me now. For the fourteen years following the event that I have narrated, I have been in robust health."

In fact, Doctor Mercouris, who is sixty-nine years of age, does not look over fifty. He stands erect, his cheeks are rosy, and he is engaged in many and varied activities.

But he had not yet finished.

"I had the silver candelabra made which you saw hanging before the image of the Virgin at Tinos, and, some time after, I purchased an ancient and valuable silver cross, which I myself took to the island, to hang on the walls of the church. The frame about the Icon is entirely of marble, as you no doubt noticed. Originally, this was surmounted by a cross of the same material, an integral part of the stone iconostasion. The Committee of the Church proposed to cut off the marble cross, and set up my silver offering in its place. I objected, not wishing to mutilate the work of devout hands long mingled with the dust. As the Committee was discussing the matter in council in their room, a loud crash was heard. Rushing out into the body of the church, they found that the marble cross had fallen and lay in fragments on the flagging. Regarding this occurrence as a miracle and a plain evidence of the Holy Lady's wishes, they put my silver cross in its place, where it remains to-day."

Whatever effect this narration produces on you, gentle reader, I prithee, do not smile. If you think this is all nonsense, remember that you probably believe a lot of nonsense yourself. Mercouris did see a celestial vision and get well; the marble cross did fall at the time of the discussion and was shattered to fragments.

My search in Tinos for eye-witnesses of miracles, or supposed miracles, was abundantly awarded. I will cite but one case, which appears to me particularly interesting and dramatic.

It was told us by the old boatman, Davios Paraskevas, a gentle, bewhiskered, simple son of the sea, who passes his life rowing pilgrims to and from their ships, or bend-

ing over the side of his boat, peering through a tin cylinder for octopods.

"I went up to the church one day," he recounted, "to see if any departing pilgrim needed a boatman. The court was deserted, but I heard groans and found a woman in one of the corridors, who was paralyzed and could not move.

" 'Every one is gone,' she said, 'and I am left here alone. If I could get across to Syra, I have relatives there who would care for me.'

"I called a man whom I knew to help me," continued Davios, "and we lifted her into a chair and started down the street with her, toward the sea. We had gone but a short distance when she began to shriek: 'Why do you treat me like this, Holy One? Me, who believed in you, and came here sure of your help. Are you going to let me go away like this?' As these words were uttered, we felt the chair violently jerked from our hands, and the woman started running down the street like a wild horse. She has been well ever since."

It will be observed that the boatman compared the running to that of a horse. He had probably never seen a deer.

An interesting feature of the great church at Tinos is the gold and silver *aphieromata,* or offerings, which hang by thousands from its ceiling and cover every inch of its walls. A treasury is also filled with the overflow, and there are periodical sales, under government supervision, the proceeds from which, together with the money coming in from cash contributions, are used for the upkeep of the church, as well as for its extensive charities, educational program, and other activities.

These objects, practically infinite in their variety, are thank offerings of devotees, who believe that they have been shown the Virgin's special favor. There is a forest of lamps and candelabra, many of them costly and beautiful; there are quantities of fishing boats and ships; hundreds of legs, arms, eyes, and other parts of the human body; men, some of them in costume now antique; fruit trees, animals, babies; shops representing various trades and industries; and so on in such profusion that the mentioning of mere categories would be tedious.

A description of one or two of the more interesting will give an idea of the general character and purpose of all. Attached to a large hanging lamp, and swinging beneath it, is a cauldron, all in solid silver. The donor was a *loukoum,* or candy maker. One day, while his cauldron was full of boiling sugar, his little child fell in. "Holy Virgin, save her!" he cried, and lifted the infant unharmed out of the seething liquid.

Another conspicuous object is a full-rigged ship, also of silver. One day, during a storm off Marseilles, the captain of a Greek brig found his vessel rapidly filling with water, which gained on the pumps so fast that sinking was imminent. A supplication to the Virgin resulted in the immediate cessation of the inflow, and port was safely reached. An examination of the hull revealed a huge fish tightly plugging the hole which had been the cause of the dangerous leak!

The most beautiful and touching story concerning an offering is that explaining an artistically made fruit tree, in solid silver and of considerable size, that stands near the sacred Icon. A Greek of America had been blind for years. He promised the Panagia that, if she would give

back his sight, he would bring to her church a silver image of whatever he first saw with his restored vision.

One likes to think of the Holy Lady as not only answering the prayer, but as furnishing for the consummation of his desire, so beautiful an object as a fruit tree in full glory.

Earlier in these pages I have used the word "pagan," and the scholar will see much that reminds him of classic records in the hanging of these offerings in the temple of the Holy Lady at Tinos. But let us not use the word pagan in any mood of mental or moral superiority. We see through a glass darkly, and the Divine Intelligence reveals itself as it wills to changing epochs and different peoples.

The thing which has most impressed me in this study of the Panagia of Tinos, is the conception which I have obtained of her appearance as it exists in the mind of the modern Greek, as she has been revealed in visions to ignorant and learned, to high and low. There is much in these visions which unites the Greek of to-day with his ancestors of the most spiritual and beauty-loving epoch, with the period which gave birth to the utter loveliness, chastity and goodness of the face of the Venus of Milo, and inspired the dreamy, introspective and divinely perfect features of the Hermes of Praxiteles.

In the year 1848 there was printed in the island of Syra (or Hermoupolis) a pamphlet in Greek, entitled, *Description of the Finding of the Very Holy Image of the Annunciation of the Very Holy Virgin and of Its Miracles.* This pamphlet is now extremely rare, but I managed to obtain a soiled and torn copy. The author, whose name does not appear, gives an interesting descrip-

tion of his trip to Tinos, and of the wonders which he saw and learned there.

He also had a vision of the Panagia. One night, after spending the day writing up his Miracles, he awoke and began singing the stately old Byzantine hymn:

The beauty of thy virginity and the exceeding splendor of thy presence, the Archangel Gabriel cried out to thee, O Mother of God. What praise, then, can I utter worthy of thee? How to name thee I wonder and am perplexed. Therefore, as I was commanded, I cry out to thee, 'Hail, Full of Grace!'

At this moment an apparition like that of an officer dressed in white entered the room, followed quietly by a young woman, wonderfully fair and noble, tall and splendidly dressed, who asked, "What are you doing?"

He replied, "I am describing the miracles of our Holy Lady of the Evangelistria."

The author continues: "Smiling pleasantly and full of grace, she went out. Never have I seen such a shining and lovely woman, neither in the body, nor out of the body. God wished me, through this indescribable vision, to behold the grace of the Mother."

May no word of mine tend to take from the minds and hearts of men this concept of ineffable majesty, beauty and goodness. The Icon itself is disappointing to the western tourist if he has hoped to find an antique work of art. Its entire surface is thickly covered with jewels of great value and precious stones—large pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, offerings of the grateful who have been miraculously cured—so that only a suggestion of face and hands can be seen in the dim light of the church interior.

Needless to say, it is closely guarded and is locked away in a safe every night.

The two great festivals of Tinos are the Annunciation, on the twenty-fifth of March, and the Death of the Virgin, on August fifteenth. The latter is beautifully called in Greek the *Apokoimesis,* or Falling Asleep. On these two occasions vast throngs gather from the entire Orthodox world, and indescribable scenes take place. The church is crowded to suffocation by the faithful, breathlessly waiting for some manifestation of Divine power, and the court and corridors of the great building are packed with suffering and afflicted humanity, who sleep all night on the stone flagging, hoping for a healing visit from the Panagia.

CHAPTER III

Mykonos

MYKONOS lies somewhat less than ten kilometers to the southeast of Tinos. About fifteen years ago I made the passage in a sailing caique, but this summer of 1927 I crossed over at seven A. M. in a Greek coasting steamer to the tune of

> Yes, sir, she's my baby,
> No, sir, I don't mean maybe,

played continuously on a frazzled gramophone in the dirty wretched cabin.

Although the human race is progressing, or degenerating, according to the point of view, the great festival of nature goes on, unchangeable throughout the ages, in its pomp and splendors and beauties. The strait between the islands was a broad glittering road of melted and faintly rippling sunlight. The hither side of Tinos, with its terraces and white villages, lay in shadow, while Mykonos was bathed in the radiance of early day. The town of Syra, over at the right, slept on its steep hillsides like a huddled flock of sheep. Landing, I presented a letter of introduction to the President of the Community, as the mayors of small political bodies are called in Greece. He offered us coffee under the extensive porch of a building on the quay, constructed in 1750 by a Russian

exile, Count Ioannes Voimovitch, who had been given the title to sweeten the bitterness of expulsion from his native land. The arcade of stone pillars and the heavy wooden rafters are still in a perfect state of preservation.

"Mykonos," the President informed us, "is the Monaco of the Ægean." He had never been to Monaco, but he had been informed that such was the case, and he believed it.

I could not see the resemblance. This town, like so many others of its kind that are off the main routes of travel and out of touch with the great centers, suggested to me rather an unbroken continuity of old Roman and Greek conditions. I refer especially to the large use that is made of sailing craft for communication among the different islands and to the nature of their cargoes.

It is easy to imagine one's self back in the old days while looking at the small harbor with its forest of masts; and the quay with its piles of pottery from Ægina, wine-skins from Santorine, building blocks from Poros, melons from Naxos and Patras. The caiques hold an astonishing amount of freight, but no machinery is used for loading and unloading; men trot back and forth from deck to shore over a plank, as they did in the days when the pyramids were in process of construction.

Through the aid of the President of the Community, we obtained two rooms in a house at the back of the island, built by a sea captain, now dead. The waves with their whispered lullaby, came up to and under one of them. There was a tiny court, enlivened with climbing jessamine, honeysuckle and pots of basil. Huge water jars, Mycenæan save in artistic decoration, stood about in corners and leaned against the walls. A secret passage

led down to the water's edge and a stone-covered hiding-place for a skiff. "There were many pirates in my grandfather's day," explained the present owner of the house, a lady, "and he used to keep a schooner anchored a short distance off as a refuge for himself and family in case of attack."

The town of Mykonos is very white—possibly the whitest in the world. It skirts a shallow bay of vivid blue sea and huddles against a background of low brown hills, flecked with the whirling sails of many windmills. It is also, if one may judge by the ratio of churches to other buildings, the most religious town on earth. There are four thousand people on the island and six hundred churches, giving a congregation of a little under seven to each sacred edifice, in case they all attended.

Most of the churches, I was told, were built by sea captains in the adventurous days of big sailing ships, who took voyages to Russia, Africa and England, in the interests of commerce. If a vessel came back safe after a long and prosperous trip, this was surely due to the prayers that had been offered up daily in the owner's church in his native place, by his family and his own priest. Often a ship was saved in a tempest by the promise to build a church, an engagement always fulfilled, since, in case the Virgin were cheated, it would not be safe to tempt the deep again.

It was even whispered to me that at one time many of the sea captains of Mykonos were themselves pirates, or at least occasionally engaged in this romantic and profitable calling. If so, some of the places of worship were doubtless built to ensure the success of ventures under the black flag. This seems the more probable to

Mykonos

Street of Lions, Delos

Fisherman with octopod on the island of Mykonos

me as I know that it was no uncommon thing, during the days of brigandage in Greece, for robber chiefs to maintain chapels in the hills, at which they worshiped and received the divine blessing before setting out on their murderous expeditions.

Mykonos does not play a very important rôle in ancient history. According to fable, certain giants slain by Hercules were buried there. Dates stopped at the island with the Persian fleet in 490 B. C. The Mykonians of classic times were reputed to be parasites—people who fastened themselves upon the great or wealthy, and came uninvited to banquets; and they were said to be afflicted with baldness, so that one said, "bald as a Mykonian," when looking for a comparison. They had no billiard balls, so far as I know, in those days.

MANDO

It was rather in modern times that Mykonos came into prominence as the native land of the romantic heroine, Mando, or Mano Mavrogénis. This extraordinary woman was about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age when the Greek Revolution broke out in 1821. She came of a noble and wealthy family, and is described as very beautiful and graceful, with soft voice, and black eyes full of fire. She was richly dressed, after the style of the First Empire, with the exception that she wore her skirts short. It is a sad commentary on the literary sterility of the modern Greeks that they have not found inspiration in the deeds of such a heroine, to make her known at least among her own people. In fact, there are many Greeks of to-day who have never even heard of

Mando, while outside the country her name is familiar to a few specialists only; but she deserves to rank in popularity with William Tell.

Mando threw herself whole-heartedly into the sacred cause of liberty. She devoted her entire fortune to the work of fitting out ships and paying soldiers and sailors. Largely through her inspiring efforts, the fleet of Mykonos was raised to twenty vessels, two of which, at least, were paid for by her. She even sold her jewels. Sought in marriage by many suitors, on account of her wealth and beauty, she uttered the famous saying, "I will never become the wife of a slave."

After the fearful massacre of Chios, fearing the same fate for her own island, Mando saw the necessity of disciplined soldiers. She organized and herself trained a company, the need of which was soon apparent, for the Algerians made a landing, intent upon massacre, plunder and worse. Mando, at the head of her band, crying, "Victory for the Cross!" repulsed the invaders and drove them into the sea, leaving behind sixteen dead, sixty wounded and many arms.

With a contingent of troops, raised and trained by herself, she fought all through the war, shunning no danger or hardship, and contributed largely to the ultimate defeat of the Turks. At her side she wore a magnificent sword with jeweled hilt, which had been presented to her father by the Empress Catherine of Russia. Mando was often in the forefront of battle waving this above her head, followed by her devoted braves. According to a tradition current in the isle of Paros this sword had a gold hilt, embellished with diamonds, and on the blade was engraved the legend, in Greek: "Lord, judge

those who have outraged me; fight those who fight me, O King of Kings!"

This attractive and romantic heroine is little known by the modern Greeks, who have their eyes focused on the days of Leonidas and Pericles. Had she lived in France, statues would have been erected to her, and poems written; she would perhaps have been canonized. No nation can boast a more attractive heroine, or one more devoted and worthy.

The best appreciation that I have been able to find of her is by the French historian, Theodore Blanchard, in his work in two volumes, *Les Mavroyéni,* (Ernest Leroux, publisher, Paris, 1909). The finest poem that has been written about her is that of Leon Barat, entitled *L'Heroine de Mycone,* also in French.

The neglect and abandonment that have pursued her posthumously commenced even during her life, as is attested by a moving letter which she wrote to King Otho, asking that she be accorded the same recognition and treatment as that given officers of the army, and by the plaint, addressed to his Majesty, that she was *"la seule abandonnée parmi les défenseurs de la patrie."*

Mando, or Madon as the French call her, died in the island of Paros, and was buried from the Church of the Hundred Doors. Her body was carried through the streets in an open coffin, lined and covered with cloth of gold, her head resting upon richly embroidered pillows. She was accompanied to her last resting-place by a guard of honor, composed of her old fellows in arms. Among these was a soldier who had fought under her, dressed in fustanella uniform, his bare legs tattooed with heads of Turks. A salute of musketry was fired over her grave.

It is consoling to know that she was given these final honors, even though she has been since forgotten and her memory neglected. No trace remains of her burial-place, and its exact location is unknown.

CHAPTER IV

Folk-Lore and Proverbs

AS MYKONOS is one of the islands that has not been overrun by tourists and has not come into close connection with Western civilization, it has preserved intact much of its ancient customs and folk-lore. All of the matter that is given in the following pages on this subject was collected at Mykonos, though much of it is not peculiar to that island.

In general, throughout Greece, parents prefer that their children should be boys; a natural desire, when one reflects that dowries must be provided for girls, in order that they may marry. In Mykonos, however, there is a popular proverb to the effect that it is "good luck if the first baby is a girl, that she may be the right hand of her mother, in bringing up the children that follow." Mothers, three days after the birth of a child, step on iron, to absorb the strength of that metal. If no more children are desired, a key is tread upon. Visitors to an expectant mother must make no mention of sickness or death. In case a word of this nature slips out inadvertently, the offender must run out of the house followed by an inmate who throws ashes after him, with the words: "Take away with you the things that you mentioned."

Gold coins and jewels are thrown into the water of an infant's first bath in order that he may absorb a

golden character. For forty days after the birth of a child the doors must not be opened at night, lest evil spirits enter. In case of necessity, many prayers are said before the door and a rhymed spell, which means:

Jesus Christ conquers,
And Our Lady, the Panagia,
Scatters all evils.

A child should never be put in bed between father and mother, as this may lead to separation and divorce. When an infant first puts his right toe into his mouth, he is supposed to have drunk a goat-skin of milk. The love of grandparents for their grandchildren is expressed by the pretty distich:

The child of my child
Is twice my child.

I am mentioning only a few examples of matter from which a whole book could be written, to give the reader an idea of conditions in these primitive communities.

Of rhymes for soothing children there is a vast number, the most of them so simple in meaning that they lose all charm when translated. The love of a child for its mother is well expressed in the following:

Let my mother hold me, even though she holds me upside down.

Metaphors, some of them extremely pretty and poetic, are naturally drawn from objects familiar to the peasants and villagers, as in this lullaby distich:

The sun sleeps on the hills, the partridge in the woods,
And my little one is sleeping and gets his fill of sleep.

Many of the rhymes are echoes of Byzantine days and the times of the Venetian occupation, as the following:

Sleep, my baby, I've ordered your dowry from Constantinople,
Your clothing and your jewels from Venice.

But to what dim memories of the far distant past does this hark back?

I'll not marry my little boy
Unless they send me proposals from Babylon.

Often these child rhymes are suggestive of our own. Indeed, investigations like this prove that the human mind, working through different media and in widely separate regions, arrives at similar results. Study of languages and of folk-lore, convinces one of the universal brotherhood of man. Years ago I gave, in my book, *In Argolis,* a rhymed version of the Greek peasant woman's "Trot, trot to Boston." I picked it up the other day again in Mykonos and so can, perhaps, be excused for repeating it here:

My little baby wants to dance;
There's no music here by chance.
Who will run and fetch the band,
With a dollar in his hand?

And I wish I could put into rhyme the Mykonian child's "Now I lay me." Here is the sense of it:

I lie down and make my cross.
Protection have I at my side,
For I call myself God's servant
And I fear not any one.

When a child is seen carrying a weight too heavy for it, the expression is often heard:

> The hole was too small for the mouse,
> Yet he tried to drag a pumpkin into it.

This is also applied to people who give big receptions in narrow rooms.

The House That Jack Built takes the following form in Mykonos, and presumably in other parts of Greece:

> Once there was an old man
> Who had a rooster
> That crowed and sang
> And woke the old man.
>
> Mr. Cat goes
> And strangles the rooster
> That crowed and sang
> And woke the old man.
>
> Then goes the dog
> And eats the cat
> That strangled the rooster
> That crowed and sang
> And woke the old man.
>
> Then goes the club
> And kills the dog
> That ate the cat
> That strangled the rooster
> That crowed and sang
> And woke the old man.
>
> Then goes the fire
> And burns the club
> That killed the dog, etc.

Then goes the water
And puts out the fire
That burned the club, etc.

Then goes the ox
And drinks the water
That put out the fire, etc.

Then goes the butcher
And kills the ox
That drank the water, etc.

Then goes Charon (death)
And takes the butcher
That killed the ox
That drank the water
That put out the fire
That burned the club
That killed the dog
That ate the cat
That strangled the rooster
That crowed and sang
And woke the old man.

Are not the people that produced this our kin, even though they may have lived on an isolated Greek island, and told it to their children in a corrupt dialect of Romaic, from which the above translation is made?

In the fables of Æsop is to be found the story of the wolf and the lamb, admirably rendered into French by La Fontaine, illustrating the relentlessness of the carnivorous beast. This idea is brought out in a little ballad sung by children of the Greek islands. I have endeavored to put this into English verse, as much of the popularity of native songs is due to the catchy nature of the rhymes.

The Cat and the Mouse

"Mr. Kitty, Mr. Kitty,
Oh, don't eat me, please have pity!
I will cook you rice for food,
When you smell you'll say, 'How good!' "

"Rice is nasty, makes me sick,
To my teeth the kernels stick.
Mouse I long for, mouse I'll get,
On such food my heart is set."

"Mr. Kitty, Mr. Kitty,
Oh, don't eat me, please have pity!
I will cook you eels for dinner,
On such fare you'll ne'er grow thinner."

"Eels are little fancied by me,
They're too slippery and slimy;
Mouse I long for, mouse I'll get—
On such fare my heart is set!"

Sometimes metaphors of extreme beauty are found in the rhymed distiches and quatrains in common use among the people. For instance, they say of a beautiful girl:

You are a tower in a garden,
You are a mirror framed in mother-of-pearl.

As is the case with most simple folk, the Greek peasant uses proverbs, or ready-made expressions very frequently in his conversation.

I have selected a few examples from a collection made in the island of Mykonos, some of which seem to be peculiar to that place, while others are familiar to Greeks everywhere. The meaning is generally evident, especially of such as have English equivalents.

As different as the eyes of the hare and the owl.

Unfortunate is he who has no nails to scratch himself.

The eggs are not being laid where the cackling is.

If a new friend you make, the old do not forsake.

Don't lend unto the poor, and from the rich don't borrow,
Since either way one day is sure to cause you sorrow.

Wait, Miss Mary, till I have a son who'll love you.

Soiled linen and sins pile up rapidly.

From a child or a fool one learns the truth.

Do you hear thunder and lightning? Sit on your eggs. (Keep out of other people's quarrels. Mind your own business.)

Borrow and pay and come another day.

Measure ten times before you cut once.

We have no food and we are asking for radishes for appetizers.

Here ships are being lost. Where are you going, crazy skiff? (Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.)

Eat and drink with your relatives but don't do business with them.

Don't put on airs with me and hold so high your chin,
Your village isn't far away, I know your origin.

Never mind the smallness of the field if it belongs to you.

The servant of the Lord fasted because he had no food.

'Tis a good captain who's good in a storm.

Whoever has been burned drinking chocolate blows even on buttermilk. (Yogourt.)

Whoever doesn't talk, doesn't repent.

When you hear there are many cherries, take a small basket.

No mother-in-law, neither good, bad, nor made of clay.

If your shoe pinches, don't try to think of anything else.

The young of a donkey is always a colt. (Every crow thinks its little ones white.)

Rushing water even runs up hill. (Where there's a will there's a way.)

Dance, Sousou, but don't neglect the housework. (Sousou, a girl's name. Substitute Sally, and this proverb would do excellently in America.)

As earth is covered by heaven above,
A child is covered by mother's love.

The examples given above are merely illustrative. The material, of course, is practically inexhaustible, and to cover it thoroughly would require years of study and continuous residence in the country. If you sit down by an islander or other peasant and ask him to tell you what proverbs he knows, he will probably not be able to think of any. It is only in conversation, day after day, that one picks them up, and if one lives fifty years in Greece, one will continually be hearing new ones. Last summer I ran on to an amusing proverb in the island of Mykonos which I had never heard before, during about thirty years residence in Greek communities.

"The snake," said my donkey driver, "was afraid to eat earth for fear of exhausting the supply and starved to death."

He was speaking of a certain wealthy miser, who feared to spend a penny lest he ruin himself.

"But do snakes eat earth?" I inquired.

"Certainly," replied my companion. "Every one knows that the snake lives on dirt, and he often starves to death for fear there isn't enough!"

CHAPTER V

Fairy-Tales

ONE afternoon, while we were at Tinos, my daughter Nancy came into the hotel in a state of great excitement.

"I have just heard an old peasant woman tell a fairy-story to some children," she announced. "Would you like to hear it?"

"I should say I would!" I replied inelegantly.

"Well! I was sitting on a bench by the sea when this woman, evidently a nurse, came and sat down beside me with two little children, a boy and a girl, leaning against her knees. They began to tease her for a story, and she, after making them promise to be good for a whole week, agreed."

Before giving the substance of the old woman's tale, I must explain that it was particularly interesting to me for the reason that it had a draco in it. What are dracos? The word is usually translated in the dictionaries as ogre, but this is not quite satisfactory. A draco is a being of supernatural strength, but he may be no larger than an ordinary mortal from whom it may be difficult to distinguish him till one has actually fallen into his toils. He eats whole sheep and oxen at a sitting, and is especially fond of boys and girls, whom he carries off and roasts in a furnace. Dracos figure largely in the fairy-

stories of Greece; they intermarry with queens and other women, and brave princes fight and kill them. But they are usually overcome by guile, often exercised by a mysterious Spaniard.

In one story the Spaniard scatters chunks of cheese on the ground, and, when the draco appears, picks these up and crumbles them in his teeth, crying, derisively, "Can you eat stones?" The terrifying effect produced by this performance can easily be imagined.

But let us have the old woman's story, which is called, *The Bean Boy.*

THE BEAN BOY

Once upon a time long ago there was an old man and an old woman and they had no children. One day the old man said to the old woman:

"Old Woman, sweep the floor."

"No, you sweep."

"No, you sweep!"

Finally, the old woman swept and found a penny on the floor. She sat down with the old man and held a discussion as to what they should buy with it.

"If we buy walnuts, we must throw away the shells. If we buy chestnuts, we must throw away the shells. If we buy hazelnuts, we must throw away the leaves."

"What shall we buy? What shall we buy? If we buy beans, there will be no waste."

They bought beans, therefore, and put them into the pot to boil. As she dumped them in the old woman exclaimed:

"Ach, I wish all these beans were children!"

Immediately she heard, "Clop! Clop!" and a great jumping in the pot.

She opened it and what did she see? The whole pot was full of little boys and girls no bigger than your finger.

"Old Woman, what have you done?" said the old man. "What shall we do with so many children? How shall we bring them up, how shall we find clothes for them?"

"Oh, what shall we do?" asked the old woman.

"Let's scald 'em," said the old man.

They filled a big boiler with water and put fire under it, but one little boy heard what they said and jumped out and ran and hid on a shelf in the corner.

They boiled all the rest of the children and dug a hole in the garden, and buried them.

When they got back to the house, the old man said to the old woman, "My poor Old Woman, see what we have done! We boiled them all. We didn't think to save one to keep us company in our old age."

"Don't cry, Father, I'm here," piped the boy from the shelf.

"Where are you, where are you?" cried the old man and the old woman.

"I'm here on the shelf, but I can't come down, for I'm naked."

They threw him up a shirt and he came down. What joy had the old man and the old woman! They took him for their own son, and, since he had come from a bean, they called him "Beany."

When he was ten years old they sent him to school.

In the garden the old man had an apple tree, which

every year bore many apples; but, as soon as they were ripe, a draco woman came with a sack and carried them all off.

One day Beany said to the old woman:

"Tell me, Mama: yesterday the apple tree was full of fruit and to-day it is bare. Who comes and eats all the apples?"

"Pooh, pooh! my boy. Every year a draco woman comes and carries them all off."

"Ah," said the boy, "next year I'll watch the tree!"

The next year, when the apples were about ripe, Beany took a chunk of cheese, a piece of bread, his book, and climbed up into the tree and sat there.

One day the draco girl came with a sack on her shoulder and saw the boy in the tree.

"Good morning, little boy," she said.

"Get out of here, quick, you old witch," he cried, "or I'll come down and break every bone in your body with a club!"

"All right, all right," she said, "I'll go away. Just throw me down one apple to eat, and I'll leave immediately."

He dropped an apple, but she pretended that she could not see it.

"I can't find it," she said, "only come down and show me where it is and I'll go right away."

Finally she persuaded him and he descended, whereupon she grabbed him, clapped him into her sack and started for home.

On the way she laid the sack down by the side of the road, and went to a spring some distance off to get a drink. Beany took his knife from his pocket, cut the

string of the sack and came out. Then he quickly filled the sack with leaves and stones and ran home.

The draco girl came back, picked it up, threw it over her shoulder and went to her house. When she arrived she called to her sister: "Maroudio, light the furnace. I've brought a nice lamb for dinner!"

Maroudio lighted a big fire, but when they opened the sack, behold, it was full of leaves and stones!

The draco girl went back to the apple tree and again persuaded Beany to come down. A second time she grabbed him and clapped him into the sack, but this time she went straight home with him.

Maroudio lighted a big fire and the two sisters put Beany on a shovel, to throw him into the furnace, but, as often as they tried, he managed to slide off and fall outside.

"You don't know how to put me on," said the boy. "One of you sit on the shovel, and I'll show you the right way."

So Beany rested the shovel on the edge of the furnace door, and one of the sisters sat on it. He then put his shoulder under the handle, gave a great heave and she slid in. Her sister ran and leaned in the furnace door to pull her out, when Beany ran and butted against her, and in she went.

There was a great screaming inside the furnace and hammering on the door for a while and then all became still.

"That's the end of them," said Beany. "Now let's see if there are any more around here."

He went through the house and in the second story he found one room filled with dollars, another with pounds,

and another with florins. But there was nobody in any of the rooms.

"There's nobody at home," he said, "but some one may come. I'll sit down and wait."

There was a great beam across the ceiling of the room and he managed to climb up the side of the wall and sit on this.

After a while the house began to shake. It was the brother of the two draco girls who had come in, and was stamping around.

He smelled roast meat and said, "Now let's see what they have got for dinner."

He opened the furnace door, and there were his two sisters, done to a turn.

"Fine work, this!" he said. "Now I wonder who did it? I'd like to get my hands on him. Let's see if he's in the house."

He went up-stairs, raging and grinding his teeth, ready to eat any one who might come in his way, and found Beany sitting on the end of the beam.

"Hey, little fellow, how did you get up there?" he asked.

"How did I get up here? I took plates and made a column and stood on it."

The draco went down into the kitchen, brought up all the dishes he could find and piled one on top of the other, but when he stepped on the pile, brrr! they all broke and he fell to the floor.

"Ach, rascal!" said the draco, "tell me the truth. How did you get up there?"

"Now I will tell you all about it," replied Beany. "Get the brazier, fill it with charcoal, light it and wait till

it gets red hot. Then sit on the burning coals, and the heat and the steam will raise you right up to the ceiling."

The draco did all this, but the moment he felt the fire, he jumped up with a roar of pain. "Ach, you rascal, I can't sit on that!" he cried.

"How did I do it?" asked the boy. "You must take off your breeches, and sit down good and solid, if you want to get up here."

This the draco did and was burned so badly that he died.

Beany now had no further fear, for all the dracos were dead, so he came down from the beam, and filled two sacks with dollars, two with pounds, and two with florins. Then he went out to the barn and found three donkeys, which he loaded, each with two sacks of gold, and started for home.

It was night when he arrived and knocked at the door of the house. The old man and woman opened the door and saw Beany.

"My boy, how have you come, how have you been saved? Didn't the draco woman eat you?"

"It seems not, since I am here. Only come and help me bring in the sacks."

"What sacks, my boy? Where did you find the sacks? Did you steal them?"

Beany explained everything, they took in the sacks, and afterward he went back to the dracos' house and brought away all the rest of their money and jewels.

The old man and woman built a big house and lived like kings, and Beany became the first man of the country. They lived long and happy after this, and may we be even happier.

It should be explained that dracos have one redeeming feature: that of incredible stupidity.

The above story, with its simplicity and ingenuous improbability, is evidently one of those tales of which the foster mothers of Greece have an inexhaustible supply, often improvising and adding variations of their own. It is possible that many of these, fundamentally, belong to the great international group, while others seem to be purely indigenous.

A story that appears to belong to the second of these categories, has its origin in the island of Mykonos. No idea can be given in translation of the dialect in which it is told, but I have rendered it word for word, with the purpose of preserving, as far as possible, the simplicity of the style. It is called, *The Shrewd Country Maiden.*

THE SHREWD COUNTRY MAIDEN

Once upon a time a Prince went out hunting with two of his aids. They tramped all day hills and valleys, but not a deer, not a hare, not a feather did they see.

The sun was setting when they saw far off a house.

"Let's go there," said the Prince, "and pass the night, and in the morning we'll start back for the palace."

Not that he feared man or beast, this Prince, but he was very tired.

When they came to the house, they found the door open; but no man was seen, and not even did a dog bark, as happens in all country houses when a strange man comes around. Nevertheless, the folks were in. Very cautiously they went into the house, and there they saw a young girl, beautiful as cold water, who was coming to meet them.

Softly and quietly, "Good day!" said the Prince.

"We had one but he died," remarked the girl, because she knew that the Prince was wondering that they had no dog.

Let's not waste any words in saying that the people of the house entertained in fine style the Prince and his aids, without having the least idea who they were.

The young woman's father killed a turkey and she cleaned and cooked it quick as a flash.

She laid the table, asked them all to sit down, and began to give round the food. She gave the head and a little meat to her father, the feet and a little to her mother, the wings she kept for herself, and the rest, just as it was, she set before her guests.

The Prince wondered about the division and he asked: "Why, my girl, did you distribute it like that? You've given your father and mother nothing to eat."

"Father and mother, if they wish it, have other food, and, since you are here, I must do them honor in your presence rather than feed them. I'll explain to you: my father is the head of the house, my mother the prop, so I gave to one the head, to the other the props; as for myself, I'm young and fly around all day like a bird with wings."

The Prince wondered at her cleverness. Going away next morning he told her he was the King's son, and invited her to his wedding that was to take place in a few days. As soon as he got back to the palace, the Prince called a slave. He handed him thirty gold pounds, a head of cheese, a skin of honey and a rooster, and said to him:

"Go to such-and-such a girl in such-and-such a house

and say to her: These things my Lord the Prince sends, and he told me to say to you:

Thirty days has the month,
The moon is round,
The skin of the goat
Is stretched tight as a fiddle string,
And the voice of the night
Will sing to waken you."

The slave took them and started hot foot for the farmhouse. On the road he stopped overnight at a certain other house. There he had such a good time that the fine fellow killed the rooster for dinner, gave away fifteen gold pounds and cut the cheese in half. The next day he brought what was left to the young woman and told her the words that the Prince had ordered him to say.

The girl thanked him and said: "Tell the Prince I thank him very much and say to him:

The month has fifteen days,
The moon is half full,
The skin of the goat
Is loose as a bagpipe,
And the song of the night
Will never be heard.
But, if you love the partridge,
Don't throw away the wings."

The slave went back and repeated all this to the Prince.

"It's lucky for you, villain," cried the Prince, "that you didn't forget those last words, for without them I should have cut off your head, you thief!"

(By the "wings of the partridge" he understood her to mean the slave whom they had used for messenger.)

A few days afterward took place the wedding of the Prince. He sent a reminder to the country girl to come with her parents. They dressed in their finest and went.

After the wedding the table was spread and the newly-weds sat down, with the King and all his court, and the country girl and her parents with them.

During the feast the Prince said to his wife: "Go, please, and kill my finest negro slave and bring me his blood."

Her Ladyship went out and killed one of the black slaves of the King and came back with the head, all bloody, to the table.

The Prince was shocked and he said to the country girl: "Now go you and kill all the negro slaves and bring me the blood of the finest."

The country girl went and in a little while came back laughing with a glass of dark wine in her hand. She went, that is, tried all the barrels of dark wine, and brought a sample of the best. These were the "black slaves" that the Prince had in mind, for in that country they use the same word for tapping a wine barrel as they do for butchering an animal.

The old King and all the guests clapped their hands and cried, "Bravo! Bravo!" to the country girl for her cleverness.

Then the Prince said to his wife: "Go back to your father, my Lady, and tell him you won't do for a Queen."

After that he called the priests and the bishops and married the country girl and they lived happy ever afterward, and may we do the same,

A very pretty story, with a good fairy in it, that I have never heard except in the islands where Venetian vestiges linger in the peasant speech, has also to do with a prince, whose name in this instance is Hypnos.

HYPNOS

Once there was a poor girl who lived all alone in a little house without any help from man, trusting only in the power of God and the work of her hands.

All day she toiled, spinning wool and knitting flannels and stockings. And every night she worked as much as she could. She spun yarn to have it ready next day for knitting.

Many times sweet sleep came to her and closed her unwilling eyes. She, however, didn't cease till a late hour from her work. She kept roast beans in her apron and put some from time to time into her mouth and chewed on them to keep herself awake, saying to her drowsiness as though she were talking to a man:

"You've come, my Hypnos,
Welcome to you,
Here are beans for you to chew on
And an armchair for you to sit down in,
While I spin and finish spinning,
That I may go to bed and take you in my arms."

This happened very often.

One night a neighbor passed near the door, and when he heard the girl talking he suspected something, because everybody knew that she lived alone.

"Aha!" said he, "who is Rno talking to? Perhaps she has an affair on with some young man."

So he sat down and listened and heard Rno say: "You've come, my Hypnos," and the rest of it.

"Ah, by Saint Loukia! She has Hypnos for a lover."

Now Hypnos was the name of the Prince of that country. The very next day it was spread about that Rno was having a love-affair with the King's son.

One person had the nerve to go and tell this to the Queen. He even added that Rno was expecting to become a mother.

The Queen laughed and acted as if she were not displeased—she even seemed glad, so to speak. She said not a word to her son. Only she called for dressmakers and ordered them to make ten changes of baby clothes, all silk and gold thread. In a little all was ready.

So one morning Rno saw a servant coming with a basketful of baby clothes, who said to her: "These the Queen sends to you and she orders you to bring the baby that she may see it."

"What baby?" asked the wretched Rno, trembling with fear.

"The baby whose father is the Prince, and she said for you not to be frightened and throw it away, for if you do she'll have you killed, poor girl."

Rno, who at first suspected a joke, now felt as though the sky had fallen on her and squashed her flat.

The days passed, the Queen waited, and Rno cried and tore her hair. Again came the servant and said, "Come along, Rno, the Queen won't wait any longer."

So Rno put on her best clothes, took the wooden paddle for beating the wash, wrapped it up like a baby in the things which the Queen had sent her and started out for the palace.

On the road she met a beautiful and soft-voiced old woman whom she didn't know. It was her Good Fairy. ("Fate" in Greek.)

"What have you in your arms, my daughter?" she asked.

The poor girl blushed with shame and told the old woman the whole story, sobbing as she talked.

Then the old woman took the paddle and patted it on the head, so to speak.

And what did Rno see? The little old woman was holding in her arms a baby that shone like the sun with beauty—my, but it shone! And the most wonderful thing was that it looked just like the Prince. It even had a mole on its cheek, the same as he had.

Laughing with joy, Rno snatched the child and ran to the palace.

When the Queen saw the baby she cried: "So it was all true and how it resembles that scalawag, my son! And he never breathed a word to me."

She took the baby in her arms and told Rno to hide herself in the next room. Then she called her son: "Hypnos, Hypnos, come and see your boy! You're a very unfeeling father."

The Prince rushed in from his own room, astonished. He couldn't understand what his mother was talking about. "It's the first time I heard anything about a boy," he said. "I don't know anything at all about it."

Rno, who was listening, came in and told the whole story. The Queen was so upset and disappointed that she burst out crying.

The Good Fairy appeared again and confirmed Rno's statement and Hypnos, who had fallen in love with Rno

at first sight, said to his mother: "This is the most virtuous and beautiful girl in the whole kingdom, and I am going to take her for my wife."

The Queen agreed, the bishops and priests were sent for, and there was great joy and feasting.

They lived happy ever after and may we do the same.

This tale has a classic flavor and no doubt harks back to Byzantine days or before, for *hypnos* is the ancient Greek word for sleep, and is invoked as a god by the heroine, causing the eavesdropping neighbors to believe that she is talking with the Prince, to the injury of her reputation. At any rate, this fairy-story is as purely indigenous as anything that I picked up on the islands.

CHAPTER VI

Delos

WE LEFT Mykonos for Delos on the morning of September first at eight-forty on the sailing caique *Aghios Nikolaos* (Saint Nickolas) with four other passengers, one of whom was the most voluble old woman in the world. I say this with perfect confidence and am ready to enter her in a contest for endurance and number of words to the minute with any contestant from anywhere.

So great an impression did she make on me by her unrivaled powers that I thought her name worth recording. It is, if she has not talked herself to death by this time, Eirene Tzouganella. Strangely enough, "Eirene" means "peace" in Greek.

We carried also a donkey destined for Megali Delos, ancient necropolis of the sacred isle. He stood in the shallow hold of the boat, his neck and head projecting above the level of the deck, a perfect picture of patient unconcern. As we sailed by the long stone mole we saw men dragging unwilling cattle, by ropes tied around their horns, into other caiques. The intelligent little donkey, however, needed no human intervention. He had walked quietly on board and occupied h s designated place.

As the wind was favorable, the trip, skirting the

southern shore of the bay of Mykonos and the northern end of Delos, did not take more than an hour. We disembarked on the west shore of the island, not far from the ancient Sacred Port, near the houses of the French Archæological School.

It is impossible, manifestly, for me to say much about Delos in a book of this kind, which is not an archæological treatise. The French have been excavating there for years, commencing in 1873. They worked practically continuously from 1877 to 1894 and they commenced again in 1903.

The principal object of the excavations of Mr. Homolle, carried on in various campaigns since 1877, was to find the temple of Apollo. This was achieved and the site completely uncovered. This famous structure, once the central fane of a wide-spread cult, was Doric in style, and was built by the Athenians in the first half of the fourth century B. C. It has been completely destroyed; not a single column remains standing. Similar in plan to the well-known Theseum at Athens, it was a little smaller in size. According to Mr. Homolle's report, which I consulted in the National Library at Paris, two large roads, one to the north and the other to the south, start out with imposing propylæa and lead to the temple. The foundations of those at the beginning of the southern road were found a few feet from the seashore.

The ancient pilgrim or merchant landed at these propylæa and advanced along a road lined with statues that passed around the temple and terminated at its eastern entrance. On either hand, as he walked along, he beheld marble buildings, treasuries and other temples. By the road leading to the temple from the north was the

colossal statue of Apollo, given by the Naxians. The base of this has been located.

To the north of the temple was the great market, where many earthen jars, planted in line, have been uncovered exactly as they were in the days when they contained supplies or samples of grain, honey and wine, and the place swarmed with bartering humanity.

Beyond the market was the Sacred Lake. There was also a temple of Artemis or Latona at Delos, besides shrines of foreign divinities: Serapis, Isis, Anubis; for merchants from all parts of the ancient world frequented Delos, and there was need of many gods.

Sailing along the shore one sees the ruins of buildings under the water, and here and there the pillars still standing of storehouses wherein were piled up the wares of Europe, Asia and Africa.

In Delos commerce and religion were interfused, or connected like Siamese twins. If one died, the other gave up the ghost. The temple of Apollo, the chief divinity, and the port thrived or fell together. One came to Delos as pilgrim and merchant. The festivals were at the same time religious ceremonies and fairs.

I spent two hours on the spot this time, which was enough. One should either remain there two hours, or ten years, according to his scholarly equipment and the purpose of his sojourn. The casual tourist sees a rocky isle about three miles in length, and ranging from two-thirds of a mile to nearly two miles in width, and he wanders over an astounding extent of marble ruins: foundations of temples, streets of a once populous city, traces of ancient commercial clubs, markets, palaces.

Nowhere in the world is there a more impressive

picture of utter desolation and ruin remaining on the site of former splendor, beauty, power and intense, teeming life. For centuries after its final fall Delos was little else than a vast marble quarry, and was preyed on for construction elsewhere. It contributed largely to the building of the temple of the Virgin of Tinos—the modern sacred isle. The supply, however, was practically inexhaustible and presents little evidence to the untrained eye of having been rifled. According to the ancients, Delos was the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis and was the center of their worship, but it was probably the home of an older faith before this, and its story stretches back to and merges into the prehistoric era. Its complete and final destruction took place in 69 B. C.

It is possible, even for the ordinary traveler, by giving scope to his imagination, to form some idea of what it was, to see it in its splendor, as one beholds a great city in a haze. To the one approaching it from afar, it gleamed whitely in the vivid Mediterranean sun, a shining glory in the midst of the laughing blue sea, and gradually its majestic temples and snowy streets became visible and took shape. Its harbor was crowded with merchant craft and ships of sacred missions. Games were held there, and white-robed processions wound through and climbed its thoroughfares. It became an important commercial center and societies of merchants built their edifices on the island—commercial clubs and chambers of commerce. Among the great variety of articles that were bartered there, a list of which would make a poem if enumerated by Masefield, is the following partial list: grain, ivory, statues, cloths from Amorgos, wine, Pentelic and Parián marbles, Æginetan pottery, gold cups from Crete, "deli-

cious Sidonian suckets, honey from Hybla in buckets," apes, peacocks, Tyrian dyes, slaves, lions. It profited by the fall of Corinth and inherited the prosperity of that city.

The poet Callimachus, in his *Hymn to Delos,* sums up its commercial supremacy in the lines:

> Isle of many altars and vows,
> What merchant captain of the Ægean
> Has ever passed near and not anchored
> His rapid vessel in thy port?

Burials were forbidden on the sacred isle, and in so far as was possible, deaths. Corpses were transported for interment across to the neighboring isle of Megali Delos. In one respect it resembled the town of Gibraltar, for it was against the regulations to be born on Delos.

We were obliged to hurry away, as the *Aghios Nikolaos* awaited us at the foot of a rocky promontory about an hour's walk distant. We sailed back over a rough sea, with a cargo of disgusted and loudly expostulating pigs in the hold, and we reached Mykonos just in time to catch a four o'clock ship for Tinos.

One never forgets Delos nor quite recovers from the impression that it produces. Like the hill of the Acropolis, it is a vast graveyard: the cemetery of an ancient civilization, people, religion. Unlike the Acropolis and other notable places covered with ruins, it is not surrounded by modern life and the evidences of the continuation of the race and its activities. At the Sacred Isle, all is death, desolation and solitude. The galleys laden with pottery, cloths, Tyrian dyes, perfumes, fruits, statues, wines, Ionian treasure and slaves have all vanished into

Ruins at Delos

the relentless and engulfing past. The ships on sacred missions, the vessels of the ambassadors and merchant princes have sunk into the sea of oblivion. The white-clad processions no longer wind through the statue-lined streets to the temple; the builders have long ceased to build, and their bones are mingled with the marbles that they hewed and cunningly joined. And no one has come to take their place.

It is better so; more majestic, more satisfying. There are no chattering voices, there is no careless laughter to disturb the rest of Apollo and Artemis. The sea winds sing their eternal dirge. And so Delos is the most impressive of all the places where, on many a wind-swept shore or lonely island hill, lie the marble bones of Greece.

CHAPTER VII

The Wonder Island

THE volcanic island of Santorine, or Thera, lies almost directly south of Ios, the fabled burial-place of Homer, and at the edge of the Cretan Sea. The German archæologist, von Gaertringen, who conducted excavations there, compared it with Taormina, than which, he affirmed, it was more beautiful and majestic; and a well-known American millionaire, who visited the spot while I was there, made the same comparison and confirmed the German's statement.

To reach it we sailed south between Naxos and Paros, from Mykonos, passing close to Ios. We entered the harbor one early afternoon in September. At our left was a sheer and tremendous cliff, varying in height from two hundred and sixty to three hundred and sixty meters, at the top of which, and perched on its perilous edge, stood in a long line the white houses of the town of Oia. (Pronounced Ee-a.) Here we made anchor for some time, wondering how the merchandise that our ship unloaded could be got up to the people waiting for it above; merely to look at whose dwellings caused a painful bending of the neck. We hoisted anchor at length and, still skirting the base of the cliff, arrived a little before sundown at the port of Thera, our destination. Here we were confronted by two seeming impossibilities; we must

get to the narrow strip of beach at the foot of the cliff, and we must climb about three hundred meters up a sheer wall of rock. At least, so it seemed from the deck of the ship where we were standing.

A heavy sea was rolling and over this several small rowboats were making their way toward us, rising like cockle-shells to the crest of the waves, or sinking out of sight behind them. We anchored close to shore, as we were informed that the vast cauldron of a harbor was almost unfathomably deep, with sheer sides like those of a well, and that only on a narrow inner ledge could water be found sufficiently shallow for tethering ships. A ladder was let down, and after considerable skilful maneuvering, one of the rowboats was got up beside it. Great care was exercised by the boatman to keep his skiff near enough to the ladder for jumping purposes, yet far enough away to avoid being smashed.

And now a remarkable thing happened: an old gray-haired woman scuttled bravely down the ladder, waited till the exact moment when the boat arrived at the crest of the wave, stepped quietly in and sat down. Her valise was pitched in after her. Like most of the islanders, she probably had in her veins the blood of Byzantine pirates and Venetian sea dogs.

The science of the thing flashed on my tense and anxious perception, and I explained it to Nica: "What that old woman did, you can do. Work your way to the foot of the ladder, hang on for dear life and wait. There will come an instant when the boat will be close to the ladder. It will be almost at the crest of the wave, but not quite. At that psychological instant step quickly in and sit down. Don't hesitate. If the boat has com-

menced to descend, you will fall through eight or ten feet of space—perhaps into the sea. I will go first. Watch me carefully. If I jump into the sea, don't follow me."

Adopting this plan, I stepped in and sat down, not a moment too soon, as I promptly felt the swooping sensation that one often experiences in a swing, and there was Nica standing at the foot of the ladder, far above me.

"Don't jump till I say the word," I shouted at her as we rose, but she had no further need of my monitions, as her deft and agile performance proved.

The skill of the boatmen who haunt the windy, rocky and harborless shores of the Greek islands, almost challenges belief. In all kinds of weather they take into their little craft and row safely to shore not only voyagers capable of taking care of themselves, but also frightened little children and hysterical, shrieking women. Ten minutes of skilful rowing brought us behind a short pier where the water was calm and we stepped out on the shores of Thera. Here was a small beach at the foot of the cliff forming the front yard of the troglodyte dwellings of fishermen and others. A quite pretentious church extends for about half its length back into a cave excavated in the face of the precipice. But we were not allowed to gaze long at these curious sights, for importunate donkey men seized upon and rushed us back into some low stables with massive vaulting that recalled the days of Mark Sanudo and the Venetian knights.

The entire scene, with its setting, was mediæval. Donkeys galore and not a few mules, saddled and ready for the arrival of the steamer, awaited our choice, which was soon made, and we joined a numerous and picturesque cavalcade that set out on the half-hour's climb to the

town of Thera. One special feature added to the impressiveness of our parade. The deputy, or Senator for Santorine had come on the same ship with us, to look after his fences. His constituents had secured for him an enormous horse, one of the largest that I have ever seen anywhere, mounted on which he led the procession. The idea evidently was that a senator would lose dignity if he rode a donkey—that he was, somehow, a bigger personality than Christ. I think the constituents were wrong, both actually and psychologically; somehow the Senator looked ridiculous and theatrical to me and out of touch with his voters. For negotiating a steep incline of steps laid with cobbles and slippery lava blocks the donkey has no equal. If he stumble or fall, which he rarely does, the rider simply straightens out his legs and walks off, while a tumble from a mule or a tall horse is a more serious matter.

We were going up a broad, winding and seemingly interminable stairway of shallow steps carved from volcanic strata, our drivers shouting "Deh! Deh!" and something that sounded like "Giddap!" to increase the speed of our beasts. When they wished them to stop and rest for a moment, the men fluttered the tips of their tongues, producing an audible "Gr-r-r-r" which was instantly obeyed. Sometime before we reached the top we began to pass houses that were excavated either partly or entirely out of the face of the cliff, the roof of each forming the terrace or the garden of the one above. When we finally attained the end of the climb, it would have been possible to toss a stone down to our starting-place. Our driver conducted us through narrow, cobble-paved streets to the only inn which the town affords, one

night in which was an unforgettable and unforgivable experience.

Early next morning Nica and I started out in search of accommodations in a private house, and were promptly accosted by a man who asked us if we were looking for rooms. It seems that all Europeans set out on this quest after one night in the *xenodocheion,* or hotel. There are numerous comfortable houses in Santorine, and even palaces inhabited, in some cases, by aristocratic families, but there has never been a sufficient influx of wealthy Americans and Europeans to necessitate the building of a decent hotel. The island, with its attractions and wonders, is practically unknown to this class of people. An occasional yacht draws into the harbor and its owner and guests sail away, marveling that such a spot has not become a center of general interest and resort.

Our fortuitous cicerone conducted us to the house of Kyria Angheliki, who rented us a small apartment of two bedrooms and a hall, giving upon a concrete terrace overlooking the tremendous panorama of Santorine. Kyria Angheliki had been well trained in the care of foreigners by a German archæologist who had spent weeks at a time on various occasions in her house. She talked continually of this gentleman, and, as often as we demanded any of the amenities of civilization, she would spring to her feet and cry: "Yes, the German asked for that too. Here it is!"

She was not sure as to his name, but I am recording right here my blessing on it, in the faint hope that he may read these lines. I feel that I know him as well as though I had met him, and I can see him very plainly as described by Kyria Angheliki: tall, blond, sitting and

smoking his pipe at the round table in the hall, while he pored over a pile of books or wrote. Often he seized his cane and started off on long walks, sometimes as far as the ruins of the ancient city, at the farther end of the island. He wore knee breeches, and Kyria Angheliki did not take me completely to her heart till I also produced a pair. Whereupon she exclaimed, "Yes, the German wore that kind too."

It was the knee breeches that broke down the last barriers of her reserve and caused her to borrow the neighborhood bathtub, a round copper basin, about three feet in diameter and six inches deep. Every morning she brought a great earthen jar of water, with towels and soap, and informed us that the German bathed once a day. How glad I was to hear that! If he had bathed only once a week, we would have been quite uncomfortable. For once I was enthusiastic over Kultur and the merits of the superman, though I fear that only those who have sojourned on a Greek island and attempted to get a bath will appreciate my feelings.

Our first day was spent, as well as most of the next, sitting on the terrace, gazing at the unbelievably beautiful and fantastic view. It was like the gigantic setting of some vast drama of the gods. We were gods, sitting in our high places. Far below us was the glittering sea, over which drifted sails light and white as thistledown, and the toy ships of puerile men. Near the shores of the islands the waters were Veronese green. Farther out, they were cobalt blue, and yellow and green in the vicinity of the volcano. When a fierce wind blew, which was often, the whole cauldron was lashed to white fury and the imprisoned waves leaped high against the surrounding

cliffs. At night a great moon silvered the waters of the bay, where the volcano lay asleep with its children.

The islands opposite took on, at different hours of the day, the unreal ethereal lights of fairy-land: translucent opal early in the morning, toward evening purple, light blue, pink. Santorine is actually a group of islands, consisting of Thera, bent like a half-moon, opposite the hollow of which lie Therasia and Aspronisi, partly fencing in an oval gulf, in the center of which are Kaieméne, or the "Burnt Island," and the volcano. Thera and Therasia, the inhabited bits of land, are composed entirely of volcanic dust and blocks of lava that have been vomited forth during the ages from the central crater.

There is indisputable proof that enough land existed in prehistoric time to form space for human habitation, and that men and dwellings were overwhelmed by erupted matter in very early ages. Ancient houses and the skeleton of a man have been unearthed at the base of pumiceous beds, and pre-Mycenæan vases, dated by Dörpfeld, the great German archæologist, at 1500-1400 B. C., have also been found. From this it appears that a violent and destructive explosion occurred sometime between 2000 and 1500 B. C., probably nearer the earlier date than the latter. The present inhabitants should be able to form a very good idea, from recent demonstrations, of the manner of their native land's creation, and of the fate of their remote ancestors. The volcano was quiet when I visited the group in the fall of 1927, but has since been active. And two years before, in 1925, occurred an eruption which was witnessed and described by Dr. Henry S. Washington, the famous scientist of the Geophysical Laboratory of the nation's capital.

To quote from Doctor Washington's description, as given at a lecture in the Cosmos Club, on his return from Santorine:

"The noise of the roars was so deafening that at a distance of 500 metres we often had to shout into each other's ears to be heard. The quail, which habitually use Thera as a resting place on their migration to North Africa, abandoned the island, possibly because of the noise, perhaps, also, because of the smoke clouds and ash. The ejected blocks varied in size from that of one's fist to lengths of nearly one metre. Almost all the volcanian eruptions at Fouqué Kaieméne were accompanied by the ejection of many blocks of solid lava. Most of these were black in the daylight, only a few being dull red, although at night they appeared bright red. We found ejected blocks as far as 600 metres west of the dome."

There have been a number of more or less violent eruptions of the Santorine volcano in historic times. In 156 B. C., according to Strabo, flames arose from the water for four days, and the island of Palea Kaieméne was formed; in 726 A. D. an addition was made to the island and the pumice stone, known as *elefra petra* floated to the coasts of Asia Minor and Macedonia; in 1573 Mikre Kaieméne was heaved up out of the depths. In 1650 there was a fearful eruption, during which many lives were lost, and an island rose out of the sea and disappeared again, to remain as a reef. In 1770 Nea Kaieméne was added to the group; and there was an eruption, still remembered by men now living, in 1886.

It would appear from all this that life on these islands is more or less uncertain; yet existence goes on peacefully

and monotonously from generation to generation over long lapses of years, and the inhabitants sleep soundly o' nights, quite forgetful of the fact that they are reposing on the lid of hell. When the subterranean giants that are always there get restless and fling lava blocks into the air and spout flames and smoke; or when islands play hide-and-seek in the sea, the schools close and many people leave. But they all come back again and resume work.

One of the chief industries of Santorine is mining the volcanic earth, which is made into a superior quality of marine cement, known as porcelain, because it resembles the product of Pozzuoli, in Italy. This cement is used extensively in the construction of moles and other sea work, as it is hardened by the action of salt water, which eats out the free chalk of ordinary mortars, causing holes and weakening foundations.

Mining operations have contributed much to the history of the formation of the island and the rôle which volcanic eruptions have played. The volcanian dust of which cement is made has fallen to a great depth, covering areas that were originally inhabited and overgrown with vegetation. Bones of human beings have been encountered at a depth of forty-five meters, and many stones are found at this, or even a greater distance beneath the surface, on which are plainly imprinted impressions of olive leaves. The chunks of hard lava freely mingled with the white dust are grim evidences of the scenes of elemental fury and terror during which the olive orchards and the human beings of a prehistoric past were blotted out.

The specific impression that Santorine produces on one visiting it for the first time is that of being different

from any other place on earth. It might be a town of some sister planet or of the moon. One is always looking down upon narrow streets running along the perilous edge of the cliff, or at others above. There is a feeling that the whole thing may at any moment slip off and go tumbling, crashing, smoking and boiling into the fathomless waters far below. The decks of the steamers lying a thousand feet beneath are seen as in aeroplane view.

Peeping over the seaward wall of the street, one looks on the flat concrete roofs of houses, or into tiny gardens where women are sitting, children playing, gaudy flowers blooming, and huge earthen jars standing in corners. In the fall the terraces are covered with raisins drying. But when the first rains come they are washed clean and the water that falls on them runs into the great cisterns with which the whole town is honeycombed, and which furnish its only water supply for the entire year. Frequently the terraces stretch across and above the street and are supported on massive Venetian arches, often long enough to form tunnels. Men emerge unexpectedly from little doors in the walls. Their dwellings are always at the foot or the top of long flights of steps.

Space is made for many of the rooms by excavating back into the cliff. In America, when a family wishes to enlarge its residence, another story is built or a wing added, in Thera they tunnel back deeper into the earth. Not a few abandoned houses are seen whose foundations have become insecure, causing fear of a tumble into the waters far below. It is a perpendicular world, and next-door neighbors gossip by either looking down or bending their necks and gazing up. Narrow stairways of lava blocks lead from the streets to upper stories or to tiny

wooden balconies where women sit and eat pumpkin seeds or work upon embroideries. Donkeys, singly, in flocks and in long caravans, swarm the thoroughfares, laden with all the needs and industrial products of the population: wine skins, grapes in panniers, barrels, lumber, huge baskets heaped with bread, garbage, packing cases, tinware, earthen water jars. Santorine is donkey land par excellence and always will be.

I walked around to a point of land from which was possible a view of the gigantic cliff streaked with roads running and winding upon its face; the donkeys scuttling along like swarms of ants on the side of a wall, disappearing around corners or into massive arched tunnels, and suddenly coming into view; the perpendicular city clinging to the stupendous precipice, at whose foot yawned the waters of the fathomless gulf; and I was overwhelmed with a feeling of weirdness and unreality.

This impression was deepened by the appearance of the cliff itself, bearing such unmistakable marks of Plutonian upheaval, of storm and wrath and the agony of the nether gods. Its height and grandeur were overpowering, it was marked with deep mysterious hollows and great jutting masses, and streaked with horizontal bands of black lava, white tufa and dark red volcanic strata. Unreality! Unreality! Such a scene as should have existed only in the imagination of a Milton or a Dante. This was not a fit dwelling-place for men, these could not be human beings who had selected this place for a home, and somehow my mind reverted to the monster ants, of more than human intelligence and industry, that inhabit the caverns of the Moon, as described by Wells.

THE TOWN GOSSIP

But if the mighty cliff with its troglodyte dwellings was fantastic and unreal, and the view from Kyria Angheliki's terrace overwhelming in its grandeur and beauty, we found that lady herself incongruously human. This impression was accentuated by the appearance on the scene of her bosom friend and crony, the town gossip, historian and perambulating newspaper.

We had not been long in the house, not over half an hour perhaps, when Kyria Helenitsa appeared. She was dressed in black, with sparkling black eyes burning with curiosity. She was very thin and tall, and her prominent hooked nose, with the black scarf drawn down about her cheeks, gave her a strange resemblance to old cuts of Dante. She sat down and began to question us eagerly: who we were, where we came from and why, how old we were, whether we were married or single, what our religion was, etc. She stayed but a moment. A few details sufficed her for the first instalment, and after obtaining these she scurried from the house and started on her rounds. Half a dozen times a day Kyria Angheliki, looking from the window, would announce, "Here comes Helenitsa, now we shall hear the latest."

She was kept unusually busy during our stay in Santorine, as she had the visiting Senator on her hands, as well as ourselves, and she apparently covered these two assignments with enthusiasm and great attention to detail. She reported to us, at least, practically every move that the Senator made and I have no doubt that our own activities were as faithfully peddled about the town.

An epochal event occurred while we were in Santor-

ine: an electric power plant had been installed and the light was turned on for the first time in the history of the island—on September 12, 1927, if I remember correctly. One of the first to avail himself of the innovation was the wealthiest inhabitant, whose pretty house was but a few doors away. He was giving a dinner to the Senator on this same evening.

Kyria Helenitsa dashed into Kyria Angheliki's soon after dark, crying: "The house is all blazing with light. It's like a king's palace. You must all come and see."

Nica and I joined the crowd that was gazing with wonder and rapture at the lighted windows. The spectacle was not impressive to us, fresh from the Great White Way, but it was a marvel in a mediæval town.

A POET'S LOVE TRAGEDY

It was Kyria Helenitsa who called my attention to the sad and beautiful story of the popular poet Achilles Paraschos and his lost love.

Paraschos was a writer of romantic verse who, from the year 1862 until his death in 1894, enjoyed great vogue in Greece. His best-known poem was entitled *The Grotto of the Nymphs,* which, like most of the productions of his Muse, celebrated his hopeless passion for a woman whom he called "Maria," though that was not her real name. She is said to have been the daughter of a high public official.

It seems that for a time Maria was flattered by the poet's attentions, but that, for some reason or other, she suddenly cast him off. He received a letter from her informing him that all was over between them, which he characterized by the well-known line:

A thunderbolt in a scented envelope.

Paraschos was given several official positions by the Greek government, and he was for some time sub-prefect of Santorine. One day he received an order from the Minister of the Interior to transfer a certain lady, confined in an institution for the insane at Thera, to a similar establishment at Corfu. Paraschos had lost all trace of his cruel fair one for years, but had never ceased to yearn after her. His grief is said to have been pitiful when he found her again in the person of the insane woman. He accompanied her to the ship that took her away, the tears streaming from his eyes.

Maria lived in the sanitarium of Corfu for thirty years and was buried in a corner of the cemetery there, never having recovered her reason. No one of those who accompanied her to her grave knew that she was the one-time beauty who had been for many years the inspiration of Greece's most popular and beloved poet. It would seem almost as if the prophecy in the closing lines of *The Grotto of the Nymphs,* which the poet wrote after receiving that cruel letter of dismissal, had been fulfilled:

Now the cold shroud of forgetfulness will envelop her,
None will remember, none weep for her,
Only I will think of her,
As of a soulless body.

TREADING OUT THE GRAPES

The volcanic soil of Santorine, like that of the slopes of Vesuvius, is peculiarly adapted to grape culture, the inhabited islands of the group being little else than great

vineyards. A strong heady wine is made, not very palatable to Europeans, but in much demand for mixing. Fortunately we arrived in Thera at the height of the vintage. Strings of donkeys were coming into town all day from the fields, laden with panniers heaped with grapes. They scuttled through the narrow streets and converged mainly on two points: the yard of the Wine Company, and the ancient vaulted court of the Catholic monastery, the two chief rivals in the Bacchic industry.

The large luscious fruit was of two kinds: black and white, the latter bringing a slightly better price. As the baskets were unstrapped and set upon the scales, a clerk, sitting at a table asked, "Black or white?" and wrote the number of kilos in a book. The peasant is thus saved the trouble of pressing the grapes and making the must himself, as is customary in most of the islands.

This is done in Thera in huge vats, by the ancient process of treading with the bare feet. People who see it done for the first time declare that they will never touch another drop of wine as long as they live, and then go and order a bottle for dinner.

On entering the yard of the Wine Company we heard the sound of music issuing from the door of a poorly lighted cellar-like room. Looking within, we saw about a dozen men, with trousers rolled up to the knees, tramping round and round in a shallow stone vat, from which a red stream was flowing and emptying into a big tub set in an excavation in the floor.

These men all wore green sprigs of basil in their ears, and were singing under the leadership of a sort of choirmaster, known in the present instance as the *poietés* or poet. He was so called from his extensive knowledge of

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popular songs, some of which were said to be of his own composition.

Nica listened very carefully and took down a number of the songs. Most of them were familiar to me, but two were new and probably belonged to the wine treaders' special repertoire. These I have translated into English verse, retaining the original meter, to give an idea of the rhythm to which the men tramp around all day in the wine vats:

The Hunter and the Nun

Once a hunter who was hunting
In a wild and lonely wood,
Came upon a clearing where a
Little church abandoned stood.

He approaches in deep sadness
And looks through the open door;
There within a nun is praying,
Kneeling down upon the floor.

"Little nun," he cries, "oh, tell me,
Are you she that long I search?
Just to hear her sweet name uttered,
Would I die here in this church!"

"Oh, my name I'll never tell you,
I'd not have you grieve for me,
For you are indeed the reason
I've become the nun you see."

"Now renounce the vows you uttered,
Come and be my wife to-day;
Marry me, the lonely Hunter,
And I'll cherish you alway!"

"How renounce the oaths I uttered,
How can I my God deny?
Since I first became a sister,
Five long years have drifted by;

"That's my food you see before you,
That's my bed there which you see,
With a hard stone for a pillow—
So my fate was writ for me.

"Where those cypress trees are standing,
Where those myrtles darkly wave,
I shall sleep in peace, my Darling,
Come and weep above my grave!"

This is hopelessly lugubrious, but the Greek peasant revels in doleful songs, when the mood is on him. It is a trifle illogical, too, as the maiden first refuses to tell her name for fear of saddening her lover, and yet reveals her identity and invites him to come and weep over her grave, after having described to him her sad and lonely life—all his fault. But we must not be too critical, as we have here a poem that was improvised by some simple and unlettered islander. It would seem, moreover, that the inconsistency of woman, like the belief in a Divine Being, is a conception that is common to the most primitive races.

The second song which the wine treaders were singing and that I translated, was gayer and more whimsical.

The Miller and the Maid

"My golden Miller Boy,
Gold heart without alloy,
My body and my heart I'd give,
Such miller to employ!"

"The water doesn't flow,
There's been no rain, you know,
And so, my Maiden fair,
I pray you take the air,
Pick up your grist and go!

"But now the waters flow,
The rainy winds do blow,
Bring, Little Maid, I pray,
The grist you take away,
We'll grind it, just we two!"

Her lips he doth bedew
With kisses not a few,
While there within the mill,
Like tender doves and true,
Together, just those two!

The rhymes with the *o* sound occur in the original as in the translation, and as the lines are repeated again and again, they furnish, as it were, drum beats for the stamping. This was evidently a water-mill of the sort that exists in Greece in places where there are streams of sufficient size to turn a wheel.

We left Thera as the result of a sudden decision. The weather was getting worse and we feared that the fall storms were setting in, which might delay our departure for weeks. We hated to quit our comfortable home with Kyria Angheliki, but a fairly good ship was casting anchor in the harbor, and there was just time to catch her if we hastened. So we loaded our valises on a donkey and started down the long steep stairway to the wharf. Our last view of Santorine was obtained from the little boat on which we went out on the swelling sea to our

ship. We looked up at the gigantic cliff, dark in the shadow, to where a thin white line of houses appeared. The almost full moon peeped over the edge of the precipice, and poured its radiance on the rolling waters.

The abiding marvel that has remained with me is that the men and women who inhabit that wonder spot of the world are one with men and women everywhere; with their prosaic interests, their petty gossip, their passions and jealousies, their fears and hates. They forget that they are living above the theater of the Titans and of Pluto, that their windows overlook stretches of sea, silvered at night by the moon, in which new-born islands are sleeping; or whitened in the morning by lilies of bursting foam; or savagely swept and lashed by tempests that moan and shriek through the caverns and tremendous escarpments of the cliff on which they dwell. Men abiding for years in such surroundings should grow wings, like the eagles.

CHAPTER VIII

Vampires

THE island of Santorine became notorious in the seventeenth century as a nest of vampires, and this evil reputation clung to it for many generations. Even to-day one hears the expression, "to send vampires to Santorine," which is equivalent to "sending coals to Newcastle" or "owls to Athens," the more classical comparison.

Exactly what is a vampire? The conception, as it exists in the mind of the uneducated and superstitious Greek peasant, varies somewhat. There are vampires that associate with human beings, perform the duties and engage in the callings of ordinary people, and even intermarry with them and procreate children. There are others that are fearful and malignant demons, wreaking destruction on all who come within their way. Perhaps we might make a broad classification of harmless and evil vampires, though both kinds are unpopular. The harmless species seems to be an ancient and more purely Hellenic conception, the malignant, a Slavic grafting; this latter being the most dreadful and revolting superstition that has ever obsessed the human mind.

In the Middle Ages vampirism was officially recognized by the Church, and implicitly believed in. Writers of the highest standing discussed it seriously and testified

to its existence as eye-witnesses. A vampire, or *vrykolakas* in modern Greek, was supposed to be a human body that had lain in the ground without decomposing, and that rose from the grave and prowled about, bent on mischief. The devil, or one of his imps, entered the carcass, taking the place of the evacuated soul. I can not imagine a more terrifying or revolting conception.

As bodies were believed to lie longer in the dry volcanic dust of Santorine than elsewhere without decomposing, that island became celebrated as peculiarly adapted to the production of these dreadful beings. Prayers and ceremonies were prescribed by the Church for the laying of vampires; but the most radical cure was the disinterring and burning by the villagers of the suspected corpse, and this was frequently done, to an accompaniment of prayers chanted by the priest. The spread of popular education and legislation have done much toward the suppression of this superstition and the gruesome practises resulting from it, but it still lingers on to a certain extent, and I myself have come across it.

The vampire, as it existed in the popular imagination of the seventeenth century, is thus described by Leo Allatius, a writer of that epoch:

The *vrykolakas* is the body of a man of evil and immoral life—very often of one who has been excommunicated by his bishop. Such bodies do not, like those of other dead men, suffer decomposition after burial nor turn to dust, but having, as it appears, a skin of extreme toughness, become swollen and extended all over, so that the joints can scarcely be bent; the skin becomes stretched like the parchment of a drum, and when struck gives out the same sound.

Into such a body the devil enters, and, issuing from the tomb, goes about, chiefly at night, knocking at doors and calling one of the household. If such an one answer, he dies the next day; but a *vrykolakas* never calls twice, and so the inhabitants of the isle of Chios never answer at night a first knocking at their doors.

This monster is said to be so destructive to men that, appearing actually in the daytime, even at noon—and that not only in houses but in fields and highroads and enclosed vineyards—by its mere aspect and without either speech or touch kills them.

This is not difficult to believe. Many people would die of fright on meeting such a monster.

Father François Richard, a Jesuit priest of the island of Santorine, confirmed in a written treatise the statements of Allatius, and added:

The devil works by means of dead bodies as well as by living sorcerers. These bodies he animates and preserves for a long time in their entirety; he appears with the face of the dead, traversing now the streets, and again the open country; he enters men's houses, leaving some horror stricken, others deprived of speech, and still others lifeless; here he inflicts violence, there loss and everywhere terror.

The vampires of which I have been told personally by servants and peasants during my long residence in Greece, have possessed certain qualities not cited by the ancient writers, so far as I know; they have been described to me as possessing supernatural strength, and the power of flying through the air, and even of taking men along with them.

YANNI AND THE VAMPIRE

A villager by the name of Yanni went to sleep on the ground at the end of a hard day's work and did not awaken until night had fallen. He was aroused by hearing a voice, proceeding from the earth beneath him, calling, "Let me out! Let me out!"

Much wondering, he sprang to his feet, when a *vrykolakas* issued from the ground and stood beside him. It seems that he had been lying on his back above a grave with his arms stretched out, thus forming a cross, which sacred sign the vampire had been unable to pass.

This creature seized the villager by the hand and flew with him for a great distance through the air, till the two came to a palace on a hill. In through an open window they went, into the bed chamber of a beautiful maiden, fast asleep, with the moonlight streaming over her lovely face and long blonde hair scattered upon her pillow.

The *vrykolakas* killed and commenced to devour her, offering pieces of flesh to his terrified companion, with the words: "Eat, Yanni, eat, it's as sweet as Syra *loukoum!*"

The villager passed an exciting and extremely unpleasant night, but was greatly relieved when, just before daybreak, his grisly guide announced that he must return to his grave. The twain went sailing back through the air and in no time arrived at their starting-place, where the vampire disappeared into the ground.

Yanni marked the place and brought a priest, as soon as he could find one. Appropriate prayers were read, which were so effective that the body disintegrated immediately. The peasants standing by could hear the

bones rattling on the coffin's bottom, so sudden was the dissolution. So ended that vampire.

This tale was told me with much solemnity and many signings of the cross by a woman who had no doubt as to its veracity.

THE STORY OF PHILINNION

It is my own conviction that the conception of a dead body, preserved entire and tenanted by a devil, is not to-day the general Greek idea of a vampire, and certainly the Church has ceased to encourage this superstition.

The *vrykolakas* of to-day in Greece is a corpse from which the spirit has not fled; a wretched being that is neither dead nor alive; that has the power to rise and circulate among the living, but that must return to the grave to sleep. It is the duty of all good Christians to see to it that a spirit so imprisoned is set free, either by prayers, or by the actual destruction of the body.

The general belief among the Orthodox, pervading even the better-educated classes, that the rapid dissolution of the mortal remains after death is a good omen, is an echo of the vampire superstition. The modern *vrykolakas* is usually of an evil, frequently malignant nature, but he is sometimes kindly and even benevolent. That the obsession in this form is purely Hellenic and ancient in its origin is proved by the story of Philinnion, daughter of Demostratus and his wife Charito, who lived in the times of Hadrian.

Philinnion had been dead and her body laid away in the family vault for six months, when she was seen one night in her father's house by her old nurse. She had

come to visit surreptitiously one Machates, a young man who was a guest of her parents.

The nurse ran to tell the mother, who promptly became hysterical and fainted away. Persuaded at last by the servant, she went and peeped into the room, where she indeed saw a girl that resembled her daughter. She determined to wait until morning before confronting her, but in the morning the girl was gone.

Machates was now questioned, who affirmed that he was not aware that Demostratus and Charito had lost a daughter by the name of Philinnion, but he exhibited a gold ring which the girl had given him and her breast band, which she had left behind. These were instantly recognized as belonging to Philinnion.

That night, therefore, the family kept watch, and, when Philinnion came, they entered the chamber. An affecting scene followed, at the end of which the fair but gruesome visitor dropped lifeless to the floor. There was great excitement in the town and a public meeting was held, at which it was decided that the family vault must be opened. This was done, and the shelf upon which the corpse of Philinnion had been laid was found vacant; only a ring and a gilt cup were there, presents which Machates had given her on one of her visits to him. Another public meeting was held, at which Hyllus, the town seer, advised that the body be burned and that certain religious ceremonies be performed, which counsels were acted upon. Machates committed suicide.

Now this is an ancient story which is modern in all its details, even to the burning of the body and the participation of the priests.

THE VAMPIRE WHO EMIGRATED

It is not often that vampire stories contain a romantic element. The wanderings and adventures of a certain nameless vampire, of comparatively recent date, however, make a pretty good short story.

One of the nine recognized ways for producing a *vrykolakas* is for a cat to jump over the body before it is buried; and that is exactly what happened in the present case. Three days after the burial the sexton went to the cemetery at night and saw the dead man wandering around in his shroud. The good man fled in terror and spread the news. The next morning the islanders flocked to the grave, which they opened and found occupied. A great discussion arose, some maintaining that the sexton had been the victim of an illusion; others that he must certainly be in the right, as it was common knowledge that a cat had jumped over the corpse.

The next night the sexton returned to the cemetery with a number of friends, and they all plainly saw the specter walking among the tombs. Numbers, it seems, did not give courage, for they all fled in terror.

The tomb was again reopened and found occupied. This happened three times in succession, when the priest was summoned and many prayers read over the grave, without effect. The *vrykolakas* even took courage, for he began to circulate about the village at night, rattling chains, knocking on windows, shouting, and generally making a nuisance of himself.

Suddenly all this ceased, and from that time on quiet reigned on the island. The grave was again opened and found empty. The *vrykolakas* had gone to a village on a

distant island, where he opened a general store and ultimately became rich. He even married a wife, but nobody knew what his name was, nor whence he came; they found his shop one morning open, with him in it, ready for business. The owner of the building said that his strange tenant had arrived one evening, rented the place, stocked it and was ready for customers in the morning.

The wife that he took—they gave him a wife because he had become rich and seemed a good man—gave birth to two children without bones. He never ate meat, but only the insides of slaughtered animals; and every Friday evening he went on a journey, from which he returned Sunday morning. No one knew where he went.

When his wife asked him, "Why do you never eat meat?" he replied: "In order to separate things inside from things outside."

When she inquired, "Why do you travel every Friday?" he answered: "Because then it is necessary to fill my house."

When she demanded of him, "Why are our children without bones?" he explained: "In order to separate those who are from those who are not."

But from these words she understood nothing at all.

After some time it chanced that the brother of the dead man traveled to that town; and as soon as the *vrykolakas* saw the brother he embraced and kissed him. The brother was frightened, but that one quieted him and took him to his house and kept and entertained him a long time. The brother saw everything: the abstinence from meat, the boneless children, the journeys every Friday. He learned much also from the wife, and became convinced that the merchant was a *vrykolakas*.

He determined, therefore, to leave immediately and return to his own country. The *vrykolakas* gave him much money and enjoined upon him to say nothing of the things that he had seen.

When the brother arrived in his native village, however, he told the whole story. The villagers went to the cemetery on Wednesday and opened the grave which they found empty. On Friday night they opened it again, and he was there. They tried to burn him, but he jumped up and started to run away. They had, however, taken the precaution to surround the place with a ring of burning sulphur, and stood waving torches, so that he could not escape. He cried, shouted, begged, but in vain. Then he prayed that he might be allowed to see his brother, if not all of him, then only so much as a finger.

So the brother was brought, covered up so that just one finger stuck out; and the *vrykolakas* jumped on him and swallowed him at one gulp. Then the fire burned him, the whole matter ended, and the village quieted down.

Now here we have a well-intentioned *vrykolakas,* of the classic type, who associates with the living and even takes a wife. He excites the reader's sympathy to such an extent that it is possible to appreciate the justice of the punishment inflicted on the faithless brother. He is capable of traversing long distances at electric speed, and of entering and issuing from his grave without disturbing the solid earth. In the original of this tale, which is told in the simple dialect of the islanders, the sepulchral hero is referred to as "This One," or "That One," and no name given to him.

THE SHOEMAKER VAMPIRE

From the island of Thera comes the well-known story of the shoemaker who died and became a *vrykolakas*. He appeared to his wife exactly as he had been in life. He mended the children's shoes, brought water from the cistern, and often was seen in the fields cutting wood for the house.

This went on for some time, until at last the people of the town were seized with fear. They therefore exhumed the body and burned it, after which he was seen no more.

THE VAMPIRE PLOWBOY

In Samos is told the story of a farmer's servant who so loved his master that after death he became a *vrykolakas* and continued to work for him. He went by night to the barn, yoked the oxen and plowed while his master slept.

The neighbors wondered how the fields were plowed so quickly, and they asked the farmer, who replied that he did not know. He himself worked all day and plowed about three stremmas. (Stremma, one thousand square meters.) When he went out in the morning he found six stremmas done, and his oxen covered with sweat and all tired out. He could not understand the thing at all and he feared the beasts would die of fatigue.

The neighbors suspected the truth and went and watched at night. They saw the servant come and yoke the oxen and set out for the field. So they opened the grave next day and burned the body, after which the wonder ceased.

How can one refuse to believe in *vrykolakes* (plural of *vrykolakas)* in the light of such testimony as this? One detail, at least, of these tales must be accepted as true: the measures taken by the villagers to rid themselves of these unwelcome "revenants."

One more story, also from the island of Thera, that nest of vampires, and I am through.

THE CLOTHES OF THE VRYKOLAKAS

Once upon a time there was a midwife, and she had a daughter. Moreover, in those times a rich man died. They buried him in a fine suit of clothes and a new hat, with his watch and his rings.

The midwife was sent for by a woman in childbirth and she said to her daughter, "Daughter, call in a neighbor to keep you company."

But the girl knew that they had buried the rich man in all his finery, and she said to herself: "I'll go open the grave and strip him, and afterward I'll call in the neighbor."

So she went, opened the grave and took the clothes and everything of value. But she pulled so hard on one of the silk stockings that the foot came away with it, and she took it with her. She returned to the house and a neighbor woman came to spend the night with her. As they were sitting talking, there was a knocking at the door, as if some one wished to beat it down. A voice was heard: "Open and give me back my clothes and my foot."

This kept up all night. In the morning the neighbor ran to her house, nearly crazy with fear. The girl took the clothes and the foot and buried them. That night

another neighbor woman, who knew nothing about the matter, came to stay with her, when again was heard the knocking and the voice: "Open and give me my clothes and my foot or I will drown you in the washtub."

The next evening nobody could be found who was willing to pass the night in the house, and the midwife had not yet returned. The girl was obliged to remain alone. The night was rainy and dark.

After some hours a voice was heard: "Open, my daughter. I am soaked here in the mud and the rain. Open quickly!"

The girl jumped up, crying, "O mama, I'm so glad you have come! I am all alone."

She opened the door and some one came in that she thought was her mother, who said: "Fill the washtub with water, as I wish to take a bath."

She obeyed, whereupon her visitor seized her and dragged her to the tub, with the words: "I am the *vrykolakas*. Give me my foot and my clothes or I will hold your head under until you drown."

The girl replied, "They are not here, I have buried them."

He forced her to lead him through the stormy and dark night to the spot and dig up the foot and the clothes. Then he took her back to the house and drowned her. When the mother returned in the morning, she found her daughter dead.

For gruesomeness this tale leaves little to be desired, and has few rivals. One can only hope that the children of Santorine are not brought up on such stories.

The peculiar literary touch of all vampire stories is

their weirdness. They are fantastic in the way the diseased brain of Poe produced gruesome effects. Yet we must not forget that *vrykolakes* were accepted as a matter of course by the leading churches not so long ago; and I am convinced that the superstition has by no means died out in Greece. This is especially true of the island villages and hamlets, which are practically untouched by the waves of change and progress that sweep over the rest of the world.

My attention was called quite recently to the case of a young man, an inhabitant of a seaside village near Smyrna, who rose at night and killed his bride of a few months because he had discovered, as he alleged, that she was a *vrykolakas*. The proofs that he brought forward were conclusive to him.

CHAPTER IX

Nereids

SEVERAL years ago, about twenty-five I think, my Greek cook, Anna by name and a native of Cea, told me the following story.

Some hunters once upon a time went up into the mountains to shoot wild goats. They arrived at their destination late in the evening and lay down to pass the night under the stars. A bright moon was shining, making a light almost equal to that of day.

At midnight they heard voices, as of a great company, and merry laughter. There was also the sound of many lyres and cythers, and singing of unearthly sweetness. They looked and presently saw the vanguard of a white-robed procession floating past in the air. Very graceful were the figures, light as thistledown, and lying in an infinity of charming poses. Some of them were strumming musical instruments, while others were carrying some sort of litter or couch.

The hunters could not distinguish well the words of the song that was being sung. Only the chorus, in which all joined, came distinctly to their ears:

> We are going to bring the bride,
> The beautiful bride.

One of the watchers raised his gun and fired, whereupon shrieks were heard, mingled with sobs and the cry, "You have killed our bridegroom, you have killed our bridegroom!"

With this the whole ethereal rout melted into the moonlight and disappeared.

Modern Greece, especially in the more remote and less frequented island villages, is a vast storehouse of superstitions, credences and customs that date back in many cases to the days of Homer and Hesiod. Of all these the most persistent, general and unmistakably classic in its origin, is the belief in Nereids.

In antiquity the term was applied only to the fifty beautiful daughters of Nereus, the Old Man of the Sea, who lived with their father in the depths of the Ægean. He had the gift of prophecy and wisdom, and could change into many terrifying forms, if any one tried to catch him, or make him reveal secrets against his will. In modern times the word "nereid" has come to include all the sprites of sea, river and wood, thus having taken in the whole family of ancient nymphs. Or perhaps it is more correct to say that the descendants of Nereus have overspread the land as well as the sea, for the modern demigod has inherited certain attributes of the Old Man of the Sea himself: he or she being able, when seized, to become a lion, a bear, a serpent, or other terrifying animal, or even fire. But if the captor hold on courageously, he takes no harm and the original shape is at last resumed, which final transformation marks surrender and the end of the struggle. The idea of rapid transformations for the purpose of terrifying and eluding a would-be captor, was a favorite one with the ancients.

The Nereids of to-day, like their precursors the Nymphs, are not immortal, though they live a long time. That they can be killed, we have already seen in the legend of the bridegroom; and in one folk-tale a Nereid is drowned. Hesiod gives a sort of comparative table of longevities of different creatures, as follows:

A raven lives nine times as long as a man,
A stag four times a raven's age,
A crow three stags' lives,
A Phœnix has the age of nine crows,
And the Nymphs live ten times as long as a Phœnix.

This is precise information and the reader can figure it out for himself. It is as true to-day as it was in Hesiod's time.

Nereids are extremely beautiful and graceful, with their long golden hair, their extraordinary skill as musicians and their voices of more than human sweetness. They are usually attired in white and gold, and are indefatigably fond of dancing. For this reason it is common to compare a beautiful bride to a Nereid; and the modern Greek word for bride is *nym-phe,* or nymph. In rare instances these creatures are afflicted with one serious physical blemish: that of having one or more donkey or goat hoofs in lieu of feet, plainly inherited from the ancient satyrs, with whom they used to consort in the long ago. In the island of Sikinos, of the Cyclades, they are peculiarly subject to this deformity.

Nereids sometimes intermarry with men and give birth to human children. It is usually the man who falls in love, and then, if his passion is incurable, the question arises, how to catch the object of his desires? He must

get possession of her magic veil or kerchief. This accomplished, she will follow and remain with him until she finds it again or cajoles him into giving it back to her; upon which she instantly disappears, despite all her promises. For, mind you, these ladies are utterly untruthful and have no deep and abiding affection for common mortals. The fact that all resistance ends when the veil or kerchief is snatched, and the Nereid is unable to flee till she has it again, is proof that this is a magic possession, to which she owes her powers.

In the fifth book of the *Odyssey* the sea goddess Ino lends Ulysses her scarf, telling him that no harm can come to him as long as he keeps it wrapped around him. But she wants it back; so he throws it into the sea and it floats out to her, when she grabs it and disappears.

Nereids are often very cruel and dangerous and resent being spied upon or interrupted at their dances. As a general rule the peasants are afraid of them. Noon and midnight are the hours when they are most likely to be seen, and it is then that one should not wander near their well-known resorts. The classical student will remember that the shepherds of Theocritus were afraid of Pan at the noon hour.

The best description of the general conception of Nereids that I have seen is to be found in a rare book of the late Professor Polites, of Athens, in modern Greek. A peasant of Samos is reported as saying:

They frequent mountain passes, woods and places where there are many trees and much water. They are women very beautiful, with long yellow hair, and they love gaiety and amusement. They seize and carry off very frequently good singers and musicians, to entertain

them with their songs and playing. They also capture handsome young men to make love to them, and whoever has approached a Nereid in this manner, loses his manly powers; so that it is a common saying of incapable men: "He has been with a Nereid."

If any one disturbs them when they are eating or recreating, they do him great harm. And if any falls sick suddenly and without cause in garden, wood or mountain pass, and especially at noon, they say that he has been "Nereid stricken," because he approached them while they were at table or interrupted their amusement.

Everybody knows these things and that the proper thing to do when meeting a Nereid is not to speak a word aloud, only to murmur, "Milk and honey on your wings!"

In Mitylene, on the other hand, another formula is used. There one must mutter: "Jesus Christ is victor and scatters all evils."

But not all Nereids are beautiful. There is another kind, any wise old woman will inform you, if you speak her language and can gain her confidence, black as negroes, with great wings like those of an eagle. These are much larger than the ordinary species and more dangerous. They cause whirlwinds, the center of which they occupy, lifting stones and sticks into the air, with which they wound and kill men and beasts; and that is their idea of dancing. I strongly suspect that these ladies are descendants of the ancient harpies.

Speaking of magic formulas, there is one which the traveler should know if he contemplates visiting the island of Symi. There it is the unpleasant practise of these playful maidens to pounce down upon one from the tall poplar trees and ride astride his neck, demanding, "Cotton or lead?" If he reply, "Cotton," he is pitched so high in

the air that he is killed when he strikes the earth; if "Lead," he feels so great a weight upon his shoulders that he is crushed to death. The proper answer is "Iron," upon saying which he will be immediately released and allowed to go on his way.

Men who pass days and nights alone in the woods and mountains of Greece, are apt at any time to encounter supernatural beings.

METRO AND THE NEREIDS

Witness the narrow escape of this peasant and the cause to which he attributes it:

"Many times here where I am in the woods night and day it happens to me to see with my own eyes Nereids, and one night I nearly died of fear. I was on top of the mountain and had shut up the horses for the night. I had lain down in the open air to sleep. I had not yet shut my eyes when I heard a roaring, as if all the winds of the earth were blowing. I got up to listen better, when I heard at the same time the sound of violins and flutes. I looked well and saw there at the threshing floor many women dancing and singing so sweetly that I almost went to them, and if I had—bad luck to me! Something terrible would have happened to me. But, thank God! I controlled myself.

"One of them, it seems, understood that I was there near by and commenced to call my name, 'Metro! Metro!'

"I almost answered, but if I had, they would have taken away my voice from me and I should have become dumb. But I understood this and did not answer; in my native island one Geropoulos had told me: 'If you hear

your name called at night never answer till it has been repeated more than three times, and then you can answer. Whatever evil thing calls more than three times at night, bursts. There are many who do not know this and lose their voices.'

"I could see them plainly, as there was a bright moon. Some were dressed in white, some in black, because they were of two sexes, like human beings. They stayed and danced and sang till the rooster crowed, when they disappeared.

"You will ask, 'Why didn't they raise me up into the air and fly away with me to their own country?'

"Ah! I had powder with me and they didn't come near me. Every man who passes the night in the woods should have on him powder, garlic, the bone of a turtle or of a viper, or some other charm that has lain forty days in a church, or he may meet those beings, and, if he have nothing of the kind with him, he is a lost man."

NEREIDS AS MUSIC TEACHERS

Nereids often bestow upon men great skill in the playing of musical instruments; that is to say, upon such as display sufficient initial talent as to merit their attention.

In the island of Crete the proper way to take lessons is thus described by a villager:

"Whoever wishes to learn to play well the guitar must go at midnight to some lonely crossroads, and there scratch upon the ground with a black-handled knife a circle, and go inside this circle and sit down and begin to play. After a little while Nereids will come from every direction and stand around him. Their intentions are

not good, as they wish to attack him. But since they can not come inside a circle scratched with a black-handled knife, they attempt with every means to entice him out. They say soft words to him and sing sweet songs, and try a thousand and one coquetries. But he, if he is wise, listens with a stony heart and keeps on calmly playing.

" 'But you don't know how,' they say, 'why do you waste your time trying?'

" 'So I learned and so I play,' replies the musician; 'what difference does it make to you?'

" 'Bah! None at all,' they say, 'only, if you wish, we'll teach you really to play, so that even the stones will dance.' And they beg him to come out of the circle.

"He pays no attention, and, after much urging, they pray him to hand them only the guitar. This he does, taking great care not to stick outside the circle his hand or any small portion of his body, for fear it will be instantly crushed and dried up.

"A Nereid then takes the instrument and plays for a little while with wonderful skill; after which she gives it back, saying with an air of displeasure:

" 'Take it then. You won't believe us and come out and let us teach you.'

"This is repeated many times until, when the cock crows, they promise that they will bestow their skill upon him if he will thrust out the smallest portion possible of his body. He should then stick out the tip of his little finger, which they will immediately cut off. But they will keep their word and in a few minutes will teach him to play like themselves, after which they will disappear.

"For this reason you will often hear a fine musician say, 'What do you expect? The Nereids taught me.' "

NEREID NAMES

Years ago I put into verse a Nereid legend of the isle of Poros, calling the heroine Aphroessa, a purely fanciful name and onomatopoetic, suggesting her association with water. Now, however, from Samos comes testimony that reveals to us the actual names of two Nereids, who were heard engaged in a violent altercation. It was impossible for the listeners to make out what the quarrel was about, but the names, frequently repeated, were distinctly heard. They were Delevika and Varavana.

Neither of these ladies, it appears, was called after one of her far-removed ancestresses, the daughters of Nereus, of whom a complete list is to be found in the *Theogony* of Hesiod. I should like to give them all, for they run in my head like a poem, but they lose much of their music when changed into English.

When the Old Man of the Sea called his girls together, he shouted over the rippling waves, or in the resonant caverns of the deep such words as, "Doris, Amphitrite, Thetis, Melita, Galateia, Kymodoke, Pione, Alimede, Evpompe, Nemertis." Other lists are given, notably by Homer, Virgil and Apollodorus, but, as these do not agree in all respects, the number is considerably augmented. In addition to this, various isolated names of Nereids are to be found upon vases, in connection with paintings, bringing the grand total of daughters of this philoprogenitive god up to one hundred, fifty of whom were said to be legitimate.

Nereids, as a general thing, do not fly; they float through the air, as in the case of the slain bridegroom. A villager of the town of Leka, in Samos, met three

women with red kerchiefs about their heads, whom he took for gypsies. Approaching them, they rose in the air and floated across a deep ravine to the edge of a high rock, where they suddenly changed form and became "beautiful and laughing." If the villager imagined this scene, he must have been a poet at heart with something of the Greek vision of the ancients, that peopled woods and fields with a pantheon of lovely shapes.

I have already said that a case is known of a Nereid having been drowned. The incident occurred in the island of Kythnos. A woman was washing clothes and had left her child under a tree, near a stream. Suddenly it seemed to the boy that a long needle had pierced his thigh on one side and come out on the other. He screamed with pain and his mother ran to him, but could see nothing. The boy was unable to move. Another woman ran to the spot to help the mother and the two put him on a donkey and took him to town. Many remedies were tried, but all without avail.

Now, there happened to be in that town an old man who was known to associate with Nereids. He took a piece of the boy's shirt that was next to his skin, and went away into the woods with it. After a while he returned with the bit of cloth, which had changed into white cotton. He said that nothing could be done, as the Nereid who had pierced the child with the invisible needle, had been drowned. The boy died.

THE THREE ROOSTERS

Nereids, as we have seen, dance at night and disappear at dawn; but there are usually three roosters that announce the approach of the morning hour: the white,

the red and the black. The two first are admonitory, the last imperative. This fact has been observed by many, among whom was a young man of the island of Eubœa, who went out at night to sleep on his threshing floor.

These threshing floors are bare spots of ground, smoothed off and hardened down, generally circular in form, where the grain is threshed by driving round and round upon it horses or oxen, as was done in the days of the merciful injunction: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." They are favorite dancing places for Nereids.

The young man was awakened one night by the sound of music and singing and beheld three beautiful Nereids dancing. They kept it up all night, and when a cock crew, they said, "It's the white, let him crow."

Then another rooster called, and they cried, "It's the red, let him sing!"

But when the voice of a third chanticleer was raised in the distance, they exclaimed, "It's the black cock, now we must fly!"

These Nereids, it seems, were of the kind that have wings, which they lay aside when they dance.

Now the young man was much taken with the smallest of the three maidens, and he stole her pair of wings while she was absorbed in the joys of the dance, so that she was unable to fly away with her sisters. She was therefore obliged to follow him home, where she became a very good wife to him and the mother of a boy. She at last, however, cajoled him into giving her back her wings, upon which she immediately flew away. The Nereid appeared to him from time to time afterward, especially when he was working in the fields, and adjured him to be

good to their child, but he could never persuade her to live with him again.

I suppose that the reader of these tales will find it hard to credit that people in this day and age of the world believe in such things. "It would be so easy," he will say, "to investigate and disprove." Yet he should remember that the Greek islander, for the most part, is not living in this day and age of the world. One who has visited the islands, as I have done, must have noticed the difficulties of communication, the greatness of little distances, the permanence of old superstitions and habits. Miraculous or supernatural happenings and visions have always occurred some years ago or at some other place. Although it might not be possible to find a man who is living to-day with a Nereid wife, it would not be so difficult to persuade him that his grandfather had done so.

THE CROSSES ON THE BREAD

What proportion of the peasant population of Greece believes to-day in Nereids? It would be difficult to say. If you ask an educated Greek, he would probably tell you that such superstitions no longer exist in the country at all. He would be wrong, and perhaps his national pride would prevent his being quite frank. Certainly the scholars of the country, who are making a study of native folk-lore, would not agree with him. And I must again cite the story of the slain bridegroom, which was actually told me by a woman who believed it; to this I will add the tale, which was related to me personally not so many years ago by a servant, *The Crosses on the Bread*:

"My grandfather was riding along one day on a

donkey, when he saw a little child crying by the side of the road.

" 'Take me up, take me up,' she said, for it was a pretty girl, about four years of age.

"He lifted her on the donkey and took her in his arms. When he came to his house and got down with her, she suddenly changed into a beautiful woman and asked that she be allowed to remain and work as a servant.

"Now, my grandfather was a very handsome man, and it seems that she had fallen in love with him. He was a priest and married, but his wife permitted the Nereid to stay, for such she was, and a wonderful servant she became.

"Only one condition she made: all the loaves of bread were marked with a cross before they were put into the oven, and these she could not eat; she therefore stipulated that one loaf be baked each day that had no cross on it. And this it was that caused her at last to leave.

"My grandmother became jealous of her, whether rightly or wrongly I do not know, and managed to put crosses on all the loaves, so that the Nereid had no bread to eat and was obliged to leave."

CHAPTER X

Crete

THE legend of Theseus and the Minotaur, one of the most romantic and beautiful that has come down to us from the dim past, is well known. A brief resumé of it must be permitted here, however, in order that we may be able to pick out the threads of truth in this gorgeous tapestry of ancient story:

In a war between Athens and Crete, Androgeos, son of the Minos, or Emperor, had been slain, and the victorious Cretan monarch had imposed upon Athens a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, to be sent every ninth year to Cnossos to be fed to the Minotaur, a fearsome monster, part man and part bull, that was kept there in a labyrinth and fed on human flesh.

Now young Theseus, son of the King of Athens, had arrived at the age of manhood. His father had sent him to the city of Trœzen, on the mainland just opposite the island of Poros, to be brought up. Ægeus had placed his sword under a huge stone, with instructions that the boy was to start out for Athens as soon as he became big enough and strong enough to roll over the rock and get possession of the weapon. I often imagine the little tot, some four years of age, looking at the boulder and longing for the years to pass away. I see him again at twelve or fourteen straining and pushing at it.

But one day, when he got to be about sixteen, he rolled it over, seized the sword and ran excitedly into his mother Aithra, waving it above his head. He lost no time in setting out for Athens, where he arrived after performing a series of heroic exploits, the fame of which preceded him.

He found the city in a state of tumult, excitement and grief, as the third shipment of victims was about to sail for Cnossos. He promptly offered to make one of the number, in hopes of slaying the Minotaur, and somehow saving the unhappy human tribute. He had no plan, but relied solely upon his own high courage and the aid of the gods.

Arriving at Crete, he received unexpected help from Ariadne, daughter of the Minos, who looked over the captives and fell in love with our Prince Charming. This was not a difficult thing for her to do, according to a description of his appearance, as it has been handed down to us.

Carl Robert, the German scholar, in his exhaustive treatise on Theseus, thus portrays the hero as he was entering Athens: He was arrayed in a purple chiton, or loose jacket, over which was thrown a chlamys, or cloak. He wore a Laconian skin cap and carried a sword—his father's, of course, and two lances. His long blond hair fell over his shoulders in shining braids. So girlish was his face and so youthful his appearance that some laborers, working on a temple known as the Delphinium, mocked him and asked why "she" was out alone.

The young prince made no reply, but quietly unyoking two bulls attached to a cart loaded with building materials, whirled them about his head and flung them over the

temple. The account does not specify how he seized the inoffensive animals, but I, personally, love to think of him as grabbing them by the tails.

But to return to Crete and Ariadne. The Princess gave the hero a ball of yarn, with instructions to tie one end of it to the door-knob of the labyrinth and to trail it after him. By following the thread, he could find his way back out of the maze.

And here I am up against one of those cases, so familiar to writers of English, where a slang word makes an irresistible appeal. Where shall I find, in high-grade language, a single word suggesting the Princess lying in wait for the hero, just inside the door, evading the guards, hiding the weapon under her cloak? Yes, I will say it: she slipped him a sword.

Theseus killed the Minotaur and escaped with Ariadne with the whole consignment of Athenian youths and maidens.

Now what is the kernel of truth in this legend, for it is indeed founded on actual happenings? There seems to be no doubt that Theseus actually lived and became one of the first Kings of Athens. William Ridgeway, Professor of Archæology at Cambridge, in his *Early Age of Greece,* says there seems to be no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the chronology of the early Attic kings, among whom he cites Ægeus and Theseus, his son. He fixes the date of Erectheus, who is not far removed from our hero, in point of view of time, at 1400 B. C. Prof. E. A. Gardner, in his work, *Ancient Athens,* says: "Theseus, who has come to be regarded by the Athenians as the champion and defender of the Democracy . . ." Mrs. Haws sets the fall of the Minoan Empire at 1450

B. C., while the great scholar, Doctor Evans, at not later than the first half of the fourteenth century B. C.

Let us accept then, that Theseus actually lived and flourished at about the time when the great palace at Cnossos was destroyed by fire. The legend of the labyrinth and the ball of yarn, however, has always presented the greatest difficulties to me in the dreams which I have had for many years of writing a romantic novel on this theme. I can see the young knight-errant creeping through the interminable windings and turns of the labyrinth, paying out his twine after him; I can picture him face to face, suddenly, in some inner chamber with his horrible foe. And I have no apprehensions as to the outcome of the short and sharp struggle, for I have been over the road from Corinth to Athens with him, and I know what he did to Procrustes, Sinis and the rest.

But how, after he came out again, did he manage to free from prison his thirteen compatriots? How did he escape to the seashore with Ariadne and the others? We must picture the palace as swarming with guards and the road lined with sentinels all the way to the beach.

But let us leave Theseus for a while and take a short trip to the island of Crete. We shall understand better the real nature of his adventure after we have been there and have walked over the ruins of the ancient palace; we shall picture his expedition more vividly to ourselves after we have taken a view of the locality. Perhaps we shall get at the kernel of truth in the legend.

Of all the Greek islands Crete is the most important to the student, with perhaps the exception of Mitylene, hallowed and glorified by Sappho. I have been frequently to Crete, but my most vivid impression of it is on

one occasion when its stupendous mountains were covered with a vast blanket of the whitest snow, reaching nearly to the blue waters of the sea. The snows glittered in the rays of a brilliant sun while the orange orchards along the coast were in full bloom, the whiteness of their fragrant blossoms rivaling that of the mountain slopes. Homer must have seen it like that once, for he speaks of "snowy Crete."

The island that once boasted a hundred cities is now dotted with Greek villages, shining white in the sun, and the Venetian defenses of its ports are still standing. The history of the island is stirring and romantic from the most ancient days down to the present. Its sturdy mountaineers have never yielded to tyrant or oppressor. Tall, blond, athletic, of pure Greek type, they have mixed little with other races, and have kept the old blood unsullied. The Cretan boots, of untanned leather, resemble those worn in the times of Theseus, and are perhaps a survival of that ancient day. It is not so long ago that Venizelos was fighting in the mountains of Crete at the head of a band of insurgents.

I walked out to Cnossos from Canea along a road skirting gardens irrigated by quaint windmills, and was entertained by Doctor Evans, who has built a comfortable house, where he resides most of the time near the scene of his life-work. Here he has written his astounding books in which he has shown that a great and highly developed civilization existed in Crete at a date long antedating the Greeks; that the art of writing was carried to considerable perfection there; that vast and splendid palaces were built, the one at Cnossos covering six acres, and that hydraulic and sanitary engineering reached an

advanced stage; that aviation was dreamed of and experiments perhaps made in prehistoric times—this last, I hasten to add, being my own conjecture and not that of Evans, who would doubtless repudiate it. In Crete, nearly four thousand years ago, was founded the world's first great naval power which controlled and maintained an empire stretching over a wide Mediterranean region.

I walked with Doctor Evans to the ruins of the palace, over the old road where Theseus must have passed with the seven maidens and six youths from Athens. It would be futile here to attempt any description of the seat of the ancient Emperors, or Minoses of Crete—the prehistoric Great Britain. Whole libraries have been written on the subject. I say "prehistoric" with reservations, because more and more light is being thrown upon a spacious and gorgeous era, which for many ages lay in the realm of myth and legend. We know more about Cnossos to-day than did Herodotus or Pericles, and any moment a bilingual inscription may be found that will give us the key to the Minoan language, and open up all its treasures of record and history.

To the casual observer the most striking things to be seen are the storehouses and cellars, with their rows of immense earthen jars or *pythoi,* in which corn, honey, oil and wine were kept, as well as other provisions. In the primitive houses in the islands of Greece, the same system still prevails, and the jars are often manufactured on the identical clay beds that were used thousands of years ago. But they are no longer so artistically decorated as they were in that early age when beauty went hand in hand with utility.

Steps, Palace of Minos, Crete

Storage jars or pythoi in cellars of the Palace of Minos, Crete

Photo by Alinari

Dædalus and Icarus at Crete making wings for flight

Sculpture was not cultivated in Cnossos, Phæstos and the other cities of the Minoan Empire, as afterward in Greece, for the reason that it was not fostered by gymnastics and the continual sight of the naked, untrammeled body. From the beautiful frescoes, seals and other representations as also from pictures found in Egypt of Cretan embassies to that country, it appears that the Minoan dandies affected slender, wasp-like waists, indicating tight lacing; while the ladies dressed elegantly, with plaited skirts and a great variety of chic bonnets and elaborate coiffures. Their décolleté was even more daring than a modern lady of fashion of New York or Paris would attempt, as is shown in the statuettes of the mysterious Snake Goddess, and in other painted or engraved records. But if they have left no masterpieces of sculpture, these people reached a height of exquisite perfection in gold working, ceramics and painting.

What then was the expedition of Theseus to this imperial city, so far advanced in art, mechanics, engineering, law, social refinements, industry, perhaps even in literature? It could not have been to slay a monster with the body of a bull and the head of a man, or vice versa, for we can not credit the existence of any such creature. But there is conclusive evidence that the bull was a sacred animal at Crete. The ruins of an ancient theater are plainly visible at Cnossos; while frescoes and ivory figurines give abundant testimony that a sport, probably a religious festival, existed, somewhat similar to Spanish bull fighting. Youths and maidens were put into an arena with a bull, where they saved themselves by seizing the horns of the animal and vaulting over its back.

We can readily believe that the Minos exacted a tribute of youths and maidens from subject cities for this cruel ceremony, to avoid using his own. Good politics would certainly have imposed this. Moreover, the legend of the tribute youths and maidens is too persistent to be lightly dismissed. I am personally convinced of the truth of the story and I have no doubt that it was Theseus who went to Crete to put an end to this dreadful imposition. Ancient tradition attributes to him and to no one else the exploit of killing the Man-Bull, or Bull-God, to whom the young people were fed. What is it that Theseus must have done?

As I have said, Cnossos was a sea power. The city had no walls, but depended on the patrolling of its coasts by its navy for protection. To me it seems certain that he collected among the fierce sea dogs of the islands, and from the towns groaning under the Cretan despotism, a fleet which fell upon the Cretan navy and destroyed it; that he landed with his troops, stormed the great palace and set fire to it.

I often look back through the unstoried ages and behold that fierce fight; I can see, with my mind's eye, the slaughter and hear the screams of the dainty ladies of long ago. And then I put to sea with Theseus and watch the vast palace vomiting flames and lighting for miles the waters which were covered with wreckage of the world's first great navy, and with our own triremes, manned with blood-stained, shouting sailors from Athens, Mycænæ and Tiryns, from Naxos, Ægina and Chios.

If we wish to adapt the legend to the only possible reconstruction of the historic facts, we can easily believe that Theseus killed the Minos in single combat and that

he claimed Ariadne for himself in the distribution of the captured women. It is hard to give up the story of the ball of yarn and the mazes of the labyrinth, but a skilful novelist could even work that in. Many suppose that the vast palace itself, with its many winding and bewildering passages, was the labyrinth. Perhaps Theseus went first as a spy or minstrel, captured the heart of the Princess and, with her aid, explored the extensive and complicated building. But I leave this interesting speculation to the ingenuity of the reader.

The palace was undoubtedly destroyed by fire and Doctor Evans points to smoke stains on some of the huge stones of the foundations, explaining that these could have been made only during the month of March, at which time the wind blows in the right direction.

Until the third century B. C., a ship was preserved by the Athenians in the navy yard at the Piræus, which was reverenced as that in which Theseus made his memorable expedition to Crete. Every year it was sent to Delos in charge of specially appointed envoys to make solemn sacrifices. It was not lawful to put to death any condemned person during the absence of this galley, and for that reason the execution of Socrates was delayed thirty days, awaiting its return.

As for the legend of the Man-Bull, what is more natural than that, during the long unwritten ages that followed the destruction of Cnossos, the conception should have taken shape that the youths and maidens were actually fed to such a monster? They went away and never came back and the whole thing was soaked with horror. Old Minoan seals bear the impress of such an imaginary creature, suggesting the monstrous gods of

Egypt, and later Cretan coins are struck with a similar image.

I can not finish this subject, in all fairness, without adding that Doctor Evans showed me a deep dungeon or cave which he has recently unearthed beneath the palace, and to which he pointed solemnly and mysteriously, remarking: "I can not explain this; it certainly does look like the lair of some great beast."

Crete attracts but few travelers, and these mostly archæologists and specialists; and yet it is one of the show places of the world, scarcely second to Egypt in importance and interest. In addition it has a delicious climate and beautiful scenery. Until lately, landing has been difficult on account of the poor harbor and the violence of the sea. There are, also, few and poor hotels at Canea. But a new harbor, on a large scale, is being constructed by a French company, and new hotels would spring up, if the demand appeared.

CHAPTER XI

Naxos

IT WAS Ariadne, standing on a lonely bit of wild sea beach, gazing sadly across the waters after a disappearing sail—Ariadne, her lovely eyes streaming with tears, that beckoned me to Naxos. That tragic, romantic, appealing picture, which so haunted the minds of the beauty-loving ancients, and inspired numberless portrayals in marble and on vases, or that found expression in so much unforgettable poetry, drew me irresistibly to the Queen of the Cyclades.

As I sailed along the rugged coast of Naxos, where the sun-drenched water foamed among the rocks, or leaped high in rainbow spray, I looked and looked and imagined that this or that was the spot where the daughter of the Minos stood long ago, shading her brow with uplifted hand, the while she gazed despairingly into the distance. Sailing craft, with white or terra cotta wings, were flying over the sea, any one of which might have been the ship of the perfidious Theseus. One, a fisher craft, with Phœnician beak, and single, square, dark canvas, whose crew were rising and sitting rhythmically at the oars, especially satisfied my retrospective fancy.

There is no tale more poetically beautiful, no picture more appealing, in all the range of classic lore than that

of Ariadne abandoned in Naxos. Only Shakespeare, among moderns, has painted such a picture in haunting words:

> Lorenzo. In such a night
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
> To come again to Carthage.

Naxos suggests mystery and loneliness, with its uninhabited shores and its huddled mountains, whose precipitous ravines and dark recesses form fitting haunts for Bacchus and his crew.

Now the ancients made much of the alleged perfidy of Theseus, but the Athenians, for whom he was the hero par excellence and the guide and mirror of chivalry during countless generations, resented this idea, and found various explanations for the abandonment of Ariadne on Naxos. According to one authority, Hereas of Megara, Peisistratus is said to have ordered struck out of the works of Hesiod the line,

The love of Aigle consumed him, Panopeus' daughter.

That is to say, Theseus is here accused of having deserted Ariadne for a maiden by the name of Aigle, and Peisistratus, in the interests of public morality and the fair fame of the hero, acted as censor of Hesiod's book.

In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey,* Ulysses, descended into Hades, saw the beautiful Ariadne, daughter of cruel Minos, by the side of Phædra and Procris: "Ariadne, whom formerly Theseus, returning from Crete to the fertile plains of sacred Athens, took with him, but

without enjoying; for, before he possessed her, Artemis killed her in the island of Dia (Naxos) at the request of Dionysos." This Homeric statement is supplemented by the legend, also favorable to Theseus, that Dionysos did this to take her away from the Attic hero, that the god himself might possess her in the other world.

One of the most ancient whitewashers of Theseus is Pherikydes, of Syra (about 600 B. C.), whose version of the myth is as follows:

Theseus, returning from Crete with Ariadne, comes to Naxos and goes to sleep on the shore. During his slumber Athena appears to him and orders him to abandon the maiden and set sail immediately for Athens, which command he obeys. Ariadne utters shrieks and cries of despair, but Aphrodite approaches and manages to console her. She becomes the bride of Dionysos, who presents her, on the occasion of the wedding, with a magnificent crown of gold.

Personally I have my doubts, and the skirts of Theseus' chlamys are not quite clear in this matter, so far as I am concerned. I can not forget the casual manner in which he treated Perigune, daughter of the robber Sinis, whom he slew on the Isthmus. This beautiful maiden, frightened at the fate of her father, hid in some wild asparagus and other plants; but Theseus coaxed her out with honeyed words and induced her to live with him. She bore him a son, but he turned her over, after he tired of her, to one Deioneus, and went on his way. I fear he was a gay dog with the ladies, a serious fault in a model for youth.

The Latin poets would hear nothing of this white-

washing of Theseus, and they fairly reveled in the agony and despair of the abandoned Ariadne.

Ovid, for instance, says:

Straightway the son of Ægeus, taking Minos' daughter, spreads sail for Dia and on that shore he cruelly abandons his companion. To her, deserted and wailing bitterly, Bacchus brought love and help.

The poet Catullus found in the Ariadne story inspiration for a remarkable bit of word painting. His description is so detailed and vivid that it would be possible for any one sufficiently skilled with the brush to reproduce it on canvas. Indeed, I know of no passage in literature that better fulfills the requirements of the term, "word painting."

He takes as his theme the marriage of Peleus, King of Thessaly, with the Nereid Thetis. The Ariadne incident is depicted on a wonderful tapestry, or embroidered coverlet spread on the bridal bed. The whole passage is to be found in the fourteenth fragment of Catullus, the sense of which runs, in part, as follows:

When the ship that bore the Argonauts passed, the Nereids rose from the depths and gazed in wonder. The eyes of Peleus fell on Thetis, and hers upon him and they fell in love. She consented to a marriage with a mortal. The promised splendor of the wedding spread through all Thessaly, which was fairly deserted by the people, as they flocked to the capital, Pharsalus.

The rooms of the Palace stretched far inward, glittering with gold and shining with silver. The ivory of the royal thrones gleamed whitely, and bright shone the gold and silver cups of the tables. In a room in the center of the vast building was set the bridal bed, of Indian ivory, tinted with rosy stains and the purple of sea shells.

The coverlet was a marvelous tapestry, representing the sorrows of Ariadne in Naxos. She is gazing from the wave-resounding beach of Dia, at Theseus as he sails away, wild madness in her breast. Just awakened from treacherous sleep, she finds herself, poor wretch, left alone upon the desolate sands. The daughter of Minos stands upon the weedy beach like a marble statue of a Bacchanal. Tempest-tossed with great tides of passion, she gazes at him afar off with streaming eyes.

She has torn from her brow the dainty fillet that held her golden locks, the gauzy garment that veiled her breast, the girdle that stayed her milk white bosom. All these have slipped down and the salt waves lap them at her feet.

Such a speaking image is this in the poet's mind that he fancies Ariadne as wailing thus:

So then, faithless, deceitful Theseus, having carried me off, far from my father's house, you have left me on this lonely shore? Could nothing change the purpose of your cruel mind? Was there no mercy in your ruthless heart, no pity for me? No such fate did I expect from the promises that you made with tender voice, when you pledged me a joyful marriage; promises that are now being scattered abroad by all the winds of heaven.

From now on let no woman believe in a man's oath, nor have confidence in his words. Men, when they greatly desire something, and long eagerly to gain it, are ready to swear anything, to make any promise; but as soon as the lust of their greedy minds is satisfied, they forget their words, and are not concerned about their perjuries.

What lioness gave birth to you under a rock in a desert? If you never intended to marry me, you could at least have taken me to your father's palace to serve you as a slave in labors of love; to wash your feet or spread your bed with a purple coverlet.

Where shall I, lost, abandoned one, go? Here there is naught but the wild seashore, a desert isle, with no habitation; no road lies open by which I may depart; all about me are the waters of the Ocean, silence and desolation. Whichever way I look, I gaze upon the face of death.

At this point she calls down a curse upon Theseus, as a result of which, according to the poet, he forgets to raise the white sail on approaching Athens, the signal preconcerted with his waiting father, Ægeus. The latter, beholding a colored sail on the returning ship, believes his son lost and throws himself into the sea. Thus is Ariadne avenged.

But there is more on this wonderful tapestry, and we now come to the bright side of the picture:

In another part youthful Bacchus is seen wandering with his rout of Satyrs and Sileni, fired with love of Ariadne and seeking her. Some are waving thyrsi, some tossing the limbs of a mangled steer, some girding their waists with writhing snakes. One group is bearing in solemn procession caskets filled with unknown mysteries. Still others beat upon timbrels with uplifted arms, or flourish round cymbals of beaten bronze, clashing musically, or drone harshly upon horns, or shrill upon the barbarian pipe with dreadful din.

So young Bacchus comes to the desolate Ariadne upon the shores of Naxos and takes her with him to that divine, intoxicating, immortal realm where love dwells. Many a girl has been there since. But to see Bacchus and his crew as did the ancient Greeks, one must look through the eyes of Keats:

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a voice of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy! . . .

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry damsels! whence came ye!
So many, and so many, and such glee?

Of the numberless works of art that have been inspired by the story of Ariadne in Naxos in ancient and modern times, none is better known by the general public than the statue, *Ariadne Sleeping,* of the Louvre, a copy of which is to be found in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. She reposes easily upon her side, with one arm extended beneath her head, and the other gracefully curved above it, the two forming a frame, as it were, for the face. In another statue the posture is the same, but the countenance bears an expression of sadness, or consciousness of impending sorrow.

This pose was a favorite one among the ancient sculptors and vase painters. One generally sees Ariadne asleep on the shores of Naxos, while the ship of Theseus is leaving with all sails spread. The woman in most cases has the head, the arms and breasts naked, while the beautiful body leans back against a rock, the head being framed by the arms as described above. Bacchus is frequently standing at a distance, regarding her with pleasure and admiration. He is surrounded by Satyrs and Bacchanals, whose countenances express participation in his voluptuous approval. The god often holds a cup in one hand, which he stretches toward Ariadne, and the thyrsus in the other. Sometimes the couple is seated under an arbor of vines, with a Cupid flying about in the air; or the artist may choose as his subject the nuptial cortège, participated in by the Bacchanals, Satyrs, Pan, Silenus, Venus, Eros, Hymen, and all the seducing images and sprites of voluptuous desire.

The ancient poets and artists—poets especially—derived their inspiration from regarding Ariadne as a woman, loving and deceived. It is in this quality that she makes the most general and permanent appeal. It is as a woman that she is immortal, and that women of all time can understand and sympathize with her sorrows. I see no reason for categorically denying that she actually existed as a princess of Crete. Scholars have accepted Theseus as one of the early kings of Athens, so why disbelieve in the romantic and lovelorn maiden who helped him destroy the power of the Minos?

Scholars, of course, see in her a nature goddess, and they delight in minute researches as to her relation to other nature goddesses and her theological history. It

NAXOS

Photo by Alinari

Ariadne sleeping on the shore of Naxos

is true that she was religiously fêted in Naxos and elsewhere, but here is not the only apotheosis of heroines and heroes. It is true that there were two Ariadnes who were thus fêted: the one who was abandoned and died, the other who was taken up into heaven and lived again. And here we have the old allegory of winter and death, of spring and its triumphant reburgeoning and recompense.

But scholars are dry people, and that one passage of Catullus is worth more than all their assiduity; the statue in the Louvre means more to humanity as a woman than as a goddess. The very name of Ariadne, like that of Endymion, is fragrant of music, mystery and romance. It rings in the ears like a chime of sweet bells from far away and long ago. If one listens aright, he can hear Bacchus and his crew, Bacchus and his kin, calling it on the shores of Naxos, and Echo replying, "Ariadne! Ariadne!"

BACCHUS AND THE PIRATES

Naxos is also famous as the birthplace of Bacchus, or Dionysos, though in other legends he is said to have originated in the island of Icaria and to have been carried to Naxos by Tyrian pirates. His adventure with the pirates is stirringly and poetically described in one of the so-called "Homeric Hymns," in substance as follows:

The god stood on the seashore, at the extremity of a promontory, like a young man in the flower of his youth. His glossy black hair floated down over his stalwart shoulders, about which was thrown a purple cloak. A Tyrian vessel was approaching over the dark waters. The crew landed and attempted to seize him and bind

his hands and feet, but he sat and smiled while the ropes of pliant ozier slipped off.

Suddenly the waves about the ship, where they had carried him, changed into fragrant wine. A vine twined around the mast and climbed even to the yards, hung with clusters of luscious fruit. All the oarlocks sprouted. The god himself was transformed into a lion that roared horribly, and he caused a bear with shaggy neck to stand in the middle of the ship. The lion bounded and seized the captain, upon seeing which the sailors leaped into the sea and were changed into dolphins. Only the pilot was saved, to whom Dionysos revealed himself.

The present town of Naxos has a somewhat disreputable look. It is old and gray, and its brown Venetian houses, interspersed among whiter habitations, straggle up the sides and among the ravines of a ragged, rugged acropolis. The whole town, when I arrived one day about noon in September of 1927, was light gray and brown in color, with steep hills, rising one behind the other, suggesting wild and mysterious retreats.

The columns on the little isle of Palatia at the left of the bay, with a huge monolith laid across their tops, possibly remnants of a temple to Dionysos, are locally known as the "Palace of Ariadne." Local tradition has it that the Princess was deserted at this point; though who is supposed to have built her the "palace," or why, I was unable to ascertain. A little church, of the sort usually seen on the sea front of island villages, is situated on a tiny island at the edge of the quay, and a monastery gleams high up on the slopes of a white mountain. Glimpses of green valleys, that hint at the fertility of the interior, are caught here and there.

The ancient name of Naxos was Dia, as the reader has already surmised from quotations from old authors. In historic times she was known as the "Queen of the Cyclades." As early as 460 B. C. a democracy was established there so powerful that it did not lack even the respect of Athens. The relations between the two powers were long friendly, but because the Naxiotes refused to contribute to the war against the Persian King, Artaxerxes, the Athenians declared a war that lasted two years before Naxos fell. But the Athenians made many improvements, building water-works, and, among other things, a great temple to Apollo.

St. John, author of the Book of Revelation, is said to have sent over a missionary from Patmos who introduced Christianity into Naxos; hence, John is the patron saint of the island and his festival is celebrated with considerable pomp. But Naxos derives its chief interest in more modern days as the center and seat of the "Dukes of the Archipelago," the island kingdom founded by Mark Sanudo.

CHAPTER XII

Syra

FROM the balcony of our hotel in Tinos the lights of Syra could be seen on clear evenings, shining with a softly yellow refulgence, like a patch snipped from the Milky Way. "When you get to Syra," they told us in Tinos, "you will find civilization there—automobiles and such things." Some of my acquaintances in Tinos had never been to Syra, nor to any other island; they had simply gazed over at distant mountains and clusters of lights as I have often yearned across the channels of space that lie between us and Mars and the moon. I could go to Syra though not to Mars—this summer.

The sister island was about twelve and one half miles south and east, and there were frequent steamers running across, as well as caiques, which tempted me more. They are so beautiful and graceful, those white lilies, swaying and nodding in the wind on a blue-grass meadow, and they have something of the lure of a fair woman, that deprives one of the power of reason. But we were destined to reach Syra by another route. We were in Santorine, Nica and I, and we wished to return to Tinos, where were my wife and daughter. There were no ships direct between these two islands, so we were obliged to embark for Syra, pass the night there and go on to our ultimate destination the following day.

Syra is a sort of central point of departure for the various isles of the Ægean, the hub, as it were, of the Cyclades. I had been informed that there were two excellent hotels there, the Grande Bretagne, if I remember correctly, and the Hotel de France. We tried the first mentioned and were informed that there were no rooms vacant. We accordingly rushed over to the other, still hopefully elate. Previous accounts of the high state of civilization awaiting us, and the sight of an automobile, made us confident of finding first-class European accommodation.

At the Hotel de France we found a fat militant-looking woman, standing at the head of a wide flight of stairs.

"Have you any rooms?" I asked her.

"Why, certainly," she replied in excellent French. "This is a hotel."

"I want two single rooms," I informed her.

She looked at me as though seized with sudden doubt of my sanity.

"Where in the world will you find a hotel where only one person is put into a room?" she demanded volubly. It was as though she had asked, "Where will you find a hotel proprietor fool enough to make such an arrangement?"

"The lady," she continued, "will sleep in one of the rooms for women, you in one of those for men."

We descended to the sidewalk and stood in consultation beside our baggage; and here an idea occurred to me that was little less than an inspiration.

"There is in this island," I said, "a big American station for the orphans whose parents were murdered by

the Turks of Mustafa Khemal, in Asia Minor. They have, among other buildings, a hospital. Perhaps they will give us a couple of cots where we can pass the night."

We jumped into one of the automobiles that stood by, eloquently testifying to the civilization of Syra, and ordered the man to drive us to the American relief station, a little way out of the city.

After a twenty-minute run we drew up before a neat stone residence, surrounded by several large buildings, and asked for the director.

An affable young man came out, to whom I explained our plight.

"Get right down," he said cordially. "Mrs. White and I will be glad to put you up."

We followed him into the house, which we found to be a charming and up-to-date American home, where we were given two restful and exquisitely neat and cheerful rooms. In mine I found a table on which were several well-selected, recent books, and there was an electric reading-lamp at the head of the bed. A porcelain bathtub with American plumbing was but a few steps away.

There are many comfortable and even luxurious Greek homes, not only in Syra, but in most of the islands, whose inhabitants are very hospitable, but we had not taken the precaution to provide ourselves with letters of introduction, and we were extremely fortunate to be taken in by our countryman.

Supper that evening, with our genial host and his attractive wife, and a number of the bright teachers and nurses of their staff, set me to thinking: here, from sailing about in the days of Theseus, Homer and Sanudo, from steeping my soul in old romance, I had stepped into a

1927 American home, and it seemed good—a refuge and an arrival.

But let us turn back for a while to the old days and come down gradually to the Whites and their work. In the fifteenth book of the *Odyssey* Ulysses had just returned to his native isle and had sought temporary refuge with Eumæus, the godlike swineherd, in whose hut he sits reminiscing, far into the night. Eumæus tells the story of his life, somewhat as follows:

My father was King Ctesius, of Syra, and I was stolen from his palace when a child by Phœnician traders, through the treachery of a Phœnician slave woman. This woman was my nurse and she became friendly with one of the sailors, with whom she arranged the plan for abducting me. When the ship sailed away, she accompanied me on board. We sailed and sailed, till we at last reached Ithaca, where I was sold as a slave to Laertes, father of Ulysses.

Of his native isle, Eumæus speaks thus, with nostalgic eloquence:

There is an isle called Syra, if by chance you have ever heard of it, above Ortygia, where are the turning places of the sun. It is not so very thickly settled, but it is a good land, rich in herds and in flocks, full in wine, abounding in wheat. Famine never comes there, nor does any hateful sickness fall on wretched mortals; but when the tribes of men grow old throughout the land, Apollo of the silver bow comes with Artemis, and assails them with gentle shafts and lays them low. There are two cities in this isle, between which all the land is divided, and both are ruled over by my father, King Ctesius, son of Ormenos, a man like to the immortal gods.

Now, the modern commentators warn us that we are by no means to confound the Syra mentioned by Homer, and described by the princely swineherd, Eumæus, with the modern island of the same name, nor are we to believe that any such spot as "Ortygia" ever existed. Both, they tell us, are imaginary.

But suppose we let the commentators go hang. Much learning hath made them mad. Why should Homer have imagined an island that never existed, or why should he have applied a real name to an imaginary isle?

No modern Greek authorities would agree with the foreign commentators. Elevtherodakes' *Guide to Greece* (3 vols., 1926) asserts that ruins of the two Homeric cities have been found. As for Ortygia the word means "Land of Quails," a term that might very well be applied to any of the islands of the vicinity. From time immemorial these birds have migrated in millions between Russia and Africa, following practically the same route, and using various isles of the Ægean as resting-places.

Homer, it is generally conceded, flourished about 900 B. C., and the Philosopher Pherikydes lived at Syra in 600 B. C., not so long after in the history of an island. One hears a great deal about the latter, his cave and his *heliotropion,* or sun dial, from the inhabitants of Syra. Exactly what his *heliotropion* was, I am unable to say, though the Greeks have speculated a lot about it. The name is compounded of two words, one of which means "sun" and the other "turning."

Syra seems to have been a good place to locate it, for near there, according to Eumæus, were "the turning places of the sun." It was probably some device for indicating the hours, and perhaps also the solstices. A

similar device is described by old writers as having existed at Athens, consisting, in part, of upright pillars and an indicator. Pherikydes seems to have been a wise and ingenious person, who said and did many extraordinary things. He was the tutor of Pythagoras. The Syriotes are very proud of him and one can not be long in the island without hearing about him. One native told me, solemnly: "It seems that he was in straightened circumstances in his old age, and often was without food to eat. Isn't it a disgrace that we allowed such a man practically to starve to death?"

The disgrace was real and personal to my chance acquaintance, and he evidently realized and keenly felt his share in it. I fancied that I even detected a blush of shame on his face. This is being consistent: if the Greeks of to-day claim a share in the glories of Leonidas, why should they not also participate in the shame of having let Pherikydes starve to death, twenty-five hundred years ago?

The importance of Syra in modern times dates from the days of the Revolution of 1821; after that it became so great that it was often referred to as the capital of the Cyclades. As it possessed between four and five thousand Catholic inhabitants it was taken under the protection of France during the Greek War of Independence, and hence suffered little at the hands of the Turks. For this reason it was regarded as a place of refuge and many flocked to it from other islands.

The Catholics had built their town high up on the hill to be out of the way of marauding pirates, but the new arrivals began a settlement on the seashore which gradually flowed upward till it became continuous with

that already existing. Syra is therefore divided into "upper" and "lower"; the Catholic community, with its cathedral, still holding the heights, the road to which is a long and impressive stone stairway.

The industry of the inhabitants is phenomenal. Though the island is little else than a great rock, they have succeeded in subjecting it to intensive cultivation, even bringing earth in caiques to make gardens. On account of its business enterprise Syra is often called Hermoupolis, the city of Hermes, the patron god of commerce.

The manufactured product which has made it best known throughout Greece, and has indeed carried its name to all parts of the world, is the celebrated *loukoum*, or Turkish Delight. So highly considered is it that the expression, *Syriano loukoum* is commonly used to indicate anything edible of a peculiarly delicate flavor. In the famous vampire story that I have already related, the ghoul who is eating the maiden in the tower exclaims, "It's *Syriano loukoum.*"

If one is buying a piece of beef or lamb at the market and asks the butcher if it is good, he is almost sure to be solemnly informed that it is Syra *loukoum*. Every steamer touching at the island is boarded by agents of the various manufactories, carrying baskets of the sweet, and these always do a brisk business. Almost equally famous, and better, according to my taste, are the nougats, confections exactly the size and shape of American griddle cakes.

I have spoken of the infinite industry which these islanders display in the cultivation of their tiny realm. There is a pleasant excursion to a place called Delle-

Syra

Bringing wine skins to island village

Pulling in the fishing net

grazzie, about seven and one half miles, which one can take by carriage or automobile. Along the whole road is heard the moan and squeal of the irrigating wheels that supply water for the gardens or small patches where the earliest fruits and vegetables are raised for export. These irrigating wheels are known in Greece by the fearful name of *Man-gan-o-pe-ga-da,* accented on the "man" and the "pe." It's easy and rhythmical. Try it.

The contrivance consists of an enormous vertical wheel rimmed with buckets that dip into a wide-mouthed well, encircled by a path, round and round which walks a blindfolded horse or mule, attached to a shaft that turns the wheel. A steady stream pours out into a trough and runs away into a large concrete basin, where it is left in the sun until it becomes warm enough to be turned into the irrigating ditches. Large plantain trees usually spring up beside the *manganopegada,* and they are frequently roofed over with trellised vines. The old-fashioned wheels are clumsily constructed of wood, rimmed with earthen jars, and these are the most musical. But alas! The American petroleum tin, that most pernicious destroyer of Oriental picturesqueness, is rapidly replacing the broken jars. Even the statuesque girls, who used to carry the water on their shoulders, through the village streets and the sun-flecked lemon orchards in graceful Mycænean jars, now very generally use converted petroleum tins. And these utilitarian obscenities have pervaded the remotest island hamlets.

Many smart modern water wheels are appearing in Greece, constructed of steel, with metal buckets. But when I build my house on a Greek island, I shall have an old-fashioned wheel, where I shall sit and dream and

drink Turkish coffee under the shade of the plantain tree, listening to the creak and whine, and the monotonous chirp of the cicadas.

The two biggest enterprises in Syra to-day, both confirming its title as the capital of the Cyclades, are the American Station for the Relief of Turkish-made Orphans and the Eastern Telegraph Company. The former, under the auspices of the Near East Relief, affiliated with the Red Cross, covers about fifty acres and contains, besides the residence of the director, five buildings, each sixty meters long, connected by room-like corridors, twenty meters in width. There are dormitories for girls and boys, work-shops, a school and a hospital.

This great and benevolent charitable enterprise began just after the Smyrna outrage with the arrival of four hundred refugees, who slept in tents. Those who arrived later constructed the buildings and the work was a great boon to them. In all, sixty-five hundred children have been taken care of, and there are still sixteen hundred on the place, having no other home or refuge.

I was present in the large dining-hall when fourteen hundred orphans sat down to a simple supper of bread, cheese and tea. At a sign from the house mother all arose and a little tot asked the blessing in Greek, which I asked her to repeat to me in order that I might write it down. The meaning of the words, in English, ran thus: "Christ, our Lord, bless our food and drink, Thou who art always holy, now and for the ages of ages. Amen."

There is great rivalry among the children for the honor of asking the blessing, which is accorded as a reward of merit, and is sometimes said in Greek, sometimes in Armenian. The faces of that large throng were mostly

happy, and the whole hall was a sort of Milky Way of luminous, trustful and affectionate eyes.

I sat down with Dave Hoagland at his table of nine girl babies, averaging four years of age. Dave is from Rockford, Illinois, and is in charge of the woodworking shop at Syra, but he can't keep away from the babies. He ate bread and cheese with them, and fed them, while tiny hands kept pushing morsels of food to him, and childish voices cried: "Try mine! Try mine!"

I could see that Dave's heart bled for these tots, whose fathers and mothers had been butchered, and that he was trying to make it up to them. I am too sentimental and imaginative, I suppose, but the sight of that big, husky, young fellow mothering girl babies affected me deeply, and I could not keep back the tears. I could see, far off in the future, I hope, Dave Hoagland, of Rockford, Illinois, arriving at the gate of Heaven and being escorted in by a great throng of baby angels, all in white, waving lilies. These words, written several months ago, need revising, but I shall let them stand, for they appear to have been prophetic. This is March, of 1928, and Dave Hoagland has just died and gone to Heaven. They buried his mortal remains here the other day, in Athens.

There is quite a number of children among the orphans at Syra who have been christened Agnostou, and Axorian. Both words mean, "Child of an unknown parent," the first being Greek, the second Armenian. The reason for giving these names needs no explanation.

My first visit to Syra was made about twenty years ago with the director, at that time, of the Eastern Telegraph Company. We sailed on the cable repair ship, the *Levant,* known among the members of the company as

Rolling Bill. I am glad to record of my amiable host that he always carried in his pocket a volume of that neglected American poet, John G. Saxe, to cheer his lonely hours while cruising; he read me various selections with much gusto. We visited Rhodes, Santorine and Syra, and encountered a severe storm. The vessel was steadied by no freight, of course, and the hold was cut up into a long, narrow saloon, or dining-room, on each side of which were cabins. During the storm *Bill* rolled so much that the chairs went pitching about promiscuously, climbing the side-walls and even striking the roof. Mr. Anderson and I had been called to lunch and we stood looking down the companionway at the havoc going on below decks, wondering how we should descend and eat. The four legs of the heavy table had been secured to rings in the floor, but three of them had broken loose, allowing this formidable piece of furniture to swing about on one. At length, thanks to the efforts of a couple of efficient stewards, the chairs were captured and pitched into the cabins, and the unruly table subdued and fastened. Anderson and I went below and anchored ourselves to a post, each winding one leg and his left arm about it. The steward brought us one plate of food between us, which each seized with his left hand, and held while he plied a fork with the right.

I mention this incident to disabuse the reader of the idea that cruising among the islands necessarily consists in purring through pellucid seas.

Rolling Bill was subsequently wrecked near Santorine, and went down during a recent earthquake. Her sister ship, the *Retriever,* went on the rocks near the same place, with the Mayor of Santorine and party on board. They

went out to see how an ocean cable is laid; instead, they were treated to an incident in one of the most dangerous and romantic of human employments: the laying and repairing of deep-sea cables.

The Eastern Telegraph Company first brought its lines into Greece in 1887. Originally they extended only to Zante, then they were laid to Syra, to be ultimately connected with all the Greek islands, Turkey and Egypt, and even Odessa, Russia. All telegrams come into Syra, from whence they are distributed. Thus, a cable from New York to Constantinople would go via London, Syra, to its destination. It might be sent by the Indo-European to Odessa and thence to Turkey; or through Germany, Bucharest, Constanza, by various government lines, but the Near Eastern claim that their line is the best. The Syra office keeps about one hundred and twenty men working day and night.

The maintenance of deep-sea cables in the Mediterranean is attended by special difficulties, on account of volcanic action. The Near Eastern Company lost over fifty miles of wire during the Messene earthquake; and it is not an uncommon thing to find the cable carbonized. Then, too, depths in this great inland sea are capricious and subject to sudden drops, reaching, for instance, a profundity of over two miles southwest of the island of Zante.

I never think of the island of Syra without connecting it with the Charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by Tennyson.

Years ago the office was managed by a man by the name of Finnis, whose wife was a very amusing and agreeable lady, possessing considerable gifts as a racon-

teur. I have often heard her describe amusingly the great number of cats on the island, and the concerts which they held in the Finnis' back yard, the favorite feline meeting-place. Her husband's father, or grandfather, I forget which, was one of the immortal Three Hundred, and his sword hung on a wall of the conjugal bedroom. Often, when the howling became unendurable, Finnis would seize the ancestral brand and rush down into the garden to charge the serenaders, frequently with fatal results, as a particularly agonizing scream would testify. Of course the story loses in the retelling, but I find in it an extraordinary association of subjects otherwise uncoordinated: Syra cats and the Charge of the Light Brigade.

CHAPTER XIII

Cruising among the Lesser Isles

SEPTEMBER fourth, at nine A. M., I was approaching in the rain the low-lying hills of Paros, famous for its statuary marbles. The more ponderous elevations of Naxos rose behind and stretched off to the right, giving the impression of one island. We turned to the left, skirted the shore, and entered the arms of the excellent harbor. A strong perfume of wild thyme was wafted out over the sea by the breeze blowing from the shore. An idyllic and inviting isle, with its yellowish and burnt sienna hills gently sloping in the background, and its green valleys coming down to the whitely foaming beach and the vivid blue sea.

The great square Church of the Hundred Doors *(Hekatondapylai),* loomed white in the foreground. Windmills for grinding grain stood about on elevations near the shore, like giant sentinels waving canvas-sleeved arms. An immense throng was gathered on the pier, awaiting the arrival of the ship. The town boasts a population of three thousand and can turn out a big crowd on important occasions.

Paros, like many of the other Ægean islands, insignificant to-day, possessed in ancient times a power and importance that is difficult to understand in view of its smallness and the meagerness of its natural resources. It

developed a navy and was considered a valuable ally in great wars. It fought on the side of the Persians in the struggle with the East, and its punishment by the victorious Athenians was no easy task.

The famous satyric poet, Archilochus, was a Parian, who moved to a colony of his countrymen in the island of Thasos, where his chief cause of homesickness was the memory of the delicious figs of his native land.

It is claimed that St. Helene founded the Church of the Hundred Doors, which has been repaired and embellished by many others during the ages, among whom was Nicholas Mavrogénis, Prince of Wallachia. This St. Helene was a remarkable figure in the early history of Christianity; she was the wife of Constantine the Sallow, and mother of Constantine the Great.

The latter, born in 272 of our era, founded Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, and introduced Christianity officially into his dominions. The story is told of him that, when he was about to attack a Roman force four times as great as his own and invade Italy, he hesitated through prudence. Here he beheld at midday a flaming cross in the sky and the words, "By this sign, conquer." Emboldened by this, he pressed forward, overthrew his enemies and took Rome.

His mother, Helene, at an advanced age made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where she is said to have founded the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and to have discovered and unearthed the true cross. According to legend she stopped over at Paros on her way to Jerusalem and founded the great Church of the Hundred Doors, (Hekatondapylai.) Fortunately two British archæologists, Jewell and Hasluck, have made a special study of

this venerable and remarkable edifice. According to them the St. Helene legend is to the effect that in Paros, where she had put in on her journey to Jerusalem, she saw a vision of the Virgin who announced to her that she was destined to find the true cross. Whereupon the Empress made a vow to build a great church in Paros if this vision were fulfilled. Tradition has it that the same architect designed St. Sophia and the Church of the Hundred Doors. There are not really one hundred doors, but the doors and windows counted together make ninety-nine, the hundredth to be revealed when the Greeks retake Constantinople. So much for legend and tradition. Not much is known historically of this, the most beautiful church of the Cyclades, and one of the most remarkable in the world.

A certain Niketas Magister was sent on a political mission to the Saracens of Crete in 902. On account of unfavorable winds he was obliged to put in to Paros. He found the island entirely uninhabited except for one hermit, which fact casts an adventitious ray of light upon the desolation that had been wrought in the Cyclades at that epoch by pirates. This hermit told Niketas the story of St. Theoktiste of Lesbos, who had been carried off from a convent in her native isle, but who had escaped her pirate abductors at Paros, and had passed the remainder of her life in the church. She was discovered there by a hunter from Eubœa. The edifice really consists of a group of three buildings, the Great Church, the Little Church and the Baptistry, which were all undoubtedly built at about the same time, that is to say, between 527 and 565, in the reign of Justinian.

From Paros we sailed almost directly south to Ios, a

pretty little island of fifteen hundred inhabitants. On the shore is the imposing residence of a doctor, who has made a fortune in Egypt. The town is situated higher up in the hills, and a thin stream of white cottages flows down from it to the doctor's residence.

THE TOMB OF HOMER

Ios makes special claim to being the burial-place of Homer. Ancient legend accorded it this distinction, and in the year 1771 a Dutch nobleman by the name of Count Pasch van Krienen announced that he had actually found the great poet's tomb, a statement that naturally aroused immense interest at the time, and gave rise to a virulent controversy. As the Count put his case rather strongly, and as one other reputable authority corroborated much that he said, I consider the story of sufficient interest to be revived here.

Van Krienen was in the employ of Russia at the time the Ægean islands were under the suzerainty of that power. He wrote a really valuable and serious book entitled *Breve Descrizione dell' Arcipelago,* filled with much useful information. He conducted excavations for a month at a place called Placato, on the northeastern shore of Ios, and there he claimed to have found the tomb second only to that of Adam in general interest to the civilized world.

One of his statements was so weird and startling it served to cast discredit on his general report. He saw, he alleged, at the moment of opening the grave, a body in a sitting posture, which immediately crumbled into dust. This phenomenon is not unknown, and if it happened to Van Krienen, then he may actually have caught a fleeting

glimpse of the mortal remains of the author of the *Odyssey,* after they had been resting about thirty-five hundred years in the earth. He also described minutely many objects found in the sepulcher, and gave copies of inscriptions that testified to the genuineness of the location.

For some reason the tempest that all this aroused among scholars soon died out, perhaps on account of the improbable nature of the alleged discovery. It was renewed in 1840, however, when the well-known and respectable traveler, Ludwig Ross, appeared as an advocate of Van Krienen. This gentleman visited Ios and found a stone with an inscription, used as a bench in front of the Church of St. Catherine in the town of Ios. Van Krienen had copied and published this inscription, accurately, as Ross was able to testify, though the letters had been much worn by rubbing and exposure. Its introductory lines seem to make reference to Homer, and it contains a long list of names. Van Krienen's opponents maintained that it was simply a list of members of a Homeric school that probably existed in antiquity in Ios. Ross also found at Placato evidence of the excavations actually having taken place, which confutes the taunt that Van Krienen was simply a faker and forger.

In addition to all this, a Swede by the name of Björnstable saw at Leghorn the packages, as yet unopened, in which the inscriptions found by Van Krienen had been shipped from Ios. And this is the last ever heard of Van Krienen and his inscriptions. At this point they seem to have sunk, as the Germans say, "without a trace." Like the body of Homer, they melted into thin air.

I like to think of him as disappearing proudly and voluntarily, disgusted at the reception accorded the great discovery that he confidently believed he had made.

It was an improbable story, but scholars should not grow too abusive when such finds are announced; too many ancient legends are being confirmed by the spade of the archæologist. And there is one comforting thought in connection with all this: the immortal remains of Homer were never buried.

I would rather find the lost poems of Sappho than her tomb.

ANAPHI

Our ship arrived at the tiny island of Anaphi—sixteen miles in circumference—at midnight, the usual hour for this stop. I had been dozing in the smoking-room and was aroused by fearful, bloodcurdling screams. I rushed out on deck to see who was being murdered, and in the dim light beheld a pig revolving in the air at the end of a long rope, and being slowly lowered into a boat. The animal was fairly piercing the welkin with its terrified protests and I did not blame it, for its position was one to have shaken the stoutest nerves.

And there was Anaphi, a steep, rugged rock, shining gray in the moonlight, with a row of ghostly houses perched high on its edge, and one lone light shining in a window. We had considerable merchandise to disembark and the captain informed me that the ship would not sail before eight the next morning. I therefore determined to land, and became a fellow passenger of the pig in the small rowboat.

I landed upon a wooden platform, from which I

walked across on to a beach not much larger than a good-sized table-cloth, dominated by the tiny Church of St. Nicholas, hewed into the rocky face of the mountain that comes down to the sea. Besides this there was one other building and a few caves serving as boat-houses. Three or four donkey men were awaiting possible fares and one of these I engaged.

A sort of canyon opens in the mountain and through this a steep winding path leads up to the houses situated, like those of Thera, on the edge of a precipice. The ascent was weird to an unforgettable degree. There were five of us in the procession and the only light was that afforded by the swinging lanterns of our donkeyteers. I was obsessed by unknown terrors, as I felt that the path might possibly in places skirt the edge of a chasm. After about half an hour we arrived among the first houses of a small village beginning on the edge of the cliff and running back to and up a steep rock. My driver asked me where I was going and I was obliged to tell him frankly that I did not know; whereupon he exclaimed, "I do," and pushed off through the narrow slippery streets with the assurance of a man who knew what he was about. Even by the light of his lantern I could see piles of refuse, and my nostrils were assaulted by various unpleasant smells. The olfactory nerves need neither moon nor lantern.

We had not gone far when I heard faintly the sounds of a jazz orchestra playing the so-called music that has spread American culture to the remotest corners of the globe and the littlest islands of the sea. We arrived at last before a barnlike café, and my donkeyteer announced, "Here we are. Get down."

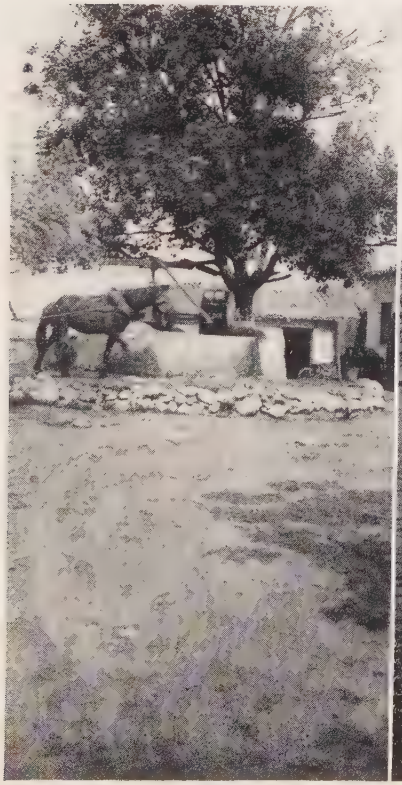
I did so, paid him and looked in.

The place was crowded with young men and women dancing the "Black Bottom" with enthusiasm, and some of them with ingenious variations and idiosyncrasies. An orchestra, with all the latest instruments of torture, occupied a low stage at the farther end of the hall. Prominent among the performers was a very black negro, who occasionally accompanied the instruments with his voice, singing real American songs. I made his acquaintance and found that he hailed from Baltimore and had a white French wife. I remained there till the ball broke up, about five A. M., when the merry throng dispersed, going God knows where. I suppose this island has its summer colony who obtain lodging in houses in the village. For about an hour I walked about the deserted streets, an object of keen interest to numerous unfriendly dogs, after which I climbed and slid down the narrow path back to the microscopic beach, where I engaged a boatman to take me to my ship. As we were rowing out I heard a boy back on the island whistling

Oh, yes, she's my baby!

It was a curious mental impulse that caused me to land at Anaphi at such an unearthly hour, and undergo this strange though not unpleasant experience. Many years ago I had read somewhere that the island was famous for its red-legged partridges, and I have always intended to go there some day on a hunting expedition. Having at last arrived at the port I concluded that I would land. I did not see any partridges, nor did I hope to see any, but I am a keen hunter and I felt that merely stepping on shore at a place so infested with game would be *déjà quelquechose*.

Gateway of old church in Kepholonia,—Ithaca in the distance



An irrigating well

The seaside church at Ios

Thinking the matter over since, I am not so sure about the partridges. At one time the island did swarm with them, to such an extent that they destroyed the crops, compelling the inhabitants to emigrate. That is the item which I probably read years ago, while poking about in musty volumes collecting useless information. Indeed, a learned friend of mine once informed me that I had a greater fund of useless knowledge than any man he had ever seen.

In these days of double-barreled shotguns, steel shot and high-power shells, it is more than probable that the birds have been pretty well cleared out; especially in Greece, where about every other man is a keen hunter and crack marksman.

Anaphi is rocky, treeless, waterless, and as snakeless as Ireland. In fact, no crawling thing is said to exist there. It produces, perhaps, the finest honey in the world—very clear and deliciously aromatic. An ancient coin of the island bears a head of Apollo on one side and a cup on the other, over which is a bee with gracefully raised wings.

In ancient days Apollo, Aphrodite and Asclepius were worshiped there. A monastery of the Virgin has been erected upon the ruins of the temple of the first-named god. According to legend, the Argonauts took refuge on Anaphi from a storm in which they were nearly wrecked. In the middle of the thirteenth century this island was the lair of the terrible pirate, John Delavakos, and it was overrun in 1779 by a band of sea rovers, about eighty in number, who caused great destruction.

AMORGOS

On our way back to Syra we stopped at Amorgos, heading directly north and passing Amorgopoúla. This latter is nothing more than a rock, surrounded by hidden reefs, of importance only to sea captains, who must give it a wide berth. I mention it because the name is so pretty, when accented, as it should be, on the penult. It means "the little daughter of Amorgos."

The sun was shining brightly and there was just enough breeze to whip into the air on the sides of the ship fleeting brushes of spray that dissolved the brilliant light into evanescent rainbows. It is a pity Burns did not know about this when he wrote his dainty lines:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread:
> You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snowfalls on the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever!

But why let such things as spray rainbows give one the blues? It is more likely that they were the veils of Nereids, flung gracefully in the air as they swam and played about the ship.

Amorgos, like the majority of these small Ægean islands, offers enough of interest to repay an extended visit. There are ruins which indicate that it was an outpost of the prehistoric empire of Crete. It was the birthplace of the poet Simonides, and it was famous for its cloth in ancient times. The island has its inevitable monastery, picturesquely situated with a wonderful view, and an old library.

I did not land at Amorgos. We anchored in a

mountain-locked, oblong bay, whence could be seen a few white houses straggling up the hillsides, or villages lying here and there like banks of snow. There were green patches on the yellow slopes, probably groves of pine. The steep, barren-looking, rocky inclines were fenced off into fields with stone walls, though it is difficult to conceive of anything growing on them.

At Amorgos we got rid of our cow. This animal had been standing for many hours on the deck, patiently chewing her cud. I do know where we took her on, but it seems that no one came to claim her when we reached her destination. A gate was opened on the side of the ship and half a dozen sailors, after a desperate struggle, pitched her into the sea. She sank very deep into the clear water, came to the top and looked around. The shore was about half a mile away, and she struck bravely out for the nearest point. I had no idea that a cow could swim like that. In fact, it is a curious fact that all animals, so far as I know, can swim without any previous training, while man sinks and drowns.

When the cow finally arrived at the island she found herself confronted by a steep precipice as far as she could see on either side, that rendered landing impossible. If she went in closer, she would be dashed against the rocks. She therefore struck out a little way to sea again and tried to keep herself afloat by swimming about in a circle. A rowboat, loaded to the water's edge with passengers, was making toward her and she headed for this slowly and feebly, for she was by now greatly exhausted.

"Do they hope to take her on board that?" I asked a fellow passenger.

"Oh, no," he replied, "they will tie a rope about her horns and tow her to the pier."

I shall never know her fate, as our ship was now moving rapidly away, but I have little doubt that she was drowned. She made a gallant fight, and my heart was wrung with sympathy for her. I like to believe that such a thing could not have happened in the United States.

The remainder of the trip was stormy. The Mediterranean, in September, when the winds are sneaking around the corners of the islands or roaring down long alleys, can be very unpleasant, especially if there are Greek peasant women on board. If one can judge by the antics they perform and the noise they make, these women suffer more at sea than any other human beings. They roll into the scuppers and suck lemons, or go into hysterics and call frantically on the Panagia. They shriek "Ach—hoo!" repeatedly, the first "Ach-hoo" long drawn out, followed by a succession of others, rapidly repeated. As they seem to derive some comfort from this exclamation, I am recording it for the possible benefit of my readers.

CHAPTER XIV

Ægina

VERY few of the thousands of travelers who yearly visit Athens run down to Ægina, although the ruins of the temple of the ancient goddess, Aphaia, on the northeast shore, are among the most beautiful and impressive that have come down to us from old Greece. Most of the steamers that make the short run are incredibly filthy, and the ruins are reached only by a three hours' trip on donkey back, across the entire width of the island, or by a venturesome excursion by sailboat. There are two or three Fords whose owners will offer to go most of the way, but the road is so bad that it is not advisable to accept their services. The traveler is obliged, therefore, to remain overnight in a so-called "hotel," and he should think twice before doing that.

I spent a week with my family in fairly comfortable rooms, but my most vivid recollection of the place is of the swarms of flies that infested the two horrible restaurants where we were obliged to eat.

This island was in ancient times a strong naval power with outlying stations as far away as Crete, and rivaled Athens and Corinth in its financial and commercial importance, exporting its manufactured products to regions as remote as Egypt and the Black Sea. It is one of the best examples that I know of the decadence of once flourishing Greek communities. The ancient population

is given by Aristotle as 600,000, of whom 470,000 were slaves; Meyer's *German Lexicon* says half a million, of whom 400,000 slaves. The latest census shows a trifle over 6,000.

It is possible that money was first coined in Ægina. In the great French encyclopædia, *La Grande Encyclopédie,* will be found a discussion as to whether the Lydians or the Æginetans can claim this distinction. It is there stated that coins of the latter people date back as far as 700 B. C., but that Herodotus awards the honor to the kings of the former, who used electrum as a precious metal. *La Grande* is rather inclined to favor the opinion of Herodotus. At any rate, the coins of Ægina, stamped with a turtle, were a standard of value at a very early date throughout the entire Mediterranean region, where they were widely circulated. It was a place of luxury and culture, and excelled in ceramics and statuary. Its weights and measures were standard widely in the ancient world, and so continued down to Roman times.

The earliest legend connected with Ægina has to do with a celestial romance: Zeus is said to have chosen it as the scene of a tender rendezvous with the nymph Ægina, from which union was born the wise and just king, Ajax, ancestor of a mythical race of kings and heroes.

The chief pleasure that I derived from my visit to this island consisted in sitting on the balcony of my room and watching the sailboats flitting about white on the blue Saronic Gulf. They were seemingly as numerous as butterflies, dipping and dancing and scurrying hither and yon, leaning gracefully in the oblique wind, or flying from it with both wings spread. Just as Santorine is donkey land, so Ægina is the isle of sailboats.

Temple of Aphaia at Ægina

An ancient column at Ægina

Sailor's church at Ægina wharf

A faint survival of classic industry exists in the pottery making, which still flourishes on the island. Every ship touching there is invaded by boys carrying clusters of jars and pitchers for sale, which find a ready market among Greek travelers. The ware, however, is crude, barbarically colored and would not be highly appreciated in Europe and America.

There is a lovely icon, or painting of the Virgin, in Ægina, which I went several times to look at. About fifteen minutes' walk from the town is a church, partly subterranean, of the Phaneroméne, or Virgin of the Apparition, and there is to be found this beautiful and spiritual icon, a product of religious exaltation combined with genuine artistic skill. It is perhaps the most charming image of the Panagia in Greece.

But this is not, I fear, the icon that is held in deepest reverence by the natives. They have another, which works miracles, about which I heard many wonderful stories, one of which was a little out of the line of the general run of such tales.

Sometimes, I was informed, this picture was found to be so heavy that it could not be lifted. Once four men tried and could not stir it with their united strength. When this phenomenon happens, the natives know that the Panagia is angry on account of some appalling wickedness in the island.

Another story I was able to confirm as founded on truth. There had been a long drought, and the icon was carried to the top of a hill, where prayers were held, with the result that the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the rain fell in torrents; surely, enough to confirm belief. I did not think it necessary to tell my informants that the

same thing sometimes happens to our rain prayers in America, and we have no icon.

We left Ægina for Spetsas on October 1, 1897, at five A. M., on a ship that, on account of her size, could not enter the little harbor. Neither did she stop. She simply slowed down about a mile from shore, and we went out to catch her in a sailboat. A heavy sea was running but our boatman managed his bark with extraordinary skill, coming swiftly up to the ship's nose and sliding along her side till the ladder was reached. We stepped on board without any trouble, and from the deck took our last view of this ancient town, lying white in a plain made green by gardens, maritime pines and olive groves.

For an hour we skirted the sloping hills of Ægina, silver gray. I had travelers' checks in my pocket that called for American dollars, the standard money of the world; but there was a time, long before America was ever heard of, that the standard coin in those waters was stamped with the Æginetan turtle.

CHAPTER XV

Spetsas

"SPETSAS is the most beautiful place in the world, unequaled by any other spot on earth for scenery and climate." So says Mr. Anargyros, the millionaire who made his money in America in the cigarette business, and he ought to know, for he has lived on the island for the last twenty-seven years, and has traveled widely.

Ships bound for Spetsas from the Piræus head directly south from Ægina, and, after touching at Methana, make for the narrow opening between the west end of the island of Poros and the mainland on which the ancient city of Trœzen, where Theseus spent his boyhood, looked down. It is like sailing into the mouth of a bottle, except that one would scarcely expect to find fairy-land in a bottle. Even Lewis Carroll never stretched his delightful imagination that far.

The ship rounds a little curve shut in by hills, and suddenly, as if by magic, the snow-white town of Poros drifts from the sea far up the slopes of a hill, and is reflected as in a mirror in the waters beneath. On a still day there are two perfect towns, one on earth and the other beneath the waves. The suddenness and beauty of this apparition causes a thrill of pleasure, no matter how often one has seen it. On the right are the low-lying plains of Argolis, with houses scattered along the shore,

or hidden deep in orange gardens. In the background is the tremendous pile of the Sleeping Woman (Koimoméne), that mountain which so strangely resembles a mighty giantess lying on her back, wrapped in deep slumber through the long ages. She seems to be dreaming of the old gods before Zeus; of the Titans and the times ere man was.

The opening at the farther end of the strip of sea on which Poros is situated is also very narrow. Immediately after emerging from it into the open one gets a glimpse of an old monastery nestling high in the hills, white among green pines. Though we had left Ægina early in the morning, we did not pass the heroic island of Hydra till after nightfall. The town appeared only as a line of lights twinkling in the dark.

We arrived at Spetsas, unannounced, about nine o'clock at night, which is a dangerous thing to do on a Greek island, as it is often impossible to find accommodation of any kind; a contingency that would have been disagreeable in this case, as I had with me my wife and her sister, as well as my daughter. But luck was with us and we secured two quite clean rooms in a little hotel, with a balcony overlooking the public square and the harbor. That same night at dinner I made the acquaintance of a Greek who showed me especial honor on account of my Phi Beta Kappa key, informing me that the letters stood for *Philosophia Biou Kybernetes,* on the wisdom of which precept he discoursed with much appreciation. After dinner we sat on our balcony listening to the rhythmic "Fluff! Fluff! Fluff!" of the waves against the breakwater and the musical chiming each quarter of the tower clock in the tiny square. This clock was the gift of two American

Greeks to their native town, to remind their former friends and neighbors of the value of time. Hydra was swimming dimly in the moonlight, while electric flashes were playing weirdly about the mountains on the mainland.

In the morning we looked upon a turquoise sea, with jade and emerald patches near the shore, Mediterranean hues more vivid at Spetsas than elsewhere. After breakfast I went to call on Spiridon Anargyros and was promptly received by a tall thin man, straight as an arrow despite his nearly eighty years, and as active as a youth. If his beautiful residence had not been pointed out to me I should have known it by the coat of arms, the Egyptian deity so familiar to cigarette smokers.

This remarkable man belongs to an old family of shipowners. His father fought in the War of Independence on a schooner belonging to his grandfather. The family, once wealthy, lost their money, and Spiridon found himself at the age of sixteen an orphan and so poor that he had no shoes to wear. He wandered about till he was thirty-eight years of age, working in various cities—Constantinople, Marseilles, Liverpool, London.

While in the last-named place he formed the plan that led to his great fortune, acquired in a remarkably short time. He had saved one hundred twenty-five pounds sterling and with that he went to America, where he manufactured cigarettes of high quality and distributed them direct to wealthy people and to first-class clubs and hotels. His success was immediate and tremendous. His business grew by leaps and bounds and he sold it out at just the right time to a big tobacco company and retired, while still young, with a large fortune.

He then returned to his native island and for the twenty-seven years that he has lived there, he has devoted his revenues and his time to beautifying the place and improving the condition of the inhabitants. In this work he has been opposed and fought by the politicians, who suspected him of aiming at power and influence, and even hired rowdies to shoot at his workmen on the good roads which he has constructed.

It would tire the reader to mention the many improvements and embellishments which he has introduced into his native isle, in his efforts to re-create a small area of ancient Greece. Among other things he has set out over seventy thousand trees, mostly pines and caribs, practically restoring the old forests, though he has been obliged to buy nearly the entire island in order to accomplish this.

Goat herders have a venomous hatred of trees, which they destroy or burn down, to create pasturage,—and goat herders have votes. "Modern Greece," said Mr. Anargyros, quoting a German scholar, "has two monsters: goats and congressmen. I have got rid of most of the goats on Spetsas."

He has built a large and up-to-date hotel on the seashore, which he claims is the best in Greece, and which he has named the Poseidon, after the ship in which his father fought in the War of Independence. It was closed for the winter when I arrived, but Anargyros caused it to be opened for us, and my family and myself, a party of four, had the whole great place to ourselves for two weeks. But the enterprise in which Mr. Anargyros takes special pride and on which he is lavishing most generously his time and fortune is the preparatory school for boys which

he is founding, and whose series of large buildings are nearing completion. For this institution, which is modeled on Eton, he has already engaged an English headmaster and housemother and a staff of teachers.

This is an interesting experiment and I wonder what will be the outcome after his death: will the good work go on, or will the goats and the politicians resume their sway?

Spetsas forms one of a small group of islands—Spetsas, Hydra, Psara—whose heroic sea captains and sailors immortalized themselves during the War of 1821, and whose efforts contributed greatly to the independence of the country. Throughout the century preceding that event the waters of the Mediterranean were infested by pirates who preyed upon commerce and the coast villages, but these three islands were more or less immune, on account of their rocky conformation and the courage of their inhabitants. They became ship-building centers, and from them went out flocks of armed merchant ships that were able to hold their own with the lawless sea rovers.

Spetsas flourished greatly in this respect from 1760 to 1865 and at one time possessed a fleet of three hundred large vessels and many smaller ones. The biggest shipyards of Greece were at Spetsas—more extensive, according to Mr. Anargyros, than those of either Marseilles or Naples. "The first Greek ship to sail to Boston," he added, "belonged to my uncle."

But after the War of 1821, when navigation became safer in the Mediterranean, the glory of these little islands gradually declined. At the time of Mr. Anargyros' departure to seek his fortune, over fifty years ago, Spetsas contained more than eighteen thousand inhabitants. On

his return, twenty-seven years ago, there were only thirty-five hundred and many of these were tearing down their houses and selling the lumber to passing caiques.

Spetsas lays claim to Bouboulina, one of the two women heroes of the Greek War of Independence, the other being Mando Mavrogénis, of Mykonos. Her husband, Demetrius Boubouli, was killed in a victorious fight with Algerian pirates. The Turks attempted to seize his fortune but the spirited and beautiful widow went to Constantinople and persuaded the Russian Ambassador to intervene in her behalf. While there she became a member of the Friendly Society, a Greek organization that was planning the uprising for freedom. She hastened back to Spetsas and placed all her resources at the disposal of the movement.

She built four ships, taking command of one herself and placing the other three under the captaincy of her two sons and a relative by marriage. She fought on her own ship bravely, and a favorite picture in Greece is that of Bouboulina on her quarter-deck, in the midst of battle. She defrayed the expenses of these four vessels during the war, and also those of a troop of soldiers on land.

This heroine fought in the Peloponnesus and was present at the capture of Argos. Wherever she appeared, as at the siege of Nauplia, she infused fresh courage and enthusiasm into the soldiers. She was the heroine of numerous battles and minor conflicts. If tradition can be believed, and a picture of her hanging to-day on the walls of the Boubouli house in Spetsas, she was a beautiful woman.

It is said that Bouboulina was assassinated in May of 1825 in Spetsas, but I have not been able to confirm this.

The House of Bouboulina, Spetsas

Revolutionary cannon, Spetsas

Brush for bread oven, Spetsas

Now as to Spetsas being the most beautiful spot in the world, it is possible that Mr. Anargyros' opinion may be biased, as he was born there. It is certainly one of the most beautiful. Being only seven and one half kilometers long by two and one half wide, it stands sharply in the midst of the Mediterranean, by whose breezes it is swept. Its rocky and precipitous shores come cleanly down to the sea all around, and there are no marshes, with their accompanying insects and fevers. The distant, surrounding hills are silver gray and at some hours of the day seem to be strewn with violets. The vivid green of the pines against the incomparable blue of the Greek sky, suggests the brilliancy and lucidity of painting on enamel. Heather, wild thyme and lentisk abound and fill the air with their mingled perfumes. The pines are more aromatic than elsewhere. Millions of cyclamens, anemones and other wild flowers peep from crannies in the rocks, or hide shyly in the woods.

There is a good road that slowly climbs along the edge of the cliffs overlooking the sea, dotted with white sails. Following this for an hour or more one comes into a great forest of primeval pines, one of the few left standing in Greece, where he can lie in the shade and listen to the murmur of the trees, stirred by winds from the summer seas, charged with the breath of wild thyme, balsam and heather.

CHAPTER XVI

Chios

THE delightful island of Chios is a good example of the group known as "continental," as it lies just off the coast of Turkey, of which it once no doubt formed an integral part. It belongs to the chain stretching almost due north and south, of which the principal links are Mitylene, Chios, Samos, Rhodes. It is perhaps the most fragrant of all the Ægean Isles, and often the perfume of its orange, lemon and almond trees is wafted far to sea. A chief distinction of Chios lies in the fact that only there is mastic gum extensively gathered as an article of export. This is obtained by piercing the bark of a small tree or shrub and picking off the bits of yellow resinous substance that exude and harden. These are used to flavor a white alcoholic drink known as *masticha,* extensively used as an aperitive in the Near East; and as an ingredient in a soft pasty substance that is eaten with a spoon.

In all Greek communities it is the custom to offer callers a choice of several kinds of preserves on a platter, together with glasses of cold water and a number of teaspoons. The proper thing to do is to eat a spoonful of preserve, drop the spoon into the glass and drink the water. Mastic paste is a favorite delicacy of this ceremony.

Mastic gum is also largely chewed in the Near East,

and one of the liveliest impressions made on the Greek peasant when first entering the United States, is of the great number of people who are, as he supposes, "chewing *masticha.*"

During Turkish rule there were twenty-two villages on Chios whose inhabitants were chiefly occupied in collecting the gum, and these were the peculiar property of the Sultan's harem, whose ladies had an especial weakness for this dainty. They were managed by an agent of the harem, known as the *Sakiz eminé.* On the occasion of the fearful massacre of Chios in April of 1822, in which a large portion of the inhabitants were exterminated by the Turks, the gum collectors of the twenty-two mastic villages were more or less spared, as necessary to the comfort and delectation of his Majesty's wives.

Admiral Calvocoressi, a distinguished officer of the American navy, now on the retired list, harks back, historically, to the massacre of Chios. His grandfather was a prosperous merchant of the island, where he lived with his family in considerable state, in the ancestral mansion. When the Turks landed and commenced ravaging and slaying, they all fled to the interior and attempted to hide, but were at last captured and distributed among Turkish soldiers. There is in the possession of the Calvocoressi family an unpublished manuscript written by the Admiral's father, describing, among other things, the massacre of Chios and the experiences of the family, in which the writer, as a small boy, participated. It is a work of great interest and historical value, and I have been permitted to read it. I do not feel, however, that I have been authorized to quote extensively from it.

The author, also a distinguished naval officer, rose to

the rank of captain. An affecting passage describes the separation of the family and the parting words of the mother to her son. She was evidently a woman of great courage and high Christian character.

"Dear boy," she said, "to-morrow your sister and myself will be obliged to leave you and go to the home of the Turk in whose hands fate has placed us. Study to be a good boy after I am gone, and also, dear boy, remember to say your prayers daily. The Bible is full of instances of God's goodness to those who have remembered to pray to him in the hour of adversity and if we imitate them in their good work, we may also hope to become recipients of his favor."

Captain Calvocoressi, after describing the experiences of himself and other members of his family, gives a lively account of the retribution inflicted upon the Turks by the Greek naval hero Canaris and his fire ships. He takes especial satisfaction in the fact that Capitan Pasha-Kara Ali, in command of the troops that carried out the massacre, perished during the attack by Canaris.

Captain Calvocoressi's account of this stirring historic event is as follows:

The Vengeance of Canaris

The Ottoman fleet anchored off Chios passed the feast of Ramazan with jubilant festivities. On the eighteenth of June, the last day of Ramazan in the year 1822, a number of the principal officers of the fleet assembled on board the ship of the Capitan-Pasha to celebrate the feast of Bairam. The night was dark but the whole Turkish fleet was illuminated.

Two Greek vessels, which had been hugging the land during the day, as if baffled by the wind and endeavoring

to enter the gulf of Smyrna, changed their course at dark, when their movements could be no longer observed, and bore down into the midst of the Ottoman fleet. One steered for the eighty gun ship of the Capitan-Pasha, the other for the seventy-four of the Veala-Bey. Both these ships were conspicuous in the dark night by the variegated lanterns at the mast heads and yards.

The two Greeks were fire-ships. One of them was commanded by Constantine Canaris, the hero of the Greek Revolution. It is needless to say that such a man directed his ship with skill and courage. Carefully estimating every circumstance of the moment, he ran his bowsprit into an open port and fixed his vessel alongside the flagship of the Capitan-Pasha, as near the bow as possible, so as to bring the flames to windward of his enemy.

The fire-ships which Canaris used were contrivances of his own invention. The inside was daubed with pitch and sulphur and filled with dry brushwood. Kegs of powder were placed under the hatches and from each a train was laid, ending at the stern. The rigging was covered with tar, and the ends of the yards were armed with hooks.

As soon as Canaris had firmly grappled with the Turk he lighted the train with his own hands, stepped into the boat where all the crew were ready with their oars, and pushed off as the flames mounted from the deck. The sails and rigging, steeped in turpentine and pitch, were immediately in a blaze and the Turkish crew were far too much surprised at the sudden conflagration to pay any attention to the solitary boat which was rowed rapidly away into the darkness. The flames, driven by the wind, rushed through the open ports of the lower and upper decks and filled the great ship with fire roaring like a furnace. The scene was terrible. A quantity of tents piled up on the lower decks, near the ports where the fire had entered, ignited so quickly and the flames rushed up so furiously through the hatches that all communication between the different parts of the ship was cut off.

No efforts could be made to arrest the conflagration or to sink the ship. Those on board could only save their lives by jumping into the sea. The awnings, catching fire, rendered it impossible to work, even in the quarter-deck. The few boats that were alongside or could be lowered, were sunk by the crowds that jumped into them. The nearest ships were engaged in hauling off, and the progress of the flames was so great that boats feared to approach. Fire was already rushing out of every port below, while blocks and top hampers were beginning to fall from the rigging. The ship was crowded with prisoners, and the shrieks of those who could make no effort to escape struck all with horror who could hear their cries.

Kara Ali jumped into one of the boats that was brought alongside, and, by cutting off the hands of the drowning wretches who sought to clutch the gunwale of his boat, succeeded in getting a short distance from his vessel. But he was not destined to escape. The magazine blew up. His ship was blown to fragments, a falling spar was hurled upon his boat, and he was carried dying to shore. Thus did the author of one of the most fearful crimes in history meet a speedy and merited punishment.

Canaris and his crew escaped in safety, without the loss of a single man, and were picked up the next morning by a passing Greek ship.

The cruelties of the Turks were renewed at Chios after the destruction of the Capitan-Pasha's ship. The mastic villages were laid waste and for many months the slave markets of the Ottoman Empire, from Algiers to Trebizonde were supplied with women and children from Chios.

The Calvocoressi family, with one exception, escaped massacre, and were finally reunited, by the liberal use of ransom money, combined with the prayers of the coura-

geous and pious mother. The boy was sent to America by his father about six months after the massacre, on the brig *Margareta,* bound for Baltimore, where she arrived after a voyage of fifty days. He became a great favorite of the first mate, who, on landing, took him to the home of his mother, a kind-hearted woman. He was subsequently adopted by Captain Alden Partridge, of Norwich, Connecticut, who brought him up and educated him.

Thus, out of the massacre of Chios, in 1822, came to the United States the founder of a distinguished American family, who have rendered loyal service to this country and contributed an Admiral to our navy.

CHAPTER XVII

Eubœa

EUBŒA is the largest of all the Greek islands with the exception of Crete. It lies along the eastern shore of the mainland, from which it is separated by a long narrow gulf, known as the Eubœan. This gulf, at one point, becomes so constricted that it is spanned by a bridge forty meters long, connecting the continent with the island and its ancient city of Chalcis.

Through this narrow channel swirl the mysterious waters that have given to it the name of Euripos. Like a river the sea rushes through here in one direction during certain seasons and phases of the moon, then turns back and rushes in the other. During the days when the influence of the moon is not felt, the current changes its direction every six hours. This remarkable phenomenon has been studied by scientists ancient and modern, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been arrived at. So strong is the force of the current that masters of ships desiring to pass through the strait, are obliged to wait for a favorable hour. Chalcis is a comparatively cool place in summer, and the inhabitants attribute its pleasant temperature to the dashing back and forth of the waters of the Euripos.

In the Eubœan Gulf, at the southern end of the strait, is the famous harbor of Aulis, where the Greek fleet that

sailed away to the Trojan War assembled. There Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, Commander-in-Chief of the Achæan forces, and of Clytemnestra, his wife, was brought to be sacrificed.

The two principal cities of ancient Eubœa were Chalcis and Eretria. The latter was destroyed by the Persians in 490 B. C., but considerable ruins still exist. Excavations were conducted there by the American Archæological School about thirty years ago. Chalcis was noted in antiquity for the many colonies which it founded, some of them at considerable distance from the mother town.

I drove from Athens to Eubœa, through Tatoi, the summer resort of the royal family of Greece, in the mountains above beautiful Kephyssia. The vast forests, in the midst of which their palaces were situated, were destroyed several years ago by a great conflagration, in which Constantine and some of those with him nearly lost their lives. Rumors were not lacking at the time that the fire had been set purposely, with the object of burning the King to death. It is just as probable that the match may have been applied by goatherds, who could not endure the sight of so much good pastureland covered by trees. At any rate, one of the few remaining forests of Greece disappeared at that time, and the fire seems to have been of incendiary origin, as it started in more than one place at the same time.

The route to Eubœa passes by the site of the ancient city of Tanagra, where the exquisite figurines were made in the old days. The modern town is one of the dirtiest and most wretched in Greece. The inhabitants told me that figurines could still be found among the ruins of

Tanagra, but they complained bitterly that the government had set a guard over the place and did not allow the natives to go near it.

We drove across the Euripos bridge, through the modern-looking and clean town of Chalcis, and then down the coast of Eubœa, to a country place in a great park of pines. The owner was—and is—a landed proprietor on a large scale, with immense vineyards, wide fields of wheat and other grains, and many flocks of sheep and goats. He was absent in Switzerland, but his wife, an Austrian lady, once a famous singer, entertained us.

And here I had a chance of enjoying and studying the advantages of the old-fashioned feudal or patriarchal life. The servants and dependents, of which there were a plenty, all dwelt on the place and felt that they belonged to it. They were cheerful, respectful and well fed. One of them, named Maria, was an efficient and delicious cook, who relieved her mistress of all care. One had only to loll under a pine tree in an easy chair or a hammock and clap his hands if he wanted anything, and a smiling girl would immediately appear and say, "*Oreeste!* (Command me.)"

And as I lolled there under the pines, listening to their soft murmur and the occasional trill of a nightingale, I wondered whether our supercivilization, with its rush, worry and discontent, had any advantages to offer to my charming hostess or even to her so-called "peasants." We took our meals, quite a large party of us, under some kind of a spreading tree that resembled a huge umbrella. On the occasion of our last luncheon we had as guest a retired policeman, an old man who had walked out from the village to be with us and recite his poetry; for he was

Island of Skyros
Bridal or festal costume

Island of Eubœa
Characteristic costume of a young woman with spindle and donkey

the bard of Chalcis. He has never found a publisher for his effusions, but he has written enough for a good-sized book and he knows them all by heart.

One of them entitled *On the Bridge at Chalcis,* contained a thought so appealing to me that I took it down and have attempted a rough translation, without reproducing the meter or rhymes of the original.

In the midst of the bridge
I stand and look down,
Watching the blue waters,
That flow back and forth.

But my life's stream flows ahead
And never turns back,
It will come to its end,
Only God knows where.

Ah, blue waters,
I envy you the turning back,
I should like to join with you,
In your eternal going and coming,

To live as you live,
That my life's current,
Might flow back again to beautiful youth,
And to the glad full days!

CHAPTER XVIII

Pirates

THE Ægean isles from time immemorial down almost to the present have been infested by sea robbers, as they have offered all the advantages for the successful pursuit of piracy: lurking places, easily accessible harbors for refuge, markets for stolen goods, teeming commerce on which to prey.

In Homeric times, when kings were little else than robber barons, plunder by land and sea was a recognized state of affairs. Ulysses was a glorious pirate. In Roman days, making a big jump down the ages, the corn supply of the Imperial City was endangered by marauders that lay in wait for it, and Pompey the Great was given the commission of suppressing them, in 67 B. C. He gained no little glory by the thorough manner in which he performed this task, which he is credited as having accomplished in forty days. That must have been a stirring campaign, marked by lively pursuits, sharp fights with no quarter, wreckage and floating bodies. Cicero gives a vivid description of this exploit in his oration "Pro lege Manilia."

Coming down to Byzantine times, we see in the prevalence of piracy, and the official corruption that connived at and fostered it, a phase of the general rottenness that immediately preceded and caused the final dissolution

of that great, gorgeous and purple empire. The Mediterranean became so infested that the inhabitants of many of the islands fled from them, leaving them uninhabited. In 1191 the evil had reached such dimensions that Cephalonia and Ithaca bore an especially evil reputation as pirate nests. There were, in addition, strongholds near Athens, as also at Ægina, Salamis and Makronisi.

Attica was filled with mutilated persons, victims of these cruel pillagers. Such of the inhabitants as did not flee, were obliged to fraternize with the robbers. The condition of the peaceful population was desperate, finding itself literally between "the devil and the deep sea." It was oppressed by the Byzantine government which collected heavy taxes for "ship money," to be used, ostensibly for building vessels to police the seas. The funds thus realized, however, went into the pockets of corrupt officials, and were expended in luxurious living at the capital. One Lord High Admiral even sold the naval stores to increase his own fortune, with the connivance of the Empress Euphrosyne.

In the thirteenth century piracy was a recognized profession, participated in by Venetians, Lombards, Pisans, Sicilians, Provencals, Catalans, Spaniards, Greeks, Slavs and mongrels. Genoa supplied most of the captains, and Venice was the chief recruiting place for the crews.

What a setting for the writer of historical adventure tales! One doesn't need much imagination to visualize the little inns along the canals thronged with picturesque cutthroats, swaggering in a hundred costumes and speaking as many languages, waiting for employment. The names of some of the most terrible captains of the day are: John de lo Cavo, Andreas Gaffore, Roland.

The business became hereditary and the most successful chiefs maintained themselves on land as great lords, with bands of armed knights and retainers. One haul made by De lo Cavo from two Venetian vessels netted him over thirty thousand pounds.

Later on, the Ægean was thronged by Turkish corsairs and their haunts were crowded with captives dragged from their homes; for the Mohammedans found the capture and sale of Christian slaves an especially attractive and profitable branch of their business. Much money was also realized by the ransoms paid for the release of the wealthier prisoners.

Isolated incidents throw light upon the sad state of affairs in the Mediterranean during the Middle Ages: In 1307 the island of Chios was ravaged by Turkish pirates and nearly the entire population massacred; in 1558 all the inhabitants of Ios were carried off by corsairs and enslaved; and we read, with ill-concealed satisfaction, of a notorious pirate who was shipwrecked on the isle of Melos in the fifteenth century, and slowly roasted to death by the exasperated populace. About the middle of the seventeenth century Mykonos reached a great state of prosperity as a lair of sea robbers.

We hear of the Barbary pirates as early as 1560 and their fights with the redoubtable Capitan-Pasha, who, under a commission of the Turkish government, made honest efforts to suppress them. By 1659 and afterward, the African coast had become the headquarters of the evil industry, which contributed greatly to the prosperity of the cities Tripolis, Tunis and Algiers.

These were ruled by Beylerbeys, so called, who conducted piracy on a large scale and were relentless and

ferocious slave hunters. But it must not be thought that Mohammedans alone engaged in this nefarious calling, as their ranks were largely recruited from European renegades. Until the seventeenth century the Beylerbeys used galleys, propelled by oars manipulated by unfortunate slaves, but it was a Flemish renegade by the name of Cimon Danser who taught them the advantage of sailing ships, by which they were able to carry their operations farther afield. They reached their zenith in the seventeenth century, but continued operations on a large scale down almost to our own era.

At one time there were more than twenty thousand Christian prisoners in the city of Algiers alone, many of them of good families.

The reader will naturally wonder why Europe permitted such a state of affairs, when it could have been remedied at any time, by concerted action. The answer is to be found in the habitual dealing of Christian Powers, so called, with the Mohammedan; an answer so often repeated that it becomes monotonous. Mutual jealousies and selfish interests prevented concerted action; the general policy being that of entering into disreputable separate arrangements with the corsairs, to secure immunity for one's own commerce, while allowing them to prey upon that of competitors. Even prominent British statesmen are on record as having expressed doubts as to the advisability of suppressing piracy in the Mediterranean.

The fundamental weakness in this policy, to say nothing of its foulness, lay in the fact that the robbers could not be trusted; and by 1800 the necessity of the abolition of piracy had become pretty generally conceded.

In 1801 and again in 1815 the United States took isolated but not decisive action. In 1816 an allied British and Dutch squadron severely bombarded Algiers and released three thousand prisoners, but the criminals did not reform; neither did they after another bombardment by the British in 1824. This frightful scourge and international disgrace was finally and effectually put an end to in 1830 by the French seizure of Algiers, the great Mohammedan nest of slave-traders and pirates. Any anti-imperialist who demands to know what France is doing in Africa, will find out by studying the history of slave-trading in the Mediterranean. She is doing a work of general benefit to the civilized world.

The little islands of Spetsas, Hydra and Psara were bulwarks of defiance and resistance to the Barbary pirates. Their warrior merchants sailed forth in armed vessels and carried on their commerce unafraid in those infested waters. Many were the stark and desperate conflicts they had, and they were generally victorious, even against much larger craft, with two and three rows of guns. Unequaled sailors, of perfect courage, were these Greeks, and it is evident that the call of Freedom would not fall unheeded on the ears of such men as they. It was the training which they received in their sea fights with the Barbary pirates that, more than anything else, made the Greek War of Independence possible.

Their reckless but skilful exploits during the struggle that made the Greek nation free after long centuries of shameful slavery to an inferior race, have left an unfading trail of glory on the Mediterranean. It is hard for us, living in the security of our peaceful homes, to realize the terrors of existence in regions haunted by murderous

slave hunters. As we have seen, whole islands became uninhabited; in others, the villages were moved farther back into the mountains for greater safety. Folk-songs are still sung describing pirate raids.

THE STORY OF METRO AND PHROSO

In an old pamphlet that was unfortunately burned in the consulate at Smyrna when the Turks destroyed the town, and which I have been unable to replace, is given a graphic and moving account of an attack upon a mountain village by a Mohammedan band commanded by two brothers, one of them a ferocious hunchback. I remember the mere details.

The handsomest and most popular young man of the village, a fisherman called Metro, was engaged to be married to the beautiful and virtuous Phroso. Preparations were being made for the wedding, which was to take place in a few days. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the pirates fell upon the town. In a few moments all was over and they were hurrying down a mountain path to the shore carrying booty and a few slaves, among whom was the beautiful Phroso. Behind them rose the smoke of the burning houses which Metro, who was just coming to land with his catch, could plainly see, rising among the pines.

He rushed up the path with two or three companions and encountered the pirates, whom he frantically attacked. But the Greeks were unarmed and outnumbered. Metro was knocked unconscious by a blow upon the head and taken to the waiting ship, to be sold as a slave. The sailors with him were killed in the encounter.

The marauders put to sea immediately. The captives were all hastily bound and cast upon the deck, with the exception of Phroso, whom the captain kept near him, attempting to calm her by endearing words and glittering promises.

He was a tall handsome fellow, with swarthy cheeks, thick red lips and large expressive eyes, by the name of Abdullah. He seems to have fallen in love with Phroso, and desired to make her his wife. This went on for some time, an hour or more, during which the fearful hunchback gazed on the pair with the expression of a hungry wolf.

In the meantime a storm was rising, but the two brothers were so preoccupied by the charms of the beautiful Greek maiden, rendered majestic by her scorn and loathing, that they took no note of the weather.

At last the hunchback could control himself no longer. Drawing a long knife, he rushed upon his brother, demanding the girl for himself.

"You have until now taken all the beautiful women for your own," he cried, "and I have said nothing. But it's my turn now. This one I want, and I will have her."

Abdullah knocked him down, with a scornful taunt as to his deformity. The hunchback scrambled to his feet and a terrific struggle ensued on the rolling decks, in which the handsome pirate was killed by a knife thrust. The victor threw down his weapon with a triumphant laugh and advanced upon the unhappy girl like a baboon, with arms open.

But Metro had recovered consciousness in the meantime and this sight gave him superhuman strength. Bursting his bonds, he sprang upon the pirate and, before any

of the crew could interfere, succeeded in forcing him over the rail. The twain fell into the sea, locked in each other's arms.

"Bravo, my Metro, bravo!" cried Phroso, with a shrill laugh, and she leaped after her lover.

The robber ship was so disabled by the storm that she was rendered helpless and fell an easy prey a few hours later to a small Hydra merchantman.

CHAPTER XIX

Icaria

THE island of Icaria, which lies a little to the west of Samos, receives its name from Icarus, the first victim of aviation. He was the son of Dædalus, the great Athenian inventor, artizan and architect, who had been compelled to fly from his native city to escape the plots of jealous rivals. The Minos of Crete gave him refuge and employed his talents. 'Twas he who constructed the Labyrinth, or Maze, in which the Man-Bull was stabled. But the Minos became afraid of his great artizan and imprisoned him in the Maze with his son, who was a chip off the old block and inherited his father's talent.

Some say that it was Dædalus who gave to Ariadne the thread by which Theseus was enabled to find his way out again, after slaying the Minotaur, and that his imprisonment was in punishment for that offense. However that may be, he was too clever a man to remain long in captivity. He constructed wings for himself and his son Icarus from linen cloth, fastened together with wax, and the two flew away. Not very good materials, the reader will say, but they were the best procurable; as good, perhaps, as those put into the early dirigibles, that fell so often and with such disastrous results.

Dædalus cautioned Icarus not to fly too near the sun,

lest the heat melt the wax. The young man did not follow this wise advice and the worst happened. He was the first of generations of young men who have got themselves wings and have flown too high. The body of Icarus was washed ashore on the island which bears his name; and where he was buried.

Icaria has an interesting history and is much frequented by Greeks to-day on account of its beautiful climate and hot baths. I have tried, in this narrative, to select islands for treatment not only with reference to description that applies to them all or to groups, but with an eye to distinguishing features. I have been especially attracted to Icaria by its wealth of historical folk-songs.

A great mass of these exists in Greece, dating from before the fall of Constantinople and down through the years, dealing with themes of love, exploits of insurgents, or klephts, war, funerals. There is a whole cycle of the *Diagenis Akrites* ballads—*Akrites* meaning a frontiersman. They are mostly in Iambic hexameters, that play rhythmically on a dividing foot or syllable in the middle of the line. The ballads are in general faithful records of events, often perpetuating the fame of heroes or beauties long mingled with the dust. Some of them possess great dramatic or poetic merit, as the well-known *Gero Demos,* with its thrilling music, *The Two Mountains,* and *The Last Service in St. Sophia.*

The persistence with which they have lingered in the minds of the uneducated masses, unable even to read or write, perhaps gives an idea of how the events of the Trojan War were handed down from father to son, until they were at last crystallized in the Homeric poems. I say "perhaps" with fear and trembling, for I have been

talking with the great scholar Dörpfeld, who believes that Homer wrote his immortal books in Greek soon after the war took place; and also with Sir Arthur Evans, who thinks that they may have been originally written in Minoan. No man can listen to both these famous scholars without getting all mixed up. When giants get to pulling hair, the pigmy does well to "lay low and say nothin'."

I have selected three songs from Icaria as of especial interest. The first of these is erotic and deals with the vengeance of a pirate upon his sister, whose conduct he considers incompatible with the family honor. In translating this ballad from the mediæval island dialect in which it is written I have attempted to reproduce the unrhymed, metrical lines and the simple language. It is called *The Song of Sousa.*

Now listen well and I will tell the story sad of Sousa,
All people of intelligence, give heed to my recital.
This Sousa was a willowy maid, the flower of the castle,
And she was loved by Sarapal, a bold and handsome gallant.
Oh, she loved him and he loved her, for fourteen years it lasted,
And midway of the fourteenth year she fell one night a dreaming,
And while upon her bed she sat, wiping her eyes and weeping,
Her father saw her sitting there, her mother comes and asks her:
"Now what's the matter, Sousa dear, that you sit there a crying?"
"I saw a dream, dear mother mine, a dream that brings me sorrow;

My brother Strati came to me, his sword unsheathed and waving,
His jacket was all soaked in blood, with red blood it was dripping,
And he was stripping leaves from leeks, and garlic he was peeling,
And he was breaking lettuce stalks and bitter lettuce eating.
He came here in this house of ours and stabbed me in the bosom."
"A dream it was, oh, daughter mine, so think no more about it,
Your brother far in foreign lands will stay till he's gray headed."
So Sousa falls upon her couch to sleep a little longer,
When some one knocks upon the door, there's shouting in the courtyard!
There's shouting and there's knocking till she wakens from her slumber:
"Who's that," she cries upstarting, "who's that so loudly knocking?
Are you perhaps my brother, that in foreign lands is straying?"
"Get up, Sousa, come and open, don't pretend that you are sleeping.
For you have your eyes wide open and I know of me you're thinking.
Get up, Sousa dear, and open, let me come and rest a little."
She rises and she opens, with lips all dry and burning,
With mind and senses staggering, her very vision dimmer.
"Ho, Sousa, bring me water, for I am very thirsty."
She takes the crystal pitcher and to the well she hurries,
That she may draw up water to give the thirsty comer.
But that one wants no water, he does not touch the pitcher,
But speaks unto her fiercely and in a savage fashion:
"Who on your bed is lying, above there in your chamber?

You're sleeping, are you? Dreaming? Or does it only seem so?
Behold the shameless vixen, the low, accursed creature!
Before my face, behind my back, she does me foul dishonor!
Bah! Do you think I'll suffer these filthy tricks you're playing?"
He holds her by the hand and points—"There lies your sleeping lover,"
Then draws his sword and plunges it into his sister's bosom.
So great a pain tears through her, it sets her loudly screaming,
Alarming all the household and bringing straight her sweetheart,
Who takes her by her little hand and sets her down before him.
He chews nutmeg and cinnamon and blows his breath upon her,
He sponges with his handkerchief the blood that's pouring from her.
"Run, Sousa, to your mother that she may heal your bosom,
And I will give a fortune to any one that cures you,
A hundred pounds I'll give him, a thousand and five hundred,
And if he asks for double, your Sarapal will give it."
Out in the yard goes Sousa and calls unto her mother:
"Come down to me, dear mother mine, for I have news to tell you,
I've news from your son Strati, who went and joined the pirates."
The mother comes and gets her and takes her to her chamber.
"My daughter, who has wounded you, and who has cut your bosom,
That I may curse him and my curse for ever rest upon him?"

"My brother 'twas that stabbed me, 'twas he that wrought my ruin,
So you must curse him and your curse for ever rest upon him."
The mother takes her by the hand and to the doctor leads her.
"Now, Doctor, here's my daughter, I beg of you to heal her,
And I will give you silver, my very life I'll give you,
And if you wish much money, you've but to ask her sweetheart,
And if you ask a hundred, a thousand and five hundred,
Her Sarapal will give it, and double for that matter."
The doctor says he'll cure her, his eyes say she is dying,
And Sousa comprehended that life for her was over.
"Now all you people, listen, I leave a curse behind me,
I beg of you to bury me in Aghia Varvàra,
There where they bury poor girls and girls from foreign places,
And those unmarried maidens who cruelly were murdered."
"Now daughter mine, dear daughter mine, what clothes shall I put on you?
Oh, do you wish the silken dress or shall it be the velvet,
Or do you wish the linen one that you have nicely folded,
Or shall I choose a garment white, of which you have a thousand?"
"I will not have the silken dress, nor do I wish the velvet,
Nor will I have the linen one that I have nicely folded,
I beg of you to bury me in these my bloody garments,
This dress that he made bloody by stabbing me on Friday,
And, mother, you must bury me in Aghia Varvàra,
There where they bury poor girls and girls from foreign places,
And those unmarried maidens who cruelly were murdered.
And you must say to Sarapal of pearls to make my tombstone,
And plant a cypress by it, and erect a crystal fountain."

The castle referred to in the song, or *Kastro,* was taken in the year 1346 from its Venetian masters by Genoan pirates, and another popular ballad describing the fight has been handed down to the present day.

The Song of Sousa probably dates about the middle of the fourteenth century A. D., and no doubt records an actual happening. The code of "honor" which impelled the pirate brother to murder his sister is the same as that which exists in Greece to-day, causing occasional tragedies.

The crude construction of the *Song* with its frequent repetitions, leaves the reader somewhat bewildered as to the actual happening, which appears to have been as follows: The pirate brother asks his sister to come down and get him a drink of water. As she returns from the well, he upbraids her with bringing shame upon him, and stabs her, after which he seems to have run away. It appears that the lover actually was asleep up-stairs, with the mother's knowledge.

The rich of Icaria were buried at St. Irene, the poor at St. Barbara. In fact, this song, in its historical accuracy, the simplicity and archaic quality of its language, its multiplication of details, bears all the earmarks of a metrical record of a tragedy that occurred nearly six hundred years ago.

Another old song, enumerating the riches of a long vanished beauty, is both quaint and informing, as well as less tragic. It is called *The Wealthy Bride.*

The lordly bride is sitting up-stairs with lordly fan,
The lordly fan she holds and fans in lordly manner,
When mother-in-law comes to her and mother-in-law she says:

"Leave off your lordly fanning and twirl a while the spindle."
The bride runs to her mother, her cheeks all wet with weeping:
"Now tell me, pray, my sisters, and you my kind relations,
Did you who brought me up, ever hand me a spindle?
And shall my husband's mother tell me to twirl a spindle?"
Then by the hand they take her and lead her to the Mayor.

The Mayor.

"Now tell me, lordly lady, how much your dowry was?"

The Bride.

"Twelve stables full of horses and eighteen more of cattle,
And flocks of sheep nine thousand, each one of them a thousand,
And sixty hives of honey bees, with bees in each a thousand,
And roosters sixty-five have I, with hens full six and sixty."

The Mayor.

"Why, you should sit, my Daughter, at ease beneath the pine trees,
Your one hand counting money and lending to the other,
Your chair, in my opinion, should be of polished walnut,
In which to lean back idly and rest your pearl-white body—
Bride, with the neck like marble, you ought to put a crown on,
And go to the King's palace and have your picture painted!"

One gets the idea, from the Mayor's decision, that the lady in question was very beautiful. It is possible, however, that his judgment was biased by the enumera-

tion of her possessions. Perhaps if she had not been mistress of so many sheep, cattle, bees and roosters, he would not have noticed the "marble whiteness" of her neck.

These ballads contain many words, obsolete in the modern tongue, but frequently traceable to classical sources.

The last selection that I shall give recounts a pirate raid on a town in Icaria in 1886, and is evidence that the ancient industry had not become entirely non-existent even at that recent date. It is called *The Ballad of the Pirates of '86.*

In the year eighteen hundred, and eighty-six years over,
On Friday in the evening, the sixteenth of December,
We saw a caique tacking, outside beyond the lighthouse,
With evident intention of anchoring at Evdelo,
And carrying off the farmers busy with the planting.
A band of twelve bold robbers landed on our island
And threw a ring round Evdelo and round the coffee houses.
And first they captured Spano, coming from his vineyard,
To make him name our richest men, proprietors of houses.
He told them all they wanted, they found out in two minutes
That our most wealthy citizen was Mr. Andaràkes.
To Yagourtá's they hurried, and like a pack of mad dogs,
They seized on Yagourtá and threw him from the window.
Our good schoolteacher hearing, beside himself with terror,
Turned over a big basket and hid himself beneath it.
They next grabbed Andaráki, they made of him a captive—
You are that Carálambos, who's known as Andaráki—
They tied his hands together as though he were a convict,

Carálambos, Carálambos, your life's not worth a penny!
"Boys, Boys, don't torture me;" he cried, "don't do me that injustice,
Come with me to the Smyrniote's, and I will borrow money."
They went unto the Smyrniote's and there his hands they loosened,
That he might get the money which Marietta hoarded.
"Now, Marietta, give us cash and don't delay about it,
We're going to burn your house down——" They splashed kerosene upon it;
The Smyrniote smelled petroleum, he didn't wait a minute,
He grabbed his money bags and ran and hid them in the garden.
Into Rebetta's house they broke, took all he had of value,
They carried off his silver, his copper cooking-vessels,
And poor Rebetta shouted, "Help, O help, my children!
They've carried off my silver, my copper cooking-vessels.
Here's my money, take it; go to my store and rob it,
But spare our lives I beg you, mine and my Aphrodite's!"
They broke into the custom-house and stripped the custom's master,
They took away his money, not even his watch they left him;
Now Samioti happened to be looking from his window
And saw the robbers running like mad dogs through the village.
They seized upon the negro, three times they slapped him soundly,
And quickly on his shoulders a sack of flour they loaded.
The stores in town they looted, they cleaned out many houses,
And only two men had the nerve to come to our assistance:
The one our Andriotáki was, the other Papágiannàdi,
And these men were for Evdelo a mighty help and blessing.

They went and fired on the caique, that still had robbers
in it,
The frightened ship stayed out to sea and 'gan to blow its
siren.
Another man too, gave us help, and that was Lemberáki,
Who ran to all the villages, he ran like a policeman.
The very first who hurried down were the Kakorioti,
And then the other villagers, the brave Plantanioti.
The pirates, being sea dogs, were not so good at running,
They hid in the wild berry vines and there our fellows
caught them,
They bound them tightly hand and foot, to Evdelo they
brought them,
They threw them into a caique and off to Chios sent
them.

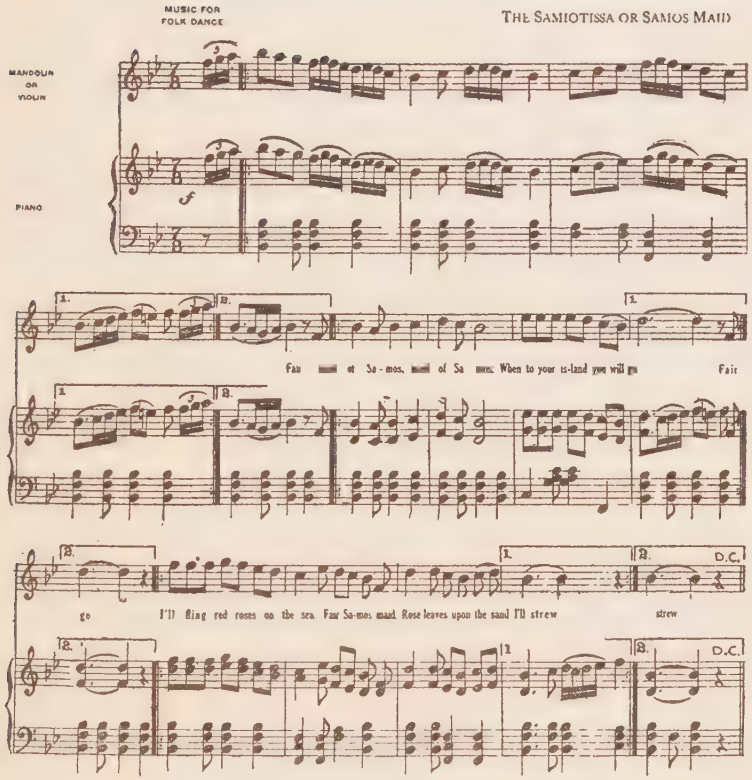
This is as vivid and convincing as a photograph. The villagers are introduced to us without ceremony, as though they were old neighbors of ours. We are not told whether Marietta was wife or daughter of the Smyrniote—she who kept the money bags; it is taken for granted that we know. And the same applies to Aphrodite, namesake of the goddess, for whose life Rebetta pleads. And what satisfaction we have in the quick-witted heroism of several of the villagers and the capture of the marauders! It is evident that the object of the pirates was plunder and the seizure of well-to-do citizens for ransom. The date is too late for slave raiders.

GREEK MUSIC

I have spoken of these popular ballads as folk-songs, and this may be as good a place as any to make the remark that Greek music is only just beginning to attract

THE POPULAR SONG

The Samos Maid


MUSIC FOR FOLK DANCE
THE SAMIOTISSA OR SAMOS MAID
MANDOLIN OR VIOLIN
PIANO
Fair maid of Sa - mos, maid of Sa mos. When to your is-land you will go
Fair
go
I'll fling red roses on the sea. Fair Sa-mos maid. Rose leaves upon the sand I'll strew
strew
D.C.
D.C.

Fair maid of Samos, maid of Samos,
Your eyes of melting splendor
In pieces forty-two have torn, Fair Samos maid,
My heart so fond and tender.

And for the ship on which you go
Bright golden sails I'll make you,
But I will row to Samosland, Fair Samos maid,
With golden oars and take you.

the serious attention of European, especially French, specialists. Byzantine music, like all things Byzantine, is not sufficiently understood, and has not received the attention that it deserves. It is extremely complicated, scientific and elaborate, and requires years of study. Those who are looking into the subject, say that it will be a great source of inspiration to composers in general, when it is better known.

It is now practically conceded that Greek popular music is derived from the Byzantine. One of its characteristics is that the intervals between the notes can be as many as six, and can not be played on the piano. The shadings are often so delicate that they can scarcely be detected by the ear. It is no doubt for this reason that the shepherd's pipe, a survival of the ancient pipes of Pan, can still be heard in Greece. On such an instrument did that "greatest musician in the world," Sphengali, produce his wonderful improvisations.

It is even difficult to interpret such music by the human voice, that most flexible and delicate of all organs. Visitors to Greece wonder that the peasants and shepherds do it so easily, and explain the talent by saying that it is inherited, or "in the blood."

CHAPTER XX

Mitylene, the Home of Sappho

I HAVE visited this, one of the most beautiful and fertile of the Ægean Isles, many times and for various reasons. Like most devotees of the shotgun, who have lived for any length of time in the Near East, I have been there for the quail shooting. These birds, for thousands of years, have made annual migrations from Russia to Egypt, in vast swarms, breaking the flight several times by settling on long-established and well-known stations, of which San Stefano, near Constantinople is the first, and Mitylene the second. How many times they rest between that island and their ultimate destination I do not know. They flutter down on several of the Ægean group farther south—notably Spetsas—where they are eagerly awaited by hunters. That this migration had already commenced in the days of Homer is suggested by the fact that he names an imaginary bit of land near Syra, Ortygia, or Quail Island.

The birds begin their southward flight near the middle of August and continue it well into September. They are somewhat smaller in size than the American variety and are delicious eating. They are plump and mostly young, which no doubt accounts for the necessity of frequent rests. Every inhabitant of Mitylene has some sort of shooting iron, from an old blunderbuss or Gras rifle,

bored out for shot, to modern breech loader. As the country where the shooting is done is slightly rolling and there are many trees, mostly olive, accidents are frequent. One-eyed men are numerous in Mitylene, though I have never seen one completely blinded. It is probable that the losers of a single orb relinquish the sport; though I am personally acquainted with a hunter who has lost his left eye quail shooting and is still an ardent follower of the sport. He informed me that the loss of his left eye had facilitated his skill, as he is no longer obliged to close it when aiming.

The birds light for rest after dark and fly away very early in the morning. I rose at two A. M. and started with a party of natives for the hunting-ground in order to be there just before daybreak. The whole island seemed to be mobilized and to be moving like an invisible army toward the interior, on foot, on donkeys and bicycles, in every conceivable sort of conveyance from hired cabs to ox-carts. We arrived half an hour before it was light enough to shoot and found an advance guard that had come out the night before and slept on the ground. The battle began with a sporadic "pop! pop!" of too eager hunters firing at the whirring of invisible wings. At the earliest gray of dawn it was on in earnest, a universal whirring and popping. After a brief and exciting campaign came the meeting of friends in country inns, the eating of breakfast washed down with liberal potations of the wine for which the island was famous in the days of Sappho and Alcæus, the comparing of bags and the boasting.

I have also visited Mitylene for the sake of drinking the water of the springs said to contain radium, an al-

leged antidote for the encroachments of age. But the influence that has most strongly drawn me there was the beckoning spirit of Sappho. From my earliest youth, from the days of my first acquaintance with the Greek language, the "Poetess" has bewitched me. I met a distinguished Greek scholar in Athens the other day who said he couldn't "see" Sappho. Of course if a man can not see a thing, he can not feel it.

It is true there is not much of her left for us moderns, but there is enough to make her brightly visible: the "small, dark body filled with immortal fire," "rose-loving, violet-weaving" Sappho, the fieriest and most exquisite spirit that has ever been clothed with mortal form. Tennyson, Byron, Swinburne, Rossetti, Symonds, Alma Tadema, and a host of others who have lived since the destruction of her complete works, have been able to see her. Her influence has permeated all the literatures of modern times, and her name is so universally known today that only those steeped in the profoundest ignorance are unaware of it.

The fame of Sappho is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the human race. Her complete works were extant and accessible from sometime about 600 B. C. down to an indeterminate period in the early days of the Christian era. Since then only two complete poems and a few fragments have existed.

During all the splendid years of Greek art and literature she enjoyed the unchallenged and ungrudging admiration of the greatest company of poets and critics that the world has ever known. She was practically universally hailed as the Queen of poetry, as the female Homer, as the tenth Muse, as the "Poetess."

Classic literature teems with references to her, and she exercised a profound influence upon Greek and Roman writers. Then followed a darker epoch during which her character was defamed, and the splendor of her intellectual achievement was lost sight of. Even some well-known modern writers have found their chief interest in this phase of the Sapphic question. But the star of her fame was of too fierce an intrinsic brightness. It burned through and dispersed the fog, and now beacons from that realm where the immortals are, a fixed sun of the first magnitude.

This is due largely to the incomparable beauty of the few fragments that remain to us, which, like chips from diamonds, are still diamonds. Poets like Swinburne, Tennyson and Rossetti, whose highly tuned ears have caught the divine melody of these still audible notes of her song, and have been able to imagine the rest, have done much in later years to reintegrate the fame of Sappho.

Swinburne says of her:

Ah the singing, ah the delight, the passion!
All the Loves wept, listening; sick with anguish,
Stood the crowned nine Muses about Apollo;
Fear was upon them,
While the tenth sang wonderful things they knew not.
Ah, the tenth, the Lesbian! the nine were silent,
None endured the sound of her song for weeping;
Laurel by laurel,
Faded all their crowns; but about her forehead,
Round her woven tresses and ashen temples
White as dead snow, paler than grass in summer,
Ravaged with kisses,
Shone a light of fire as a crown forever.

In these lines Swinburne attempts, in a language in which accents take the place of long syllables, thereby rendering the experiment difficult, to imitate the meters of Sappho.

Rossetti has combined two of Sappho's most beautiful metaphors into a single poem not unworthy the daintiness and grace of the Lesbian. She speaks of a fair maiden whose heart none of the youths has as yet been able to capture as, "an apple high on the topmost bough of the tree of love," and she pities the hyacinth flower that has been trampled in the dust by the shepherds, just as Burns, nearly twenty-five hundred years later, pitied the mountain daisy, upturned by the plowshare. Here is Rossetti's exquisite adaptation of Sappho:

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top on the topmost twig,—which the pluckers forgot somehow,
Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.
Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

Tennyson was deeply influenced by Sappho, and many echoes of her music are found in his writings, as where, for instance, he quotes bodily the exquisite line,

As when in heaven the stars about the moon look beautiful.

The tiny glittering fragment of Sappho that has given me the most delight are the words—four in Greek—"O

Evening Star, thou bringest all things!" I have been audacious enough to attempt to give the poet's meaning, and my idea of what the complete, unbroken gem may have been, in the two following stanzas:

Hesperos

Evening star, thou bringest home
All that morning scattered wide;
To the fold the cattle come,
Children seek the mother's side.

And thou bringest back again,
Through the starlight wan and dim,
With a song the fisher swain
Where his sweetheart waits for him.

There is no doubt that Byron had Sappho in mind when he wrote the following lines of Don Juan—though he was too discursive and facile to keep to the point:

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the nightwinds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

The universality and persistence of Sappho's fame in ancient and modern times is a subject that could well be expanded into a book, like that written lately by my friend, Doctor David M. Robinson, of Johns Hopkins. Tennyson has summed it up in the lines in *The Princess:*

Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever.

The stories defaming the moral character of Sappho are not founded on well-established facts and will not bear close investigation. They are mainly myths invented long years after her death, exploited for sordid reasons in modern times by evil-minded writers. Some of the attempts of present day authors in her defense are rather amusing. Mary Mills Patrick, for instance, in her *Life of Sappho,* says, in effect, that the poetess was principal of a sort of young ladies' school, and therefore could not have been immoral. It is true that Sappho founded a school of poetry, or perhaps a kind of woman's literary club, the first in history, so far as I know, but the argument does not seem quite convincing, with all due deference to Miss Patrick, who was herself principal of a girls' school on the Bosphoros, and an eminently respectable lady.

I do not find much either in Dr. David Robinson's point concerning Sappho's love of flowers: "A bad woman as well as a pure woman might love roses, but a bad woman does not love the small and hidden wild flowers of the field, the dainty anthrysc and the clover, as Sappho did."

I confess that I do not know what an "anthrysc" is, nor whether the love of one is sure proof of a woman's purity; I think I have met bad women who liked the smell of clover. I call to mind a particularly fascinating and dangerous lady who, many, many years ago, in the brave days when I was one and twenty, recited to me a poem the refrain of which has remained with me all my life:

Over and over
The scent of red clover
Comes to me sweet as the breath of a lover!

I do agree most heartily with the learned and genial doctor's showing that there is no historical basis for the defamatory stories concerning Sappho's life; nor for the myths about her relations with the poet Phaon and her leap from the Leucadion rock. The great poetess probably died in her bed at an advanced age, a respected wife and mother.

The unanswerable refutation to the scandals concerning Sappho is to be found in the exquisite delicacy of sentiment pervading her writings, and her ethereal, sprite-like personality. There is nothing gross or sensual about a spirit whose earthly covering was merely a container, as the ancients said, of immortal fire. And that to me, in a way that I can not quite express, is the reason for her all-pervading and deathless fame. An immortal, ethereal spirit can not die; never did die.

In the brave young days above referred to I wrote much verse about Sappho, some of which ran about as follows, as near as I can remember:

Then farther flies my fancy, whither whist on
The Ægean sleep the evening breezes fair;
A small dark woman sings with eyes that glisten,
And roses garlanding her ebon hair,
While Lesbian maidens seated round her listen
To songs of love, its triumphs and despair.

For "Love is sweet," she says, her sad eyes raising,
The while her fingers softly strike the strings,
"Nay, Love is bitter, for what grief amazing,
What dreary days and sleepless nights it brings,—

Yea, bitter-sweet," and with such perfect praising,
A deathless song down all the years she wings.

For this is she who in the twilight hushes
Of lyric art made poetry her choice,
Whose rose beside the spring Pirean blushes
With hues wherein the immortal gods rejoice,
And never any dawn the sea that flushes
Shall lack the lonely beauty of her voice.

Unrivaled Queen of Song; dawn bringer
Of lyric splendor brighter than its day;
Eos of passion poetry; word winger
Of sighs that linger in the world for aye;
Tenth Muse, and best of all, the woman singer
Whose laurel lasts while nations fade away!

Sappho first called love "sweet-bitter," or bitter-sweet as we moderns put it, and this is one of her unforgettable sayings. It is more than possible that this happy and immortal characterization throws a flash of light on the singer's heart history. No woman could have said that without experience; a reflection which is sustained by the stanza, evidently the first of a longer poem, beginning,

The moon has set.

This stanza I once translated into English verse and added a number of others, by way of completing the lyric, as I imagined it might have originally stood. The entire effort is to be found in Stedman's *Anthology of American Verse*. It begins with a translation of Sappho's existing lines, as follows:

The moon has left the sky,
The Pleiades have flown,
Midnight is creeping nigh,
And I lie down alone!

Sappho's writings were very voluminous, comprising, among other things, nine books of lyrics, epigrams and elegies. Of these about ninety fragments are all that is left to us, a number which happily is continually growing, owing to new discoveries that have been made since the admirable collection of Wharton.

About all that is known of her private life is that she was born about 630, in Eresus, a town on the west coast of Lesbos, and that she went to the city of Mitylene, on the east, to live, early in life. She had three brothers, one of whom, Charaxus, became the prey of a certain famous courtesan named Doricha, causing Sappho much uneasiness. The poetess lambasts Doricha in a lively poem, much of which has been recently found. Th re is evidence that she married a man by the name of Cercylas and had one daughter, named Cleis, after the poetess' mother. Indeed this daughter is mentioned in a fragment as being "dainty as the golden flowers, and not to be bartered for the wealth of all Lydia and the bowers of Cyprus."

The names of various members of the literary club that she founded are fairly authentic, as gathered from her own verses and other sources: Atthis, Telesippa, Megara, Anactoria, Gongyla, Mnasidica, Erynna. Pittacus, one of the wise men of Greece, was Lord of Lesbos in Sappho's days. The last time I visited the island I found the Pittacus family still flourishing, but did not take the trouble to trace it back to the Wise Man.

MARRIAGE SONGS

Sappho wrote many songs for weddings, the character of which, as evidenced by the fragments, suggests that

A bust of Sappho in the Villa Albani at Rome. This is in all probability the most likely bust of Sappho.

the present marriage customs in the islands of Greece hark back to remote antiquity. There is to-day much singing in praise of bride and groom, coupled with dancing, wine drinking and other festivities. The ceremonies differ somewhat in various places, but are substantially as follows: the bride's dowry, consisting of furniture, kitchen utensils, articles of clothing, linen, blankets, etc., is carried to the groom's house by a procession of villagers headed by musicians; friends of the groom then go to the house of the bride and demand her. A sham fight occurs for possession of the young lady, always ending in victory for the besiegers, who carry her off triumphantly to the house of her future lord and place her on a sofa. Here she is joined by the groom, who sits down beside her and the twain receive the congratulations of the entire community.

The classical student witnessing a rural Greek marriage ceremony often observes customs that are very ancient survivals. For instance, I once saw a bride, when first entering her future home, step on a pomegranate that had been placed on the threshold and crush out the seeds as a symbol of desired fruitfulness. There was a pomegranate in the hand of the gold and ivory statue of Hera, the goddess of fertility, by Polycleitos, at Argos. Some of the scenes in the marriage drama are picturesque, or touching. At Poros, and in other localities, a small boy heads the procession of the groom and his friends, on their way to the wedding, carrying the bridal wreaths and two immense wax candles on a huge tray. In some places there is a beautiful custom observed by the father of the bride, at the moment when she leaves his house. Taking an olive branch, he dips it in water and sprinkles

the brow of his daughter, saying: "My daughter, if there have been any differences between us, let the memory of them evaporate like this spray."

The existing fragments of the wedding songs of Sappho, few and mangled as they are, indicate that a marriage of her day was an extended ceremony, accompanied by much singing and play-acting, as is the case in rural Greece to-day.

The popular songs accompanying a wedding in the island of Crete fall under the following heads:

1—Song of the dowry bearers, going for the dowry,
2—Song of the dowry bearers, returning with the dowry,
3—Song of the bride's cake,
4—Song of the groom's cake,
5—Song of the dressing of the bride,
6—Song of the group going to fetch the bride,
7—Before the house of the bride,
    a. on the part of the groom,
    b. from the house, on the part of the bride,
    c. on opening the door of the bride's house,
8—On leaving the bride's house,
9—En route to the house of the groom,
10—From the roof of the groom's house.

In these songs, rustic and simple as they are, an occasional Sapphic echo is to be heard, as for instance, when attiring the bride, the maidens sing,

Love gathered roses and flowers of paradise,
And from them made your body.

When the door of the bride's house opens, that she may come out, those awaiting her chant,

Open, doors of heaven, open ye gates of Paradise,
That the angels may come down and bless her!

The bride is frequently referred to as "golden," a favorite metaphor of the great poetess; and this is surely a Sapphic touch, the wail of the bride's mother, as her daughter departs:

The mother weeps, she weeps for the lemon tree of her garden,
They have come to take her away, to take her away for ever!

One of the best known of the Sapphic fragments has to do with the bringing of the bride to the groom's house:

Lift high the rafters,
Hymen, O Hymen!
Raise them high, ye builders,
Hymen, O Hymen!
The groom is as tall as Mars,
Hymen, O Hymen!
Taller than a tall man,
Hymen, O Hymen, etc.

It is surely more than a coincidence that the final act of the marriage drama in some rural communities of modern Greece consists in raising a flag over the conjugal residence, accompanied by the singing of a song from the roof.

There are many beautiful excursions to be made in Mitylene, but the one that has pleased me most is the trip by carriage north and west along the gulf of Iéra to the little town and monastery of Ayasso, where the women wear baggy breeches and are famous as wet nurses.

As we rise into the hills and reach the point where we look down from high above the western end of the gulf, the view is majestic and of entrancing loveliness: a vast amphitheater sloping to the sea; and far below a land-locked expanse of laughing blue water, whose brightness is intensified by the gray colorings of the surrounding hills, and whose surface is infinitely flecked with snowy ripplings, and dotted here and there by the sails of fisher boats, dipping at graceful angles. This is the Bay of Iéra, commonly so called; but on the Greek maps you will find it designated as Kolpos Kalonés, (Gulf of Beauty).

From this spot I can understand better than from anywhere else in Lesbos the influence of nature upon the soul of the "Poetess," and its spiritual uplift. I suppose that Sappho's genius would have flamed into song had she been born and lived elsewhere than on one of the most enchanting of the Greek Islands; though there is little doubt that natural surroundings and environment have much to do with a poet's inspiration and development. Sappho was a close observer and intense lover of nature, and it seems peculiarly fortunate that she was a native of Mitylene. One gets closer to her there than elsewhere. Every moment of the day, as one sits under the olive trees, listening to the shrilling of the cicadas, or near some rivulet in the shade, lulled by "the sound of cool waters, as sleep drips to the ground from the whispering leaves," keen memories of the poetess beat upon the heart. But it is in the magical nights of summer that her sweet ghost creeps nearer, unseen but intensely real, and that one feels her to be abroad, exquisitely thrilled by the passionate silences and the beauty of the "stars about the moon."

MITYLENE, THE HOME OF SAPPHO

I stood on the seashore of Mitylene. There was no moon, but a million stars spangled the sky, bright as diamonds, filling the world with an ineffable radiance that was neither light nor darkness. And suddenly out on the sea the voice of an invisible woman began singing a Greek love song. It was a beautiful voice, tender and passionate, pouring forth the eternal yearning of the Sapphic night. I did not know who she was. I did not care. The spirit of Sappho was singing.

CHAPTER XXI

Mitylene Idyls

THERE has never been another Sappho in Mitylene, nor anywhere else; it is a pleasure to note, however, that literary inspiration has not been wanting in the island even in recent years. At least one writer of short tales has appeared, whose little book, *Island Stories,* is of unusual merit and has taken the rank of a classic among readers of the modern tongue.

Argyres Evtaliotes was born in the village of Molybos, on the west coast, in 1849. This town is on the seashore almost directly north of Eresos, the birthplace of Sappho. His descriptions of nature are so beautiful and his portrayal of the life of the simple people of his native isle are so faithful and charming that I have thought it worth while to translate a few passages, and to render in full two of his short stories. Is not this alluring, this bit describing the beauty of night in Lesbos?

The sweetest hour of that place was not the dawn, when the mountaintops smile at the kiss of the sun; neither midday, loud with the voice of the cicada; nor yet the evening, when we went down to the shore and watched the fish leaping into the air, as though the sea had not room for them all. The real hour here was the night, in the garden of the summer-house, under the

cherry trees, by the spring, the never silent spring, which, in chorus with the frogs, the bells of the sheep all about, and the soft murmuring of the waves on the shore, made the most entrancing music ever heard.

And I am almost forgetting the sweetest instrument of all: that of the crickets that shrilled in the grass with the insistence of cicadas, but not their boldness; their song was gentle, sweet and low—like voices of the starless night.

When it grew a little later the wind changed and blew from the land; it came down the ravine with a freshness that made even the old feel young. The poplar trees near the spring first gave us notice of this change of air, with a deep and unearthly murmuring. There we passed our nights in summer. There we heard many legends and many tales.

The first of the two short stories of this author that I have translated, hoping thus to supplement, from a native source, the picture that I am attempting to give of life in the Greek islands, is entitled *Próte Agápe,* or

FIRST LOVE

I must have been about twelve years of age and she about eleven. I could never meet her at church, or at festivals, or at the spring, or at the window. Her mother and mine were not good friends. There at school where I did see her we were not alone. There were about eight or ten of us respectable boys, determined to learn all about the Infinitive Mood and to bring civilization into the village. Also five or six girls who came two hours a day and, sitting on the other side of the old schoolmaster, parsed with such grace that they made you fall in love with grammar.

According to my notion, only one was beautiful and she was my beloved. What have I said? Why on earth beloved? I had never spoken a word to her. I had never even so much as touched her dainty hand with my finger. My breath could not float near enough to her to caress her. The best that I could do was to have the word "I love" leap from my lips to hers when we were conjugating a tense, standing in line and I could manage to be the last boy when she was the first of the girls.

"I have loved, thou hast loved," she commenced to say and stammered and smiled, and I, who had waited days for a chance, smiled back at her, my face shining with joy, and feeling no fear that the teacher would discover our momentous secret. Then she would look down on her book, her cheeks rosy with blushes, and the girl at her side would begin the next tense.

Eyes and again eyes! Without you there would be no first love. My glances when she came into class, her glances when she left to go home, these were our vows, our songs, our kisses, these were our love letters. As time went by, and without ever exchanging a word, we developed into a science the art of using the eyes.

Her glances were of many kinds: indifference, that tore my heart; anger, that burned me like lightning flashes; infidelity, when she looked at another boy, that melted me like wax and destroyed me. Then, another day, the sweet eyes of love, that restored my heart and brought me peace. My own glances, full of meaning though they were, showed not these terrible changes. They always expressed devotion, sorrow, suffering.

Three months must have passed in this manner. Every morning I rose at first cock crow, impatient to get away

to school. My mother became very proud of me and foresaw that I would become a Bishop. I was always first at school, but even so could not succeed in finding her alone, either coming or going. That was my one desire, my dream: to get her alone, if only for a minute; to tell her once and for all that I was dying for her, that I was withering away, that her eternal love was my only salvation. My burning glances had told her this, but my unsatisfied heart longed for words, it knew neither moderation nor reason, it cried out within me: "Forward, love has other blisses!"

But how to make her understand that I wanted to talk to her? This could not be done with the eyes. A letter was necessary. A thousand times I wrote and rewrote it. I took it with me determined not to hesitate, to fear neither teacher nor monitor, but to give the missive secretly to her in a book, an inkstand, anything handy. The hour would arrive and my heart failed. I did not do it! I took away the paper and tore it up, cursing the hour when I was born such an inefficient coward.

At the beginning of summer I rose one morning early and went first to church, where I made a vow to the Virgin that I would give the letter that day or be struck by lightning. I arrived, as usual, first at school. All the boys came, all the girls, but though I watched the door till I strained my eyes, my little one did not come.

The teacher called the roll. He came to the name of Argyro.—Silence!

"Where is Argyro?" he asked.

"Her mother is sick and she stayed at the house," replied one of the girls.

What a heavy heart I took home with me that eve-

ning! The next morning I went again to school—the same thing!

A week passed, two weeks—a month, when one day a little girl told the teacher that Argyro's mother was dead and that she would not come back to school, any more.

I must have been twenty-five years of age when I returned to my native island to visit again my own people. All my old boy and girl friends came to see me. Argyro came over from the other end of the island, married now, with two children.

We talked together for the first time in our lives. I said a thousand things to her: how beautiful her children were, how bright, what joy I had to see my mother again, and to find her so well. But of our first love, that unforgettable love, now as then, we said not a word!

THE SHEPHERD LAD

The second story of Evtaliotes which I have chosen for translation I have selected not because it is one of his best, but for the reason that it develops a certain phase of Greek psychology: love for the spot of birth, and the feeling that one particular locality, be it even a small island village, or a mountain, is one's "native land."

The place where the little country church of St. Tryphon was built was not a spot of which you could say: "I saw it and was enchanted." It was surrounded neither by trees, nor water nor gardens. Stone heaps without number covered the mountainside above it, but, near the shore and around the dry walls of the church, were countless reeds. The waters of the mountain, it seems, seeped down, hidden in the soil and gave the reeds their

luxuriance. Farther down is the lovely beach, white with pebbles, and then the sea. Nothing unusual: reeds, mountain, sea. But even so, when the whole village gathered there for mass once a year, what picturesqueness, what joy!

I used to climb up and look at the scene from a little distance, to enjoy that unforgettable picture: the varied colors of the villagers' costumes within the roofless church, filled to capacity and standing around it. I heard the sacred songs from afar, saw the smoke of the censer float up and spread gradually among the branches of the sole tree that stood there and half covered the church—if it could be called a tree; it was a wild olive, one half dry, the other half fighting for life against the salty soil and the winds. Near me there was other music, the singing of the field larks. The sun did not penetrate that remote corner where stood the church till after mass. One worshiped in the shade of the cool morning hour, but could see the sun-gilded mountaintops.

As I stood there one day drinking in with my eyes and my whole being those virginal beauties, I observed a boy coming down the mountainside. He stopped at some distance from the church and listened to the service. He was very meanly clad, shoeless and hatless. Short trousers left his legs bare, from the knees down; but those molded and downy limbs, bronzed by the sun, would have filled a prince with envy; as would also his bare head, with the short, blond curls, the regular features, the blameless nose, the flashing eyes, the full lips.

He stood there like a statue, bending his shapely neck, making me think of the models that inspired the great Greek sculptors and I said to myself, "The old race still exists in all its purity."

I approached the boy and asked him where he came from, who he was. He was the son of the widow Dexeropis, from the hamlet situated on a ridge the other side of the mountain and he herded, I forget now, whose goats. I gave him a penny, which he bashfully accepted.

The service came to an end, we all went down to the beach, I mingled with my friends, we sat down in the shade of a great rock, we picked up sticks to light a fire, we made coffee, we brought out the festal zwieback, twice raised to make it doubly light, and we breakfasted.

Afterward, while we were throwing pebbles into the sea and talking, I said to a friend of mine who was of some importance in our town: "I saw a boy back there on the mountainside that you ought to take away from the goats. It's a shame that such a boy should waste his life on the mountain. You will find him bashful, but bright. Take him and you will not regret it. Send him to school for two or three years and then take him into the store. He'll make his way in the world."

My friend consented and took the boy.

After many years, returning from foreign parts to my island, I stopped over for several hours in one of the towns to rest and get a fresh horse. While I was sitting in the shop of a friend there came to me a youth whose beauty and grace startled me.

"I am that shepherd boy," he said, "whom you met at St. Tryphona."

If I had forgotten the incident, it flashed immediately upon my memory. I rose and embraced him as though he were my son. Grasping his hand I asked him how he came to be there in the town.

"I have lived here now," he said, "going on five years. I came to improve my condition and, thank God, I have not done badly. The big store across the street is mine. I bring my American goods from as far away as London."

"Eh, now that you have grown rich, why not come with me to our village? You see, I'm going back, poor as I am. Come on, come on, what joy the little mother would have!"

"Ach, the little mother is in heaven," he replied with a sad smile.

"Come along, my boy, and leave these foreign parts before you get tied down. Come there where the little mother is sleeping."

"It's already too late," he answered me. "They married me off here a year ago."

"All right, bring your wife to the village and leave to the others the money grubbing. Don't you remember, unhappy boy, our lovely native place, that sweet little mountain, which you could take and turn into a paradise? What work you could do there! What a garden you could make, what a country house you could build!"

"Ach, I'll tell you why it is impossible. Perhaps you think I don't wish to do this? That I don't long for it? But neither my wife nor my mother-in-law will hear of it. They are the mistresses. They are town women. They even refused to go with me on a one day's trip to my humble village. My good woman does not even let me speak of my native place that knew me when I was a poor and sunburned boy—as if that mountain hadn't nourished my very heart——"

And here he stopped, for he was choking and his eyes were filled with tears.

CHAPTER XXII

Salamis

IF ONE goes straight west from Piræus for a short distance he comes to the shore of the Strait of Salamis. A range of hills rises from the beach, and, if a Greek guide be along, he will point to the exact spot where Xerxes sat on a gorgeous throne with silver legs, surrounded by his retinue, watching the destruction of his fleet on or about September 22, 480 B. C.

That is a good thing about guides: they are cock-sure of their information, and they send the unsophisticated traveler home with the feeling that he has actually beheld the things that he came forth to see. There is a spot on the hillside overlooking the strait to which tradition has given the name the "Seat of Xerxes," but it is not quite satisfactory, as it is not near enough to the scene of battle. All the descriptions put the Great King closer up.

However that may be, he sat somewhere on that hill slope, scholars are not quite sure where. Byron gives all the essentials in his vivid lines:

> A king sate on the rocky brow
> Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
> And ships by thousands lay below,
> And men in nations,—all were his!
> He counted them at break of day,
> And when the sun set, where were they?

Salamis is the most glorious island in the world. It shines with unparalleled and imperishable glory. If Asiatics had conquered there, they would have overrun Greece and would have destroyed the civilization to which we owe our own. The victory was due to the exalted genius, military and political, of Themistocles. There is no better example in all history of the supremacy of brains combined with courage. The battle of Marathon, which had taken place ten years before, though it had resulted in a glorious victory for the Greeks, had not been decisive. The Persians were bent on revenge and conquest and they made vast preparations to secure their object.

Themistocles, it is evident, kept himself thoroughly informed, and he decided that the Athenians would not be able this time to resist successfully by land.

He evolved a bold and desperate scheme: to desert Athens and Attica; to send out all the non-combatant population to Trœzen, Ægina and Salamis; and to devote the revenues of the state, principally those realized from the silver mines of Laurium, to the building of a fleet. A moment's thought and but little imagination are required to realize the dramatic nature of that situation—the excitement, the agony of suspense and fear. He was strongly opposed, especially by that great man, Aristides, of whose honesty and patriotism there seems to be no doubt. Aristides was banished and the fleet built, three hundred triremes, according to all accounts.

The main facts of the battle—the essentials—are known. The Greek fleet anchored in a little bay in the narrow strait and the Persians closed them in and attacked. The enemy ships had not sufficient room to operate properly and take advantage of their superior num-

bers. They got into a snarl and were destroyed by the dexterous and mobile Greeks.

Admirers of Themistocles give him credit for purposely allowing the enemy to surround the allied fleet under his command, with the idea of forestalling desertions, and of forcing all the captains and crews to fight desperately for their lives. It is even alleged that he caused the news to be conveyed to Xerxes that the Greeks intended sailing away at night before the battle and that he must shut them in, if he wished to prevent their escape. This is the version given by the great tragic poet Æschylus, who was present at the battle, of which the best and most authentic description extant is to be found in his drama, *The Persians,* acted eight years later at the Theater of Dionysos, at Athens. It is certain that the action of Xerxes prevented the defection of the Peloponnesian allies of Themistocles.

There are some masterpieces of the ancient classics which every person of average intelligence should read. Whoever has not read *The Persians* of Æschylus should do so immediately, before picking up another modern novel. It is more absorbing, dramatic and exciting than anything that is being written to-day. It is extraordinarily bold and original in conception. Though presented but eight years after the battle, in a city as yet barely recovered from the Persian invasion, to an audience fresh from those days of stress and peril, there is not a Greek character in it.

The scene is laid in Sousa, at the palace of Xerxes, and the dramatis personæ are as follows:

A Chorus of Old Men,
Atossa, Mother of Xerxes,

A Messenger,
The Ghost of Darius, Father of Xerxes,
Xerxes.

Briefly, the theme of the play is as follows: the Chorus opens with a description of the vast host taken out of the country by Xerxes, its principal leaders and nations, and expresses anxiety. Queen Atossa enters and relates a disturbing dream that she has seen, asking the Chorus for an interpretation. As the anxiety increases, a messenger arrives from Greece, who announces the disaster and describes the battle. Discussion follows as to the terrible nature of the news and its probable effect as a national calamity, shaking the very foundations of the kingdom. Atossa's grief is somewhat alleviated by the fact that her son is still alive. At her request a sort of incantation takes place for calling up the shade of the great Darius, which appears.

The remainder of this immortal play, as dramatic and exciting to-day as it was nearly twenty-four hundred years ago, the words of the grisly but imperial specter, and the return of the pitiful and chastened Xerxes, I leave for the reader to investigate for himself. Only I ask him to remember that he has as great a personal interest in it as had that audience of 472 B. C., for Salamis was one of those decisive battles which shaped the course of the world's history.

At the extreme eastern mouth of the strait, and but a little distance from the harbor of Piræus, lies the tiny islet of Psyttalia, on which now stands a lighthouse. Here Xerxes had debarked the élite of his army, to the number of six hundred men, with orders to slaughter all Greeks who might take refuge there. Aristides collected

a volunteer force from the opposite shore, landed and killed them all.

The next time you sail by that little island, or see its lighthouse flashing, try to reconstruct that scene: the bright-clad Persian dandies running about, shrieking for mercy, and the Athenians following with swords and spears dripping with blood. Aristides could have made them prisoners, but he was too good a politician for that. The slaughter of those Persians was the one act best calculated to restore his waning reputation and to give him a share in the victorious glory of Themistocles. Nothing was wanting in the way of spectacular effect, or popular appeal. Even Xerxes, unable to render assistance and anxious to save his own skin, standing on the "rocky brow that looks o'er sea-born Salamis," looked on, tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth.

CHAPTER XXIII

Skyros

THIS isolated bit of land lies in the sea to the east of Eubœa. Steamers do not touch at it frequently, and it is known to but a select few. Its habits, customs and costumes have therefore been preserved from a rather remote period. For this reason it is interesting as an example of all the little-visited isles, and yet no minute treatise about any one would apply to all. Practically every separate community of Greece has its specialities of costume, its own folk-lore: general similarity and much in common, with distinguishing features.

The history of Skyros does not differ greatly in its general lines from that of the other Ægean isles, but if we go back to mythological times, we come upon a very interesting and romantic legend, connected with Achilles, son of King Peleus and the sea nymph Thetis.

There was an old prophecy extant that if Achilles went to the war against Troy, he would lose his life in battle. Various were the measures which the anxious mother took to avert this prophecy, one of which, the reader will remember, consisted in dipping him in the river Styx, to render his body invulnerable. Not satisfied with all these precautions, however, she sent him off to the island of Skyros, placing him under the tutelage of King Lykomedes, with instructions that he be dressed as a girl and brought up as such.

There was another prophecy, unfortunately for Thetis, that the war against Troy would never be successful unless Achilles took part in it. It was the wise and wily Ulysses who nosed out Achilles' whereabouts and went to Skyros, whence he slyly abducted the future hero. How all the prophecies were fulfilled and the worst fears of Thetis realized, is related at length in the *Iliad*.

According to another legend, the hero Theseus was banished to Skyros and was there assassinated through complicity of the same Lykomedes, mentioned above. His bones remained buried on the island for many ages, but were finally brought to Athens by Cimon, who conquered Skyros and brought it under Athenian sovereignty in 468 B. C.

First impressions for one landing at the port of Skyros are not promising. He sees a few tiny houses of fishermen and boatmen, the inevitable church and a school. The narrow bit of beach is lively, however, with beasts of burden, mostly mules and donkeys, ready to take on passengers and freight for the town, two hours distant, where there is no hotel. The natives, from the traveler's first contact with them, are attractive. They are handsome and sturdy, and, like those of Crete, give evidence of pure Greek descent and little admixture with foreign races. They are also cheerful and obliging and of a simple manliness.

The narrow path mounts rapidly toward the summit of the hill which throws its arms, like those of an amphitheater, about the small harbor. Then it descends abruptly into the valley of the isthmus which divides the island into two parts. Passing through vineyards and fig trees, we climbed up through a dense olive orchard

to a green height and the spring of Antonius. This is half the journey, and the passengers get down while the drivers water their beasts and allow them to rest for a while.

The remainder of the way is more mountainous, with pines scattered here and there. At a turn of the road a wide valley opens out, with cultivated patches and clusters of trees. Little white churches besprinkle the landscape. A few houses announce our approach to the town; these thicken, and we are in its midst, in a medley of streets, narrow and labyrinthine, up-hill and down-hill. Curving streets, lined with whitewashed houses, outside stone stairways, one after the other, vine-clad balconies, women sitting at the doors with spindles and snowy balls of wool, smiling faces to right and left and continual greetings of welcome—such is the stranger's first glimpse of Skyros.

The next thing that he notices is the great number of churches, little and big, some of them built in former times by private families, others as the result of vows. I did not stop to count them, for fear that there might be more than in the island of Mykonos, which latter I am championing as having more houses of worship for the number of inhabitants than any other place in the world. But I am not challenging controversy on this proposition. The capacity of the Greek for building churches is incredible, and it is quite possible that there is some island with a church for every house.

The town of Skyros lies on and around a mountainside, with a steep rock or acropolis shooting up through it, and a monastery looking down upon it. On the summit of the rock is an ancient fortress. Within the castle, or fortress, are found the ruins of a Byzantine church built, according to an inscription, in 895 A. D.

The dwelling-houses of Skyros are practically constructed on one plan: a good-sized living-room with a fireplace and an up-stairs gallery along the back, reached by an internal staircase. In the rear there may be a kitchen and storeroom; the bake oven is outdoors. The numerous outside stairways lead to second stories, similar to the first, and usually separate residences. But the chief characteristic of these houses and the feature that catches the stranger's eye, is the great profusion of highly polished copper utensils, as well as decorated plates and crockery that are hung on the walls or displayed on shelves. In case a plate of real value or exceptional beauty attracts the attention, it will be useless for the visitor to attempt to buy it. The islanders take special pride in these possessions and refuse to part with them. If one happens to enter a house on the eve of an impending wedding, or a day or two before, he will find it lavishly decorated with the numerous articles of the bride's *proeka,* or dowry; the walls will be ornamented and the railing of the gallery draped with embroidered articles of all kinds. And this is a sight worth seeing.

I have not thus far attempted any description of the costumes of the women of the different islands, for the reason that space was lacking, and that the subject, properly treated, would require a whole book written by a specialist—preferably a woman. Probably such works already exist. A few words about the costumes of Skyros may be interesting. Every self-respecting woman has two outfits: the best, or as it is locally called the "golden," and the every day.

The "golden" is a complicated and rather gorgeous affair, in the case of the wealthier maidens, and is worn

Town of Skyros

Sea Front at Rhodes

only at festivals and weddings. In general terms it consists: First, of a chemise of six or seven widths of cabot, embroidered around the bottom. Usually only one chemise is worn in Skyros, though in some of the islands the number reaches as high as three or four. Second, a waist with simple embroideries, reaching only to the hips. Third, and over this, another waist, tight as a corset, with long sleeves, and made of silk or brocade. Fourth, a gown with wide sleeves, the waist crimson or green silk, the skirt always white, heavily embroidered with pure gold thread, in such fashion that the designs are equally perfect on both the right and reverse sides of cloth. Fifth, a sleeveless garment, tight to the waist, and falling in many pleats to the ornamented border of number four. This robe is of heavy damask silk, embellished with many designs of silver and gold thread. Only the richer women wear this, the poorer contenting themselves with a similar garment of plain silk. Sixth, a short, sleeveless bolero of brocade or velvet, bordered with fur, and held at the waist by an ornamental belt fastened in front by means of a large silver buckle, stamped with designs of saints or Byzantine eagles. Every girl has as many of these buckles as possible.

The head covering usually consists of three layers: a white cotton handkerchief, a red silk handkerchief, and a scarf so wound as to form a frame for the face and fall down the back. On the forehead there is sometimes an embroidered design in the shape of a half-moon—the ancient symbol of Byzantium. The shoes are of thin red leather embroidered with gold thread; or of similarly decorated felt. Over them are worn embroidered overshoes, resembling Turkish slippers.

When a bride is unable to afford this costume, almost barbaric in its gorgeousness and expensiveness, her wealthier friends array themselves accordingly for the ceremony, taking care not to wear garments more luxurious than those of the bride. Here is an instance where the wealthy ladies of Europe and America can learn a very touching lesson in good manners from the girls of a little Greek island. Jewelry is not much affected by the women of Skyros, although a gold or gilded necklace with many pendants is often worn. The "every-day dress" is on the same general lines as the "golden," consisting of fewer garments, or less expensive material.

The costume of the men may be described in few words: woolen gaiters or leggins reaching to the knees; wide knee breeches, a scarf belt, an embroidered, sleeveless jacket; a wide-sleeved over-garment, and a soft fez with tassel.

Skyros, of course, from the fact that it has come into little contact with European progress, is a rich field for the study of folk-lore and superstitions, but I have sufficiently treated this subject, for the purpose of the present work, in preceding chapters. There, as elsewhere, the Three Fates still exist and are supposed, among other things, to decide the fortune of a new-born child. They are propitiated, the night succeeding a birth, by setting out a table spread with sweetmeats and dainties.

Off the coast of Skyros are a number of barren rocks, projecting from the sea, which are known as *Vrykolakónesia,* or "Vampire Islands." It is said that the plague broke out in Turkish times on Skyros, and that those who showed symptoms of the disease were taken across and left on these rocks to die. As the corpses did not receive

Christian burial, they naturally became vampires, which have the unpleasant habit of coming over to their native place, where they work mischief and terrify the inhabitants.

There is a giant jar, or *pithos,* in the precincts of the monastery, which is supposed to be sacred, and which has a classic flavor. In former times, at the festival of St. George, the monks and priests led a procession to this jar, in which all the villagers joined, carrying cups. On arriving, the officiating priest prayed somewhat as follows: "O good St. George, we are tired and thirsty walking so far in thy honor. We pray thee to fill this jar with wine, that we may all slake our thirst." No sooner were the words uttered than wine began to rise in the huge receptacle, completely filling it. Then the pious villagers dipped in their cups and drank, blessing St. George.

The German scholar, Deffner, who has made a special study of Skyros and has conducted excavations there, alleges that a pipe connected the wine vats of the monastery with the jar, and that the monks themselves performed the miracle. However that may be, the ceremony has fallen upon disuse in recent years. It is interesting to note that archæologists have unearthed various devices connected with ancient temples which can only be explained as contrivances for performing alleged miracles and deluding the credulous.

CHAPTER XXIV

Rhodes

AS I approached Rhodes I thought of the Colossus. Probably every one does. So wide-spread is the fame of this gigantic statue, and so indissolubly associated with the name of the city where it stood, that one looks for it and can not quite visualize the place without it. It was the Statue of Liberty of the ancient world, and coming to Rhodes without it is like entering New York harbor and not finding the Statue of Liberty beckoning one home. But it has disappeared completely, leaving not a trace, and with it the powerful and splendid civilization that it typified.

Though the island has been despoiled of its Greek and Byzantine statues and works of art; though the buildings and temples have been destroyed and their marbles built into the fortifications of the Knights; though the gravestones of the ancient cemeteries have been used to pave the streets, there remain the walls and dwellings of the Order of St. John, which rank as among the best preserved and most impressive monuments of the Middle Ages.

I have visited Rhodes several times, and I had the great good fortune years ago to be entertained by Sir Alfred Billiotti, British Consul-General and celebrated scholar and archæologist, who made a special study of the

history of the island and conducted excavations there. My conversations with Sir Alfred awakened an interest that led to much reading on the subject.

This beautiful and fertile island owed its importance in ancient times to the fact that it was on the trade routes leading to Italy, the Indies, Africa, Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Sicily and Cyprus. From the summit of one of its mountains, St. Stephanos, Sir Sidney Smith in 1802 watched the fleet of Napoleon transporting his armies to Egypt. From that day the peak has been known as "Smith Mountain." Shells found on the tops of the highest spots indicate that Rhodes once lay beneath the ocean, out of which it was heaved by some convulsion of nature. The ancients called it Pelasgia, or "Daughter of the Sea," and Pindar says: "When the gods distributed the lands, Rhodes still lay hidden beneath the waves."

That it was inhabited at a very early date is evidenced by cave dwellings on the mountainsides containing implements of the Stone Age, and by primitive dwellings cut in solid rock. Cyclopean walls and Mycenæan ruins give proof of a high state of civilization of the ancient Cretan period, rivaling that of Cnossos. Important treasures, found by Billiotti and others, in the tombs of the city of Cameros, during excavations from 1853 to 1863, are now to be seen in the Louvre and the British Museum. Among these are collections of pottery.

The sun was honored as the principal god and protector of the island, and the name is said to have been given in honor of one of the daughters of Cercaphos, whose father was the god of the Sun. The three principal towns of Rhodes were Cameros, Talyssos and Lindos, which were also the names of the three sons of Cer-

caphos. Of these three Lindos is still extant and has had a continued existence of thirty-five centuries.

Pindar called the island Tripolis, or "Three-Citied." There is a legend that the beautiful Helen, on her way back to the conjugal hearth from Troy, stopped at Lindos and offered to the goddess Athena an amber bust of herself, in testimony of repentance and as a pledge of good conduct in the future.

Rhodes sent its contingent to the Trojan War, and Homer says: "The powerful and great Tlepolemos, the Heraclide of Rhodes, brought to the war nine ships manned by brave Rhodians."

Various poetical allusions in ancient authors indicate the wealth of the island, as this from Strabo: "When Athena sprang from the head of Zeus, he flung on Rhodes a shower of gold." The industry of the inhabitants and their early skill in the arts is hinted at by the same author in the allegation: "They were the first to work in iron and copper, and they made the harp of the god Cronos."

In the year 408 B. C. the inhabitants united to build a common capital, the city which exists to-day, and is therefore over 2336 years old. The famous architect Hippodamus laid out the town and supervised its construction. It is said to have possessed five ports and very strong fortifications and to have been one of the most beautiful cities of antiquity. A period of great splendor and prosperity followed, to end in final misery and slavery.

The future of the island was foreshadowed in one of the most famous and impressive of the Sybilline prophecies: "And thou, Rhodes, Bride of the Sun shalt be for a long time an independent land and shalt possess immense treasures, and be a maritime power su-

perior to all; but later, men who envy thy beauty and thy riches, shall make thee unhappy and a terrible yoke shall fall on thy neck."

The Rhodians were skilful and brave sailors and waged relentless war on pirates in very early times. They developed a maritime law which was widely adopted and is known as the Rhodian Code. Their prominence in sports and athletics was proverbial. The three brothers who won Olympian victories on the same day and hour were Rhodians. Their father, Diagoros, died of joy, a unique incident which inspired an ode by Pindar.

Cleobule, the Rhodian philosopher is author of the famous maxim, "Moderation in all things is best." Alexander the Great is said to have visited Rhodes in 331 B. C., and to have been presented with a magnificent cloak which he wore at the battle of Arbela.

FALL OF RHODES

When the Romans overran Greece, they did not attack Rhodes, but for a time treated the island as a friend and ally. This state of affairs did not continue indefinitely, however, but was put an end to by the Roman General, Cassius, who took the island by surprise. He massacred the leading citizens and the flower of the intellect, with the purpose of destroying the spirit and genius of the people. He thoroughly looted the town that was filled with statues and objects of art, products of fifteen hundred years of culture and industry. The streets, which were lined with statues, the markets, the public places, the temples, were pillaged. Even the libraries were robbed of books and paintings. Rewards were offered to all who brought in objects of art, and the penalty

of death inflicted on such as concealed them. To citizens who begged that he leave some of their priceless treasures, he replied: "I will leave you your sun."

According to the Greek historian, Skevas Zervos, in his beautifully illustrated volume on Rhodes, recently published in Paris, about the only thing that Cassius did not carry off was the four horses of the Sun, by the sculptor Lysippus, but these were later taken by the Venetians and set up before the basilic of St. Mark, where they are to-day. The famous statue of the Laocoon, by Polydoros and Agissandros now in the Vatican; the car of Rhodes, now at Naples, in the Villa Reale; and the bull of Apollonius and Tauriscus, to-day in the National Museum at Naples, were among the masterpieces of sculpture said to have been carried off from Rhodes by Cassius.

The Laocoon is one of the best known of all the ancient works of art that have come down to us intact; and though one can sympathize with the wounded feelings of the ancient Rhodians, and can even see the point of view of such Greek historians as Zervos, one can not restrain the reflection that it was saved to posterity by Cassius, or whoever carried it off. It would certainly have been smashed up and destroyed by Turks or others, had it been left during the dark and turbulent ages in its original position.

THE COLOSSUS

The general conception of this universally known statue is that of a monstrous figure, rivaling in size the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, standing astride the opening of the harbor of Rhodes, with tall-masted

Photo by Alinari

The Horses of the Sun from Rhodes

ships sailing back and forth between the legs. How old this idea is, I do not know. It was prevalent in Shakespeare's time, who says of Julius Cæsar:

> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
> Like a Colossus; and we petty men
> Walk under his huge legs . . .

Unfortunately, little is known of the actual shape of this wonder of the ancient world, nor even of the exact place where it stood. The natives of the island point confidently to two spots on which they affirm that the feet of the Colossus were planted, which would have given it a sufficient straddle for the legendary conception. They showed these spots to me, but were unable to furnish proofs that were convincing.

The Colossus was evidently a gigantic figure of the sun god, in bronze, and at times it doubtless served as a lighthouse. It was said of it that the marble base alone was higher than other statues. Pliny, who claims to have seen its overthrown fragments, gives the following idea of its dimensions:

> Of all these wonders, the statue of the Sun, or the Colossus, was the most admired. An earthquake overthrew it, but lying prostrate it is still a marvel. Few men are able to encircle one of the thumbs with their arms; the fingers are larger than ordinary statues; in the broken members are found deep caverns containing big rocks, placed there by the artist to maintain the equipoise.

It is believed to have been toppled over by an earthquake in 227 B. C., but it is a remarkable fact that not a single fragment of it has been identified in modern times.

The late Sir Alfred Billiotti told me the following strange tale as to the disappearance of the fragments of the Colossus, which I have since found repeated in books dealing with the subject: "About nine hundred years later, at a time when the island was held by Turks, Arabs and Egyptians, the materials were sold to a Jew of Syria, who carried them off on the backs of nine hundred camels!" If so, he must have picked up every tiniest sliver.

But where did he go, with his nine hundred camels? Rhodes is an island. Did he swim them across the sea to the mainland, thus laden? He simply marched away, with his caravan of long-necked, uncouth beasts, into the realm of forgotten years.

Nine hundred, by the way, is the most conservative figure given in the various accounts of the carrying off of the debris of the Colossus. Byzantine writers aver that the material was sufficient to freight thirty thousand camels! One historian whose name I do not give for the reason that it contains six syllables and is unpronounceable, puts the number at nine hundred and eighty, evidently aiming at accuracy.

There is said to have been an inscription on the base to the effect that the statue was eighty cubits high, but Pliny gives the height as seventy cubits. This allows us to make an accurate comparison with the size of the Statue of Liberty. Accepting the length of the cubit as twenty and sixty-three hundredth inches, seventy cubits gives us a little over one hundred twenty feet as the height of the Colossus. The Statue of Liberty is a trifle over one hundred fifty-one feet to the top of the torch. As far as the size of the actual statue is concerned, there-

fore, it will be seen that the Rhodian sculptor was a worthy forerunner of Bartholdi. The sculptor Chares is said to have worked twelve years on it, and to have committed suicide on account of an error in his estimates. It was finished by Laches, a citizen of Lindos. The Colossus stood for about fifty-six years.

A favorite theory as to the complete disappearance of the Colossus is that it stood on the site now occupied by the fort of St. Nicolas, on the extreme end of one of the arms that enclose the *mandraki,* or ancient harbor, and that it fell into the sea; but this does not take into account the record left by Pliny. An argument in favor of this site, and also of the theory that the Colossus was used as a lighthouse, is to be found in the fact that the Byzantines had a *pharos* there, and that the Knights frequently kindled a flame on St. Nicolas for the guidance of ships. There is a lighthouse on the same spot to-day, perhaps handing down to present times the unextinguished torch of the Colossus. To me the mysterious Jew and his camels make the stronger appeal on account of their picturesqueness. I simply love that Jew and his camels. What a scene they would make in a movie!

The ability to produce and set up such a marvel as the Colossus is in itself sufficient evidence of the high artistic and industrial development of the Rhodians, which was famous throughout the ancient world. A familiar story illustrating their skill as sculptors was prevalent to the effect that two bulls set up in the temple of Zeus were so lifelike that they bellowed whenever danger or disaster threatened the island. The artistic sense and touch continued strong down to recent times, flowering in beautiful plates and articles of faience, collections of which are to

be found in many of the museums of Europe. The embroideries of Rhodes especially were unrivaled, genuine pieces being even to-day much prized by collectors and fetching high prices.

THE CITY OF THE KNIGHTS

The thing that most impressed me in Rhodes, and of which I carried away the most vivid and lasting memory, was the sight of the fortifications and dwellings left by the Knights of St. John. Miles of fortifications stand exactly as they did in 1523, when the gallant band of knights marched down to the sea and sailed away, hooted by their Turkish conquerors. Those houses, with the coats of arms proudly looking down from above the doors—why, their inhabitants might have left them yesterday.

I have never seen anything that brought back past ages, with their scenes of splendor, tumult and feats of arms, as the Street of the Knights in Rhodes, or that so forced home to me the treacherous, noiseless and swift passage of time. It is a narrow street, of small houses, gloomy for the most part, save for splashes of sun that steal in between the roofs and second-story arches and passages. Shields and coats of arms are everywhere, many of them as distinct as though they had been recently carved. The windows and doors are small and their Gothic arches heavily molded; the flat roofs and absence of windows in the ground stories give an Oriental touch. Dark vaulted passages form a setting for secret assassination or desperate defense; often a Greek stele in white marble, or portion of a column, standing by a door or

wall, carries one back to the days of the old Greek splendor, of which they are silent witnesses.

The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or the Knights Hospitalers, was an order founded originally to tend the sick in the Holy Land and to rescue Christian prisoners from Mohammedans. They were all of gentle birth and took vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. After being driven from the Holy Land, they took possession of Rhodes in 1309, and were given the bulk of the estates of the Knights Templars in 1314. There they changed their character, and lived luxuriously, keeping horses, hounds and concubines.

Rhodes became very prosperous under their rule. Law and order were preserved, and great stores of booty brought in. Piracy against Turkish vessels was encouraged, and many Mohammedan prisoners were taken, who were held for ransom, or made to work on the fortifications. The Knights themselves took no prisoners, but killed immediately their captives, sometimes with torture.

At times they descended to wholesale butchery; in 1320, for instance, sixty-two hundred prisoners, brought to Rhodes, were massacred in cold blood. The government of the order was administered by a Grand Master, who was elected, and by the heads of the eight different nations, or "Tongues," to which the knights belonged: Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Aragon, England, Germany, Castile. There was a principal palace for the Grand Master and separate palaces for each of the heads. Other important buildings were the hospital and the church. The hospital is still standing, but practically nothing is left of the Grand Master's palace and the church.

The civil dress of the knights was black, with a white, eight-pointed star, known afterward as the Maltese cross, sewed on the left breast. When in armor they donned a red surcoat with a plain white cross on breast and back. There were in all nineteen Grand Masters, from Foulques de Villaret, elected in 1308, to Philippe Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who left the island in 1523, taking the Order with him.

One generally thinks of Rhodes as the eastern outpost of Christianity against the advancing Mohammedan wave, and so, in a sense, it was; yet, in the light of what has gone before—the encouragement which the Knights gave to piracy against Turkish vessels, and their treatment of Mohammedan prisoners—it is easy to understand the Turkish point of view, and their determination to oust the Order from their stronghold. The story of the various sieges, the desperate fighting on both sides, the countless deeds of heroism and feats of arms, furnishes many of the most thrilling and romantic pages of history.

As I stood looking down the narrow and colorless Street of the Knights, I thought of the last pageant, or review that was given there shortly before the final successful assault of the Turks. All the bodies of Tongues, or languages, were assembled before their respective auberges, or houses of the chiefs, to the number of two hundred ninety-five. In addition, there were the mercenaries, in bright colors and rich uniforms. The Genoese sailors wore gold and purple, the Venetians green and purple satin. The Knights swore that their armor and weapons were their own property, and that they had the right to wear them, after which the picturesque procession, with banners flying, marched through the narrow

street. Shortly after that the Turkish Jannisaries were swarming down the same thoroughfare, to plunder the hospital of its supplies of food, wine and other stores.

Many languages were spoken in Rhodes during the occupation of the Knights, and the place was a sort of Babel; yet it is a significant fact that the prevailing tongue was, as it is now and always has been, Greek. The Italians are to-day in possession of Rhodes, yet if one walks back into the country, one will find a pure Greek population, descendants of a race that has lived through the ages, unchanged during changing governments, handing down their tongue, their customs and their folk-lore from generation to generation. The Jew carried off the Colossus on his nine hundred camels—perhaps, De Villaret used the stones of the old Greek city for building his fortifications, but the Greek language and spirit has stayed on.

It was during my walks into the country and my talks with the natives that I was informed of an interesting legend that has persisted since the early days of the Knights.

"There used to be a large fierce dragon in this island," I was told by an old lady standing at the gate of a small garden in the suburbs, "that lived in a grotto on the road to the village of Phileremos. It did great damage to horses and men, but was finally killed by one of the Latin Knights."

Father A. de Naberat, in his *History of the Knights,* gives the following graphic and detailed description of the beast:

The dragon was said to be of the size of a moderate horse; it had the head of a serpent, the ears of a mule, covered with hard and scaly skin, very sharp teeth and a

thick throat, its hollow eyes giving forth flame like a fire, with a frightful look; four legs like a crocodile, the claws being hard and pointed; on the back two little wings, which had above the color of a dolphin and below were yellow and green, as was the belly, and the tail was like that of a lizard. It ran as fast as a good horse, beating with its wings and making a terrible hissing.

THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION

The Italians have made many material improvements in Rhodes since their occupation of the Dodecanese. They have built excellent motor routes down the west coast to the end of the island and back along the eastern side, passing through old villages and beautiful country, with the sea always in view. Before their time communication was with mules and on donkey back. They have constructed a fine new market of reinforced concrete, at a cost of five million lire, to which all country people who wish to sell their produce in the city must come. Immense barracks and military hospitals have been built, contracts have been let for the improvement of the harbor, and the whole island is being organized as a military base.

The Italians appear to have undertaken the impossible task of making an ancient Greek populace "one hundred per cent. Italian." Those who doubt the conclusions arrived at in this work should visit Rhodes and see for themselves. There are good hotels, there is a beautiful climate, and the island teems with classical, mythological and historic interest.

There is at least one work which the Italians are doing in Rhodes that is worthy of unqualified praise. They have reconstructed the extensive hospital of the Knights,

and have installed therein a museum of objects of historical and archæological interest, under the supervision of competent experts. It was high time that this should be done, in order that visible proofs of the important rôle that the Dodecanese has played in the beginnings and development of civilization might be preserved. Separate spaces have been set aside for prehistoric, Mycenean, classical and mediæval objects. These have been carefully and intelligently classified, and, in many cases, repaired and restored.

Though much has already been done, the work will go on indefinitely, increasing the scope of an extremely important and valuable museum. Before the arrival of the Italians, little or nothing of the sort had been done in Rhodes itself, and such finds as were made by French and British archæologists were sent away to Europe.

CHAPTER XXV

Patmos

OF ALL the islands of the Ægean, Patmos is best known to the Christian world, due to the fact that St. John says in his wonderful Revelation, or Apocalypse, "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

Exactly when he was there, or for what reason, is not certain, and there are critics who do not believe that he visited the island at all. The testimony of the Apostle himself, however, is so clear, and the legend so persistent and well founded, that there seems to be no sound or profitable reason for doubting that John actually passed some time in Patmos and there wrote the most sublime, passionate and imaginative of all the poems that have been inspired by Christian ideals and yearnings. All that is most interesting in the island is connected with his sojourn there: the great monastery with its library, the cave where he is supposed to have seen his vision, the very paths over which he walked, the gorgeous panorama of islets, sea and mainland on which his eyes must often have rested.

Many legends have clustered about the truthful nucleus of the history of St. John, which must be rejected by the serious investigator. The visitor to Patmos is re-

galed with these by the monks of the two monasteries, who relate them with pious credulity. These monks believe that St. John was sent to Patmos in 95 A. D., from Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Domitian; and that he was first taken to Rome, where he was immersed in a vat or kettle of boiling oil, from which he emerged not only uninjured but refreshed, as from a bath.

Another favorite story of the monks relates to the magician, or sorcerer, Kynops, which is told with unimportant variations. Kynops, like the Apostle, lived in a cave, and to him there came the priests of Apollo with the complaint that St. John was converting all their followers to Christianity. They begged the magician to intervene and perform some miracle that would convince the people of the potency of the old faith. Kynops called a public meeting and so impressed the populace with his mysterious powers that even the Apostle was disturbed. Finally, he threw himself into the sea, as he had done at other times, and challenged John to do the same. The sorcerer believed that he would be able to come to the surface and swim out, but he hoped that his opponent would be drowned. But John was not to be caught by such a ruse.

No sooner had the magician disappeared beneath the waves than the Apostle spread his arms, making a cross of his body and prayed: "O thou who didst grant to Moses by this sign to overthrow Amalek, Lord Jesus Christ, send Kynops to the bottom of the sea; may he never again see the sun, nor talk with men." There was a great bubbling and upheaval of the waves and Kynops sank into the depths, never again to come up.

According to another version, Kynops cursed St. John on his arrival at Patmos and tried to prevent his landing, but the Saint hurled him into the sea and changed him into a rock, which still lies just below the surface and is a danger to navigation.

In one part of the roof of the so-called cave of St. John, there is a deep cleft in the rock, from which, according to the monks, issued the divine voice that inspired the Revelation. A venerable father even points to the fact that there are three rifts in the roof of the grotto, symbolizing the Holy Trinity, and that these are joined together at one end, plainly suggesting "three in one." The legend is that St. John was awakened from sound slumber by thunder, lightning and earthquake, which thus rent the rock to call attention to the presence of God and the divineness of his mission. It was after this rude awakening and reminder that he saw his immortal vision.

These, and other things, are beliefs of a credulous, devout and simple brotherhood, who pass their days in dreams and devotions, far from the practical and skeptical world. However they do not cast doubt upon what seem to be the actual facts: that St. John visited Patmos somewhere between 41 and 95 A. D.; that he was an old man at the time; that he remained there but a short time; and that he recorded the sublime vision which is known as the Revelation, on that island. Even the tales concerning the persecution of the Saint by the followers of Diana at Ephesus, as well as those dealing with his death and translation to heaven, must be added to the group of legends.

Patmos is in shape an irregular crescent, with the concavity turned toward the coast of Asia Minor. It is

eight miles in length from north to south, four in breadth, and has a circumference of about thirty-seven. It is rocky and volcanic, with few fertile valleys. Its present population is about three thousand, and it harbors two hundred and fifty churches, ranging in size and importance from the great monastery which dominates the entire island from a height on a hill to mere stone huts. On account of the respect and special privileges which were accorded the monastery by the various powers that have ruled in the archipelago, including the Turks, Patmos was at one time considered a place of security and refuge, and many wealthy families installed themselves there, bringing an extended era of prosperity, which has long since passed away.

There is no hotel in Patmos; the visitor lands at a fisher village of whitewashed and flat-roofed houses, and makes his way up a rocky road to the monastery, where alone shelter and hospitality can be found, offered by the *xenodochos,* or guest-receiver, a monk to whom has been assigned the duty of looking after the comfort of strangers. All are received, irrespective of race or creed. No charge is made for the first three days' sojourn, but if the visitor wishes to remain longer, he may do so at the rate of about a dollar and seventy cents a day, receiving plain but abundant food and a welcome, of the cordiality of which there is no doubt.

The monks themselves act as cooks, waiters and chambermaids. The monastery of St. John sits at a height of seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and resembles a mediæval fortress with battlements and bastions, which indeed, in a certain measure, it is. It was built in troublous and perilous times, and strongly, to

resist invasions of corsairs and pirates. Its history is enlivened with many episodes of rude surprises and valiant, though not always successful, defenses.

Its founder was St. Christodoulos, who was born in Bythnia in 1021 A. D. This enterprising monk, seeing that many religious houses were being wrecked by Mussulman pirates and their inmates massacred or sold into slavery, besought permission from the Emperor, Alexios Commenos, to build a structure of sufficient strength to house a company of monks with their books and treasures. He selected Patmos, as it was then uninhabited and filled with memories of St. John. A golden bull was issued, fifteen feet long and sixteen inches wide, granting the request and exemption from taxation for all time to come.

Christodoulos set out for Patmos, stopping on the way at Cos, where he collected a company of monks, whom he took with him, besides fifty laborers. Arriving at his destination, it is said that he found an old temple of Artemis, at the top of a mountain, with its statue still standing. He threw the entire building down, one can imagine with what gusto, and began the construction of his monastery on the site of the temple.

The Emperor continued to show his good will, and sent as a gift the skull of the Apostle Thomas, brought from India. This is preserved in a golden casket, and carried about by the monks in solemn procession, when calamity befalls or threatens.

The fathers relate a striking illustration of its potency. It appears that many years ago there was a destructive plague of locusts on the isle of Samos, and a deputation arrived, begging the loan of the skull. The request was granted, and as soon as the sacred relic was

disembarked in Samos, all the locusts flew out to sea and were drowned.

One reads with regret that, notwithstanding the strength of its walls, and its strategic position, the monastery was invaded by Moslem pirates during the life of Christodoulos, and that he was forced to flee to Eubœa, where he died in 1101. His body was brought back to Patmos after a number of years, and placed in the monastery, where it remained as a sacred relic.

The chief objects of interest to the person visiting this great and historic building are the library and the collection of relics and treasures.

Perhaps the greatest living authority to-day on the library of Patmos is the Reverend Demetrius Callimachus, editor of the *Greek National Herald,* of New York. This learned priest passed some time in the island in 1911, studying and cataloguing the ancient manuscripts and codices. He found seven hundred thirty-five codices in the collection, dating from the fourth and fifth centuries A. D. to the fifteenth, one hundred fifty-eight of which were hitherto unknown.

The library is especially rich in manuscripts of the Byzantine, Venetian and Turkish periods. Its chief jewel, which has long excited the admiration of Biblical students, is the famous Porphyrious Codex, of which thirty-three leaves still remain in the monastery, others having been carried off to the Vatican, the British Museum and to Vienna. (Six in the Vatican, six in the British Museum, and two in Vienna.) It contains a large portion of the Gospel according to St. Mark; the letters, on thin purple vellum, are marvelously artistic, being inscribed in silver, while those which refer to Christ or God are in

gold. The manuscript is extremely difficult to read for the scholar who is not a specialist, as it is written in the early style of the Fathers, and there is no spacing between the words. It is said to have been found in Asia Minor in the fourth century. Other treasures of the library of special interest are a seventh-century Book of Job, copied on vellum in uncial characters, and illustrated; and an eleventh-century Missal of St. Chrisostom, on parchment with gold letters, each capital representing a heraldic beast, ingeniously distorted into the form of a letter.

The treasures of the monastery are fairly astounding in their richness, artistic quality and historical value. If such collections existed in the days of the pirates, it is easy to understand the frequency of raids upon monkish strongholds. They include antique ecclesiastical vestments, gold- and jewel-mounted crosiers and miters, gold and silver plate encrusted with jewels, etc. The church dignitaries were obliged by custom and unwritten law to leave their belongings to the monastery from which they came, and, as the great building at Patmos was constructed in 1088, they have been doing this from St. Christodoulos down—over eight hundred years.

Persons contemplating a visit to Patmos would do well to so arrange their program as to be there *Maundy,* or "Holy" Thursday, as the Greeks say, that they may witness a curious ceremony closely resembling an ancient Passion Play. A platform is erected in one of the two squares of the town, the floor of which is strewn with rugs and the sides hung with lanterns and wreaths of myrtle, basil and flowers. At a given moment the Father Superior issues from the monastery, accompanied by twelve monks, all in ceremonial garb. They march to the platform, which they ascend, and conduct a service that

covers the last hours of Christ, reciting passages of scripture from "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I go," to, "Lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand."

All the fathers on the platform take part, the Father Superior assuming the rôle of Christ, each of the monks that of a disciple. The gospel reader *(evangelistis)* stands at one side and introduces the speakers by saying, "Hear now the words of our Lord, Jesus Christ, . . . Hear now the words of the holy Apostle, etc."

There is no attempt at acting or of actually representing the physiognomies and appearance of the characters as at Oberammergau, but the whole is conducted with great dignity and devotion, and is impressive. There is an antique flavor to this ceremony, too, suggestive of the ancient pagan religious plays, which were the beginnings of drama. It is interesting to note that the part of Judas was originally taken by a layman, but has of late years been assumed by a monk, on account of the repugnance of laymen to accept the rôle.

This service, or religious play, is known in Greek as the *Niptir* or washing, for the reason that the abbot washes the feet of the twelve monks in imitation of the act of Christ at the end of the last supper. While this is going on the gospel reader recites the verses of St. John, beginning:

> Jesus . . . riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a bason, etc.

The so-called Grotto of St. John, where he is supposed to have seen his vision and to have written the Revelation, lies on the side of the mountain, midway between the monastery and the sea. It is a fair-sized cavern in the

solid rock, with a roof of irregular heights. In the depths is the Chapel of the Apocalypse, with the usual accompaniment of hanging lamps, candle stands, icons and screen. On the rood screen is a picture of the Savior appearing to St. John, who lies prostrate, as though in a swoon. Christ is seen surrounded by seven angels, holding in their hands the seven churches of Asia. A sword issues from the mouth of Christ; in his right hand are seven stars, and in his left the keys of heaven and hell.

The view from the mouth of this cave is inspiring and uplifting. The sea, that has ever called with a million trumpets to imaginative minds, stretches away far below, glittering in the sun, or tempest lashed. Islands rise sharply from the waters, or float dimly in the distance, while the vast coast of Asia, home of the seven churches, lies farther to the east. John probably saw his vision there; but whether he did or not is of little importance. The spot is dedicated and consecrated to him. Looking out over that prospect, the Christian visitor to Patmos feels as no where else the sublimity and splendor of the words of Revelation:

And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Dodecanese

THE group is composed of the following islands, lying off the coast of Asia Minor, south of Smyrna and Samos:

Patmos	Halki
Astypalæa	Tilos
Leros	Symi
Calymnos	Rhodes
Cos	Carpathos
Nysiros	Cassos

The term "Dodecanese" is formed of two Greek words, *dodeka,* twelve, and *nesos,* island, and was first applied in the year 730 A. D., to a province of the Byzantine Empire, whose capital was Rhodes. There is evidence that these islands were either at one time integral portions of the Asiatic coast, or that, in the case of some of them, they have been heaved up out of the sea by volcanic action. The fossil remains of gigantic prehistoric animals have been found on certain ones of the group, Cos, for instance. It is scarcely possible that such creatures could have existed on small bits of land surrounded by sea.

The Greeks made a strong and eloquent appeal to the Peace Conference for the restoration of the Twelve Islands to the mother country. The substance of their

arguments was contained in an extensive memorandum prepared by Dr. Skevas Zervos, with a map and three hundred twenty-two illustrations, setting forth the essential Greek character of the inhabitants from the earliest times down to the present; their services to civilization; their loyalty to the Entente; their unconquerable desire for union with Greece, and their alleged sufferings under Italian rule.

The islands have been Greek from prehistoric times. They are mentioned by Homer as having contributed their quota of ships for the Trojan War. The science of medicine had its true origin in the Dodecanese, for there was founded the great temple of Asclepius, the ruins of which still exist in Cos, and there Hippocrates began and conducted the first scientific investigations of disease and the functions of the different organs of the body. He also threw great light upon the origins and processes of life by dissections of the lower animals, and made a clear distinction between pathology and surgery. His remark, "What drugs do not heal, iron can heal," is not a bad motto for the surgeons of to-day.

Rhodes, the "Island of Roses," the bride of the Sun, furnished literature and history with inexhaustible material, and rendered invaluable services to the fine arts, exact sciences and applied mechanics. It possessed a hundred images of the Sun God, the greatest of which was the Colossus. The still existing statue of Laocoon and the serpents is another example of her supremacy in art. A code of maritime legislation was formulated in Rhodes which has formed the basis of all subsequent studies on this subject.

Patmos, by sheltering St. John the Divine, may claim

a share in the authorship of the Gospels. Under the Romans the Dodecanese were bled white by taxation, but Cos managed to retain her School of Medicine, whither the sons of Rome flocked for instruction. Distinguished physicians from the island rendered services to Roman Emperors, consuls and military commanders, and as a reward, Cos and sometimes others of the group were exempted from the most crushing of their taxes.

Under the Byzantine Empire the Dodecanese ranked as a province, but, owing to the weakness and corruption of the central government, they were devastated by pirates, and the population greatly diminished. That of Rhodes fell from half a million to two hundred fifty thousand, and Patmos remained a wilderness during the twelfth century, without a single living inhabitant.

The Venetians brought ruin and desolation to the islands of this group and, led by Morosini, put to the sword all who resisted. In the island of Halki a part of the inhabitants fled to a cave in the mountains, where they were at last discovered by the Venetians. Unable to capture the cave, the invaders piled wood in the entrance and set fire to it, smothering all the inmates. Black marks of fire and remains of human bones can still be seen there.

Under the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem the inhabitants fared somewhat better, though they were still pitilessly taxed. In 1453 the city of Constantinople fell to the Turks, and from that time until 1523 the Greeks of the Dodecanese, or the Sporades, as the group was then officially known, fought bravely on the side of the Knights to prevent the spread of the Ottoman power. Seeing at last that the struggle was hopeless and that Rhodes was about to fall, they sent a delegation to Sultan Suleiman,

with gifts of bread and sponges, the only products of their islands and seas, and offered their submission.

The Sultan was touched and granted them in 1523, the day after the capture of Rhodes, complete autonomy against the payment of an insignificant tribute. This order of Suleiman was confirmed by a series of Imperial firmans, wherein all commanders, by land and sea were forbidden to "maltreat the inhabitants of these islands, if by chance they should have occasion to approach them." Under this régime the Dodecanese began to prosper again and to regain their pristine prosperity.

This did not deter the islands, however, from joining the side of Greece in 1821, when that country arose and began the struggle for national freedom. They were taken under the wing of the mother country and so remained till 1830, when they were handed back to Turkey by the "Protecting Powers." Italy, therefore, found them under Ottoman suzerainty in 1912, at which time she was carrying on a war with Turkey over the possession of Tripoli, and she sent a fleet to occupy them. All the Turkish officials were ousted and a proclamation issued declaring the liberation of the Dodecanese from Ottoman rule.

On May fourth General Ameglio proclaimed publicly at Rhodes: "Turkish sovereignty over the Dodecanese is now at an end, and the future of the islands can only be one of autonomy and self-government." The Greeks, however, claim that the promises of the Italians have not been carried out, and that they are being subjected to a blighting tyranny. They demand union with the mother country. To quote the words of Doctor Zervos' memorandum:

Italy, who from the very first days paraded the same ideals as the rest of the Allies and who recited the enfranchisement of the oppressed as a main article of faith, having herself to deal with a purely Greek province, has declared against it a war of extermination. By persecutions, banishment and closure of every avenue of return to the Dodecanesians absent from the islands, she has effected a wholesale reduction of the population, while, by restricting all activity on land and sea, she has, with the same end in view, reduced the means of sustenance to the vanishing point.

Thus the situation has become intolerable. The very existence of the islanders has become precarious. Deaths from starvation and the suicide of women from sheer want—an occurrence hitherto unrecorded in the islands' annals—the systematically insulting behavior of the authorities toward the Orthodox Church, the Archbishop and the priests generally, in order to compel the Dodecanesians to change their creed, have produced absolute despair,—the violent pressure brought upon the islanders to make them learn Italian—the pitiless imprisonment of hundreds of true-hearted, simple women for having said that they were starving, or that their otherwise healthy children had perished from hunger—such are the circumstances which have prevailed upon the Dodecanesians to abandon their island homes, shattered in spirit and quivering with anguish. [Here follow statistics purporting to show the falling off in population since the Italian occupation: Calymnos, from 25,000 to 8,312; Symi, from 23,000 to 7,000, etc.]

The memorandum ends with the following declaration:

We Dodecanesians are Greeks and have been Greeks since the first appearance of the Greek race in the world. We were Greeks in the time of Homer; we were Greeks when the Medes and Persians carried the war into

Europe; we were Greeks in the days of Pericles. We Dodecanesians were Greeks under the rule of Romans, under the Byzantine Emperors, under the Turks. As Greeks we arose and as Greeks we won our freedom at the rebirth of Greece. We were Greeks during the Balkan wars and Greeks during the European war, when we persistently and repeatedly demanded to fight by the side of the Allies.

We declare before God and man that we would rather perish to the last man than breathe or allow our children and brothers to breathe in the Dodecanese an air in which a flag flutters which is not the flag of Greece.

The reason alleged for the rapid depopulation of the islands under the Italians is that they place obstacles in the way of sponge fishing, the chief occupation of the inhabitants, thus causing starvation; that they otherwise render life unpleasant and impossible; and that when a Dodecanesian once leaves he is not allowed to go back. It is difficult for a neutral person to verify the truth of these charges. I have talked with prominent non-Greeks who have informed me that the allegations are all perfectly true; and with others who assert that they are exaggerated.

The interesting question seems to be: What are the Italians doing in the Dodecanese and why do they stay? What prospect is there of their leaving? That the Dodecanese are pure Greek historically, ethnologically and geographically, nobody will deny. Also that they are to a great degree barren and unprofitable and that only Greek fishermen are suited to wring a living from them with the exception, of course, of Rhodes, is agreed. What then, do the Italians want of them?

They are an outpost and a jumping-off place. Italy

is teeming with a crowded and rapidly breeding population. She must be thinking of the future. Emigration to the United States is practically closed. She is a Mediterranean power and must have some place ready to receive her surplus. Asia Minor is the richest undeveloped and unpopulated region on earth. Its climate is peculiarly suited to Italians. Despite all the mendacious propaganda about the glorious and vigorous young Turkish republic, the wise people behind governments who really know things and do not tell the truth, are aware of the fact that the Turkish fabric is rotten; corrupt, unstable, inefficient and impecunious. The Turk is a destroyer but not a builder. His rich domains can not long keep out the overflow of teeming Europe. I am not saying that the Italians have hostile designs on Turkey, nor that they are about to declare war on her to-day or to-morrow. But their statesmen know what is happening and they have taken a front seat. I fear that the Dodecanesians will wait a long time for the flag of Greece to float in their air.

In view of all these things there is peculiar pathos in the annual ceremonial of the maidens of the Twelve Islands who, on the afternoon of Good Friday, when the Savior hangs from the Cross, sit side by side around a low table with unbound hair floating over bosoms and shoulders, with corn and pebbles spread before them, and chant the mournful song known as *The Last Service in St. Sophia.* Beating their breasts they sing in unison:

> Cease the Cherubic Anthem, take down the holy icons,
> Priests, take the sacred vessels and blow out all the candles,
> It is God's wish the Turks should come and Turkify the City.

Only send word to Europe and ask it for three vessels,
The first to carry off the Cross, the second ship the Bible,
But on the third and finest put the blest communion table!
Oh, take away our sacred things before the dogs defile them!
[The Holy Virgin's heart was wrung, tears glistened on the icons]
Weep not, O Holy Virgin, grieve not, O Blessed Mother,
For after years and ages, thou shalt take back thy City!

The "Cherubic Anthem" mentioned in the song is the Hymn to the Cherubim, which forms a part of the Orthodox high mass and was, according to legend, being sung by the congregation of St. Sophia at the moment the Turkish soldiers burst into the church and interrupted the service, which will be continued, when the Greeks next hold mass there, at the point where it was broken off in 1453.

CHAPTER XXVII

The Soldier's Return

ANTHOULA was damming a little break in the ditch that led straight down to the lemon trees. The break, and half a dozen more like it, had been made to allow the irrigating water to run off to a medlar tree and several patches of vegetables. She was slender and strong, though shapely, and there was a graceful poise and rhythmic swing to her body as she plied the heavy mattock. The field sloped gently to the shining strait.

The air was fragrant with the pungent aroma of ripe lemons. A pomegranate tree was entirely covered with the tiny white blossoms of the poverty vine, among which the red fruit gleamed like tongues of fire bursting through snow. The ditch was ready now. Anthoula shouldered her mattock and started for the little house of two rooms.

She ran up the three stone steps and looked in. An old man was lying on a bed. He was fat, his face was red and blotched, his scanty mustache was white. His under lids were flabby and pendulous, the eyes were bloodshot, and he talked with evident difficulty.

"Is the ditch all ready? Don't you lie to me! Go on now and water the trees and don't you miss one of them."

She hastened gladly from his presence, and, going to the mule, deftly pulled the collar from his shoulders and the blindfolding cloth from his eyes. Then she took

his head between her toil-worn hands and rubbed her face against his soft nose, sobbing gently. The mule was her only friend, the only living thing upon which she could lavish her starved affections.

She hated the terrible old man in the house, who had married her for the sake of making a drudge of her. For over a year she had been cook, gardener, washerwoman and, worst of all, wife. She had even been obliged to work in the fields and to bring the thyme wood upon her back from the mountains that she might have fuel for baking the bread in the beehive oven that stood outdoors, at the side of the house. And she felt deep resentment against her parents, who had forced her to marry old Kallinikos, because he owned a hundred acres of good land and had money in the bank. Anthoula turned sadly and walked out upon the stone landing; but, ere she had descended the steps, she heard the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs in the lane between her husband's garden and that of his neighbor.

A peasant woman, in blue homespun, with a yellow handkerchief tied about her head, trotted by, seated sidewise on a small, blue, moth-eaten donkey. Several flour sacks, attached to the saddle, contained kids for the Poros market. There were two or three of the little animals in each sack, and, as only the necks and heads protruded, they gave the impression of ancient monsters—young Cerberi or polyheaded dragons.

"Nikola's coming!" cried the woman. "He arrives tonight on the *Ægina*. His father got a letter."

The donkey turned a corner and disappeared behind a great walnut tree. Anthoula, pale as a ghost, stood reeling on the landing, as though about to fall. Some of

the precious meal poured from the tilted measure that she was carrying, and the chickens ran toward it with outstretched necks and beating wings.

"Mary, help me! Mary, help me!" she whispered, pressing her hand to her heart, where something cut like a knife. She was a beautiful girl, despite the coarse blue homespun in which she was dressed, and the yellow handkerchief that had become untied, allowing the two ends to draggle down by her cheeks. She was as slender and supple as a young Diana, with a heavy braid of black hair, a classic nose, full lips and low forehead. Her eyes were large and lustrous, and her eyebrows, touching faintly above her nose, lay as gracefully across her brow as the outstretched wings of a swallow.

She sat down upon the steps and buried her face in her hands. Nikola! The tall young fisher lad whom she loved and to whom she had plighted her girlish troth. She saw him again, sitting there in the stern of his long pointed boat, that leaped through the water while his men bent and straightened at the oars.

"Anthoula!"

There was old Kallinikos calling her again—and Nikola was coming back. Mother of God, what had she done to have her life ruined in this way? And she had heard that in some countries a girl could marry whom she pleased. Yanne Betse, who had been to America, told her so. But here in Greece, a girl married according to her parents' wishes, and nothing could save her. Oh, why——

"Anthoula!"

Bah! Let the old tyrant call. She would pretend not to hear him. And how beautiful Nikola looked when

he used to stand in his boat, watching the men pull in the fishing-net! Erect, tall, straight, with curly brown hair. She used to go down to the shore and watch the men as they tugged in a line at the dripping rope, heavy with its load of shining black seaweed. How merrily they swayed and pulled, and how their stout bare legs glistened! Every moment the end man would let go and swing past his fellows, down into the sea. Those were men, and Nikola was their captain. . . .

"Anthoula!"

The cry was almost a shriek and there was a note of fear in it. She partly rose and then sat down again. . . . And the night when Nikola told her that he loved her! Ah, that beautiful spring night! How sweet the lemon blossoms smelled and how the nightingales sang! She never went down to the shore after that, when the fishermen cast their net in front of her father's house. No; Nikola would have thought her bold, so she stood behind the grape-vines in the trellised walk and peeped out between the leaves.

"Anthoula!"

That sounded as though the old man were really strangling. Could he be having another attack? If so, the doctor said that she must raise up his head and put cold water on it, and send some one for help immediately. Apoplexy? Bah! Too much *raki,* more likely and an evil temper. . . . She must see Nikola; oh, she could not live without seeing him. She must tell him all about it. Had he not gone away he would never have allowed them to marry her to old Kallinikos. But what could he do? What could anybody do? They carried him off to fight the Turks, off to Thessaly, off to the ends of the earth. . . .

"Help! Help!"

The voice was faint and there was no longer any anger in it. She went and looked in at the door. The old man had attempted to rise, but had fallen back again, across the bed. His legs hung limply from one side and his head had slipped from the pillow. He did not stir, but rolled his red eyes at her pleadingly. She took a step toward him.

"The *Ægina!* The *Ægina!*" shouted childish voices in the lane. "The soldiers are coming back."

The devil has different ways of tempting people. No amount of argument could have induced Anthoula to do wrong. So the devil swooped down upon her in the form of a great unreasoning impulse. He burned up her religious hypocrisy with one hot breath and the real wish of her heart leaped into life and overpowered her. She turned and walked from the room.

"If God so wills, let him die," she muttered. An inarticulate cry, she could not tell whether it were a prayer or a curse, followed her.

She ran down the long path covered with trellised vines, through the leafy tunnel hung thick with clusters of purple grapes. Far out on the little stone pier she stood and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked up the gleaming strait. There, where the island and the mainland seemed to make one continuous mountain wall, was the narrow mouth through which the steamer must come. Farther away was a lofty peak toward which the sun was dropping as though he would stand upon its top.

Anthoula could see no steamer, but a dozen boats had already put off from the wharf and were racing up

the strait. She had forgotten the old man now. Her heart sang "Nikola's coming! Nikola!" so loudly that it heard nothing else. A shout went up from the fleet of rowboats. She looked again. Yes, sure enough, there was a great feather stuck in the top of the mountain wall—a feather of smoke.

"Nikola's coming!"

Only the plume was visible at first, but soon the stem seemed painted on the hither side of the mountain. The *Ægina* had emerged from the narrow mouth, but her little black hull could not be distinguished against the background of dark rocks. Anthoula watched and waited, and gradually the vessel took shape as an image grows on a negative beneath the developing chemicals.

"Nikola's coming!"

The vessel drew up at the foot of the town whose square houses gleamed like chalk in the last rays of the sun, and whose windows blazed luridly, like open doors in a furnace. As the anchor chain ran away, rattling spitefully, the light faded from the houses as the smile from a face, the furnace doors were all shut suddenly, and there, in the purple twilight, the rowers were rowing the home-comers to shore, to the wives and sweethearts waiting on the quay.

Anthoula turned and walked back through the silent garden. The cicadas, those sun worshipers, had ceased their strident hymn. A feeling of chill and of dampness that penetrated the very soul was creeping over the earth. At the bottom of the house steps she stopped and listened. There was no sound within; she could not even hear the old man's labored breathing. Oh, if Nikola would only come and go into that dreadful presence with her!

Her conscience stood by her side now, not a still small voice, but a specter that shrieked in her ear: "Murderess! Murderess!"

She had made no effort to save him, and the doctor had told her very plainly what to do in case of a second attack. She had even wished him dead. If she married Nikola now she would bring him evil luck; she was accursed.

The thought that perhaps old Kallinikos was not dead, after all, drove her up the steps. She could see distinctly the figure lying on the bed, so she called twice, three times: "Kyrie Kallinikos! Kyrie Kallinikos! Kyrie Kallinikos!"

She had never been able to address the terrible old man by his first name. There was no answer and she tiptoed to the bed and, bending low, looked into the face. Terrified, she fled from the room, muttering the Virgin's name. She had seen two widely staring eyes, white, white as a child's marbles. As she leaned against one of the posts that supported the roof of grape-vines that covered the well, she heard again the sound of shod hoofs in the lane.

The old woman had sold her kids and was returning from Poros. The wall cut her off at the waist and her head and shoulders only appeared, bobbing in mid-air.

"Nikola's come," she announced pleasantly, "I passed him in the lane, coming this way." The wrinkled gossip grinned like a witch and floated away into the night.

Joy surged up in Anthoula's heart, but superstition chased it away. "Nikola's coming!" she gasped. "He's almost here; he's in the lane," and she leaned toward the gate listening for his footsteps. Soon she heard him,

stumbling among the loose stones or kicking them noisily aside in the darkness. She knew it was he, even though it was night and there was a thick wall between. She ran to the gate and seized the bolt.

The man outside stopped for a moment. Anthoula pressed her forehead against the hard plank and waited. Her heart had ceased beating. After a moment's silence the footfalls began again in the lane. He was going on. Why, indeed, should he come to her, a married woman, as he supposed?

She threw open the gate and called: "Nikola!"

A tall soldier in khaki uniform turned and came back to her. "Ah, it's Mrs. Kallinikos," he remarked bitterly. "How do you do, Kyria Kallinikos? Is your husband quite well?"

"O, Nikola, in the name of God, he's dead! He lies dead there in the house now!"

"Dead! Holy Mother, dead?"

"They made me marry him, Nikola dear, when my heart was breaking for love of you. Oh, I have suffered—only the Virgin knows!"

"Dead!" repeated Nikola, as though in a daze. "Dead?"

When he had first learned, up in the mountains of Thessaly, six months ago, that they had married his sweetheart to old Kallinikos, the news had filled his soul with a murderous rage, for he loved the girl passionately. For a long time it had seemed as though he could not accept the situation and must do something to change it. He would go back and carry her off by force—he might even kill the old beast for daring to steal another man's betrothed. Gradually, as time passed away, the

marriage grew in his mind into an established and inexorable fact. He had never blamed Anthoula, nor for a moment believed that she preferred old Kallinikos to himself, and now the significance of her announcement broke upon him like a flash of light. It was all over now, and she was free again. He clasped her suddenly in his arms, crying:

"Well, then, he's dead and God rest his soul! It's our turn now."

But she wrung herself loose from him and pushed him away, saying, hoarsely, "No, no! Nikola darling, don't touch me!"

"In heaven's name, why not? Isn't the old man dead, and don't you belong to me anyway in God's sight?"

"Don't speak of God. I am a wicked woman; I am accursed."

"You, you accursed!" and he laughed.

"I am guilty of the old man's death!"

He recoiled from her a little. "You—you killed him? How?" His voice sank to a whisper and he looked about furtively. "With a knife? With poison?"

"No, no! But when the fit came on him I did not help him nor run for the doctor; and you were coming and I wanted him to die." Covering her face with her hands she gave vent to her excitement and grief in a hysteric fit of sobbing.

Nikola did not view her crime in a serious light. That she should have wished the old man to die seemed quite natural to him. He was attempting to reason with her, raising his voice perforce that it might penetrate the violence of her grief, when he was startled by a gruff hearty voice at the gate.

"Hello! What's the matter here? What's all this excitement?" It was Papa Spiro, priest of the village of Damala, near by. "What are you doing here?" he demanded sternly of Nikolas. "Where is Kyrios Kallinikos?"

"Listen, your Reverence, I was just passing here on my way to my mother's house, when Anthoula called me and told me that Kyrios Kallinikos had just died."

"Where is he?" asked the priest.

"There in the house. He died just as the *Ægina* was coming in and Anthoula did not stop to do anything for him. We—we love each other, and they made her——"

"I know all that history," said the kind old priest. "It was sad, sad. Well, the old man is gone now, God rest his soul!"

"That's what I tell Anthoula, but she feels almost guilty of his death, because she didn't do anything for him, and she wished him dead."

"You did wrong, my daughter, but you were sorely tried. Our God is a merciful God. I will ask him to forgive you. Worse sins than yours have been forgiven."

Anthoula felt as though a tombstone had been lifted from her soul and it had come out into the sunlight. To her simple mind this man was God's representative, his anointed messenger. She fell on her lover's breast with a great sigh. The priest lifted his long robe as if it were a woman's dress and proceeded on his way.

Nikola held his love close and whispered in her ear: "Mine! Mine! Mine!"

As they stood thus, locked in each other's arms, the harsh fretful voice, vibrant with anger, of old Kallinikos called from the house: "Anthoula! Anthoula!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Odds and Ends

I HOPE that no reader has picked up this book with the idea of finding a historical, archæological and descriptive treatise dealing with all the Greek Islands. If so, he will have been disappointed, for such was not my purpose. Such a work would require a lifetime of application and would run into many volumes. Finding the supply of material inexhaustible and overwhelming, I have attempted, by judicious selection, to give an idea of the Greek Islands as a source of folk-lore, classical legend, romance and history. I have tried, by stories and otherwise, to depict present conditions of life; and, by word descriptions, to paint the beauties of nature in these idyllic bits of land swimming in the "Ocean" of the ancients.

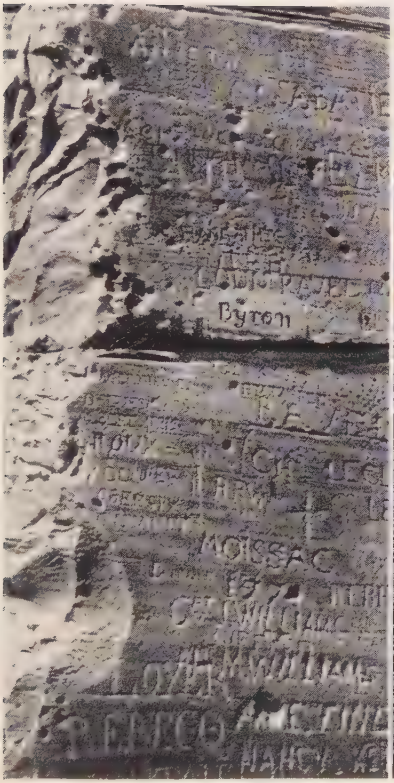
A few things occur to me which have not seemed to fit into the narrative and which are illustrative of the much that has been left out. The other day I was visiting the ruins of the temple at Sunium. Years ago I went there by rail and donkey, taking two days for the trip. Now it is quite possible to drive out comfortably by auto and back in one day. It must have taken Lord Byron several days to visit the spot, as the railroad to Laurium was not built in his time. He carved his name on one of the pillars there, so deeply that it is still visible and easily read.

As I stood, admiring the view, my companion, Doctor Walter, Director of the Austrian Archæological School at Athens, pointed to an island, with the words, "That ought to interest you. Helen of Troy stopped over there with her husband Menelaos, on their return from Troy." He pointed to a long low island, now called Makronesi, uninhabited for the reason that no water is to be found on it.

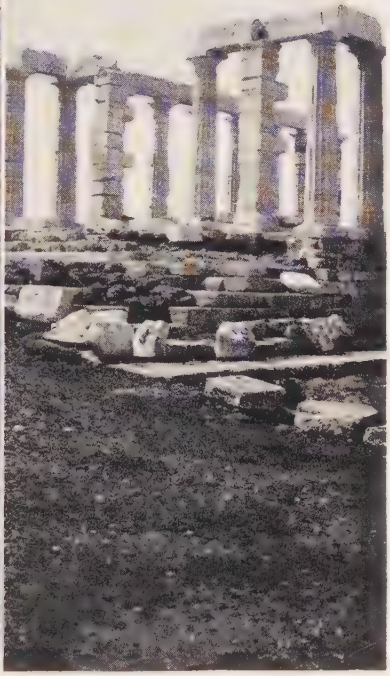
Of the countless classical legends connected with the various islands, many have already been cited in the course of this narrative. The three following have to do with islands not treated in the book. A story about Symi, a dot of land just north of Rhodes, fixes the birth of man there, and is testimony to its very early habitation by the human race. It is said that Prometheus created man out of clay on Symi, and furnished him with fire and other necessaries that distinguished him from the beasts. Angered at this, Zeus, Father of the Gods, changed him into a simia—Greek for monkey—and condemned him to remain there. According to this legend the island derived its name from the incident.

Nysiros is a round mountainous island to the south of Cos, from which it is not far distant. Its creation is explained in the following manner. Neptune, while pursuing the giant Polybotes, broke off a fragment from Cos with his trident and hurled it at the giant. The aim was good and Polybotes sank beneath the sea, with Nysiros on top of him. The occasional struggles he makes to rise and throw off this tremendous missile, explain the volcanic tremblings with which the inhabitants are familiar.

From Leros, a little south of Patmos, comes the quaint legend of the daughters of Æneus, who wailed so



When Byron was at Sunium in 1823 he scratched his name on one of the Sunium pillars



Temple of Apollo, Sunium

inconsolably at the tomb of their dead brother Meleager that they were changed into guinea-fowls by Artemis, and sent to Leros, where they continued their mournful dirge. These birds were considered as sacred on the island and were bred in the marshy grounds surrounding the temple of the goddess.

Near Nauplia there is a small island known as Bourgi, almost entirely covered by a mediæval fortress, in which formerly resided the *Demios,* or public executioner of Greece. This functionary was chosen from among the condemned criminals, guilty of capital offenses. He was respited for as long as he was willing to operate the guillotine upon his colleagues. But it was necessary to guard him well, as the relatives of the executed men swore out the vendetta against him, and killed him if they could possibly get at him. Moreover, he was an object of general execration. So he was isolated in the old fortress on Bourgi, where he passed his days in fear and trembling, for even there he was not too safe.

Various characteristics are attributed to the inhabitants of the different islands, truthfully or otherwise. Some are said to be dirty, others clean; some hospitable, others not; some honest, others tricky, and so on. The dwellers on Zante and Cephalonia have a general reputation for shrewdness, probably undeserved, and possibly due to the following story, which has a wide circulation in Greece:

A Zantiote once caught a number of sparrows, whose wings he dyed, so as to make them resemble canaries. These he put in small wooden cages, and boarded a steamer touching at his island, crying, "Zante canaries, Zante canaries."

There was a Cephalonian on board, to whom he sold one of the birds. When the Zantiote had got back into his rowboat and the steamer was pulling out, he shouted up to the Cephalonian, "When that bird sings, write and let me know!"

The purchaser called back, "When you pass that counterfeit money I gave you, write and let me know."

And I have not said enough about the flowers of the islands: lemon trees, orange trees, almond trees, wild apple, mimosa, pomegranate, eucalyptus, locust trees, pepper trees with their pretty red berries and pungent smell; oleander, that flows down the ravines in rivers of pink and white foam; the flowering osier, whose pink, white and blue blossoms seem always swimming in a silver haze; wisteria, honeysuckle, jasmine; the fragrant plants, basil, thyme, lentisk; the gorgeous flowers, crimson poppies that cover whole fields, anemones that run through the entire gamut of purple, pink, crimson, red; narcissus, pink cyclamens, purple irises, fragrant and graceful sea-lilies that grow in the sand, stars of Bethlehem, white and pink cistus, asphodel. Under the pines, in the early spring, millions of little white daisies spring up, as though snow had fallen lightly upon the ground, flecked with sun and shadow. When the wild thyme, that covers entire mountainsides, is not in flower, it takes on a silvery, ethereal tint; when in blossom, purple and mauve. Just at sunset there is a moment when the hills seem to have been strewn with violets; in the morning hours, distant islets, swimming in the sweet Ægean blue, gleam with an opalescent light. And there are countless tiny flowers, of many varieties and colors, that are seen here and there in patches, as though Nature had laid bright Oriental rugs about in the fields and woods.

In the spring, when a Greek island is in full flower and perfume, and the cultivated fields show green on the hillsides and in the valleys, and the bright waters of the Mediterranean laugh infinitely in the sun, there is a season of fête and revelry. Then it is that Aphrodite is indeed queen and comes into her own, and the youths and maidens sing the old song:

Young men, start the dance,
  Join hands, girls and sing,
How love comes, by chance,
  When Love's on the wing.

Love breeds in the eyes,
  To the lips it strays,
To the heart it flies,
  Takes hold there and stays!

THE END

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